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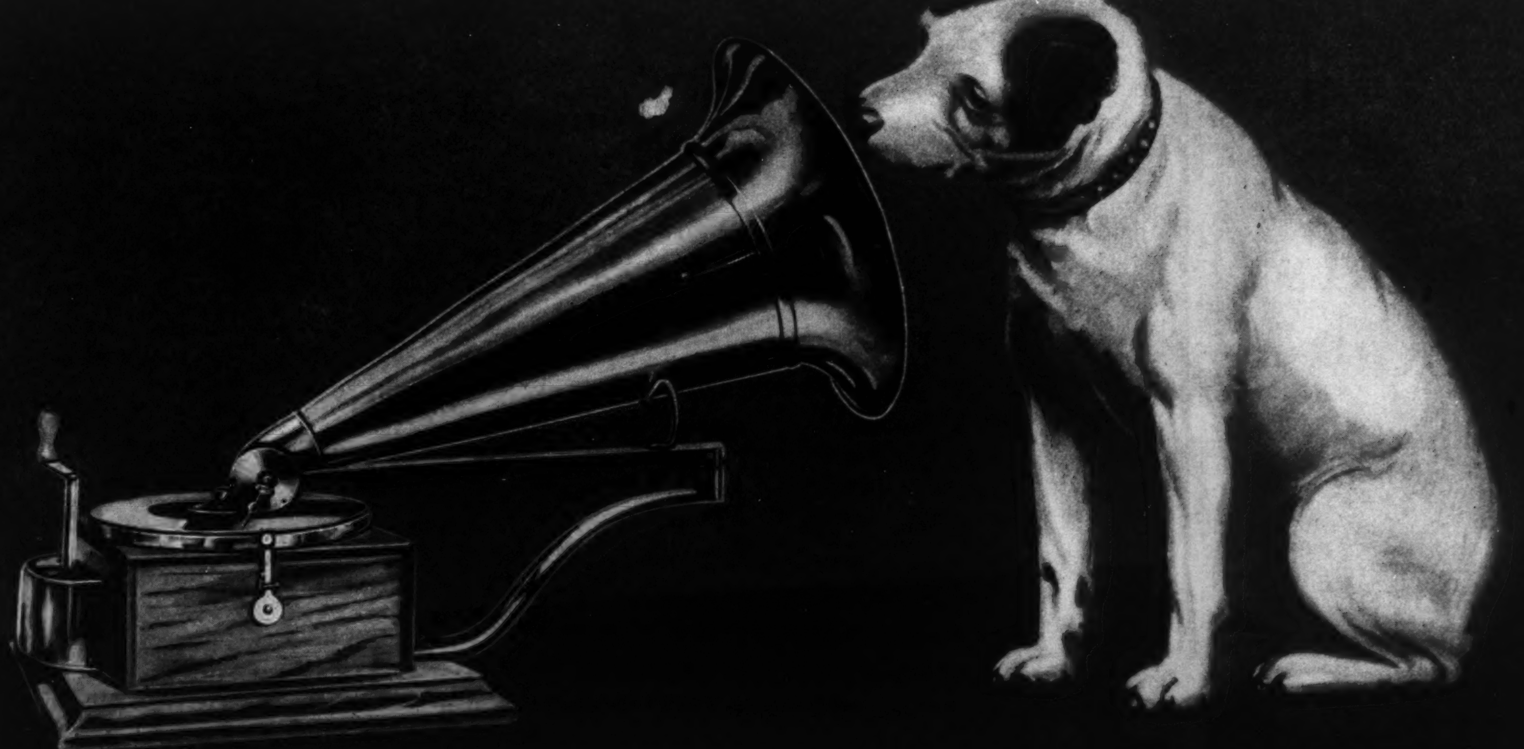

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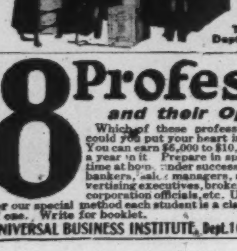

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McCLURE'S

Volume 52 **Number 2**

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WANDA HAWLEY
Paramount Art-Craft Leading Woman

Why Opposites Attract!

How You Can Use This Natural Law to Make People Like You

By PAUL GRANT

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BRYANT WASHBURN
Star in "Why Smith Left Home"—A Paramount Art-Craft Picture

Are You a Blond?

If you are a blond do you know all the natural gifts that are yours? Unless all signs fail—and these signs don't fail—you should be aggressive, dominating and enthusiastic. You have a creative mind—plenty of imagination and inventiveness. You are impulsive, changeable and lack constancy. But you have a keen intelligence, a good sense of humor and make friends easily. A vibrant, attractive personality can easily be developed.

YOU probably know men like Bill Russell. He was a big hearted, generous fellow who made a wonderfully fine first impression. Everyone he met liked him for a few days and then his charm would begin to wear off. Interesting and likable as he tried to be, he always felt that he was beginning to be a bore.

I met Bill at the beach one Sunday, wearing a worried look. "Paul," he said, as he drew me over to a quiet spot, "you're one of my best friends and I want you to tell me the truth. Why do I get in bad with people after knowing them a few days?"

I was silent for a moment thinking. Surely I owed it to Bill to tell the truth—for his own good. So I blurted it out: "Bill, you make a fine first impression and then you lose it because you *continually say and do things that go against the grain with everyone you meet.*" He pondered that for a while, thanked me and wandered on down the beach, lost in thought.

The next I heard of Bill was along toward the end of the summer. One of my friends who had spent a few weeks at a mountain resort came back and told me a wild-eyed story about what a great hit Bill Russell had made with the social colony up there. I put it down as a vivid imagination. But when two other fellows returned the following week and verified the story, I began to believe—and to wonder.

It seems that Bill had gone up there and, as usual, had made the good first impression. The three fellows who knew him had expected any minute to see it wear off, and see Bill get in bad. But Bill fooled them. He not only kept the friendship and the esteem of everyone he met, but he kept on adding to his list of wealthy friends every minute. People whom he would have formerly been afraid to even associate with seemed to seek his company. He was being invited everywhere. And one of his friends had offered him a fine position as executive in his company.

A few weeks later, I ran into Bill on the street. There was certainly something different about him. Some subtle change had taken place. "Well," I remarked, "I've been hearing a lot of good news about you, Bill. Hear you've turned into a regular social lion. You certainly came back with a vengeance. How did you do it?"

* * * *

"WHY, I just learned the difference between blonds and brunets, that's all. I learned why opposites attract.

"You see," he said, "everyone you know can be placed in one of two general types—blonds or brunets. The blond has some wonderful characteristics that the brunet needs, and the brunet has powers and abilities that the blond lacks. When they combine these characteristics they create the perfect balance. That is why blonds and brunets are often attracted to one another."

"Yes," I asked, "but what has that got to do with your new-found ability to make people like you?"

"It is very simple," he replied, "when you know the difference between the characteristics of the blonds and brunets, when you can tell scientifically exactly what mental and emotional traits are possessed by anybody you meet, you have made the first step in judging men and women, in making them like you and winning their respect, admiration, love and friendship. When you have learned, as I have, how to put the reverse English on these laws of attraction you can draw irresistibly to you every man, woman and child, make them think as you think and go miles out of their way to please you."

And then Bill went on to tell me about Dr. Blackford, the famous character analyst. Dr. Blackford, it seems, has made an exhaustive, professional study of all kinds of men and women. After years of extensive consulting work among business concerns and trade associations which sought assistance in solving human problems, Dr. Blackford made a trip around the world, observing widely different races, comparing notes with leading specialists in forty nations and comparing theories with such famous authorities as Alfred Haddon, Metchnikoff and Giuseppe Sergi. Dr. Blackford also studied the exhaustive records of Bertillon. In his way Dr. Blackford's material is probably the most carefully arranged exhibit of facts on Character Study in the United States.

Dr. Blackford has put these wonderful discoveries into a course for home reading by which anyone can learn to read character at a glance and know exactly what to do and say to make people like them. Bill had simply gotten hold of this course and—well, you already know of the astounding results.

* * * *

WHAT this ability has done for others is well known. There's the case of a large manufacturing concern. Trouble sprang up at one of the factories. The men talked strike. Things looked ugly. Harry Winslow was sent to straighten it out. On the eve of the general walk-out, he arrived on the scene, and got the men together in the factory. Then, jumping up on a keg of rivets, he looked over the sea of faces for just a moment. One glance was all he needed. He talked ten minutes, and averted the strike. And not only this, but ever since then, the factory has led all others for production. He was able to do this because he knew how to make those men like him, see his point of view, and do what he wanted them to do.

Another case, entirely different, is that of Henry Peters. Because of his ability to make people like him—his faculty for "getting under the skin" and making people think his way, he was given the position of Assistant to the President of a large firm. Two other men, both well-liked by their fellow employees, had each expected to get the job. So when the outside man, Peters, came in, he was looked upon by everyone as an interloper and was openly disliked by every other person in the office.

Peters was handicapped in every way. But in spite of that, in three weeks he had made fast friends of everyone in the house and had even won over the two men who had been most bitter against him. The whole secret is that he could tell in an instant how to appeal to any man and make himself well liked.

A woman who had this ability moved with her family to another town. As is often the case, it was a very difficult thing for any woman to break into the chill circle of society in this town, if she was not known. But her ability to make people like her soon won for her the close friendship of many of the "best families" in the town. Some people wondered how she did it. It was simply the secret at work—the secret of judging people's character and making them like you.

Are You a Brunet?

Don't think—if you are a brunet—that I am trying to put the blond on a pedestal. You have as many points of excellence as the blond. Brunets are more deliberate—make fewer mistakes. They are thoughtful, analytical and patient. From the ranks of the brunets come the great thinkers and philosophers. You should have great endurance and stamina. You are constant, cautious and conservative and have the ability to develop an idea to its fullest possibility.

YOU realize, of course, that just knowing the difference between a blond and a brunet could not accomplish all these wonderful things. There are other things to be taken into account. But here is the whole secret.

You know that everyone does not think alike. What one likes another dislikes. And what offends one pleases another. Well, there is your cue. You can make an instant "hit" with anyone, if you say the things they want you to say, and act the way they want you to act. Do this and they will surely like you and believe in you and will go miles out of their way to PLEASE YOU.

You can do this easily by knowing certain simple signs. In addition to the difference in complexion, every man, woman and child has written on them signs as distinct as though they were in letters a foot high, which show you from one quick glance exactly what to say and to do to please them—to get them to believe what you want them to believe—to think as you think—to do exactly what you want them to do.

In knowing these simple signs is the whole secret of getting what you want out of life—of making friends, of business and social advantage. Every great leader uses this method. That is why he is a leader. Use it yourself and you will quickly become a leader—nothing can stop you.

Such confidence have the publishers in Dr. Blackford's Course, "Reading Character at Sight," that they will gladly send it to you on approval, all charges prepaid. Look it over thoroughly. See if it lives up to all the claims made for it. If you do not want to keep it, then return it and the transaction is closed. And if you decide to keep it—as you surely will—then merely remit $5.00 in full payment.

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A Startling Memory Feat That You Can Do

How I learned the secret in one evening. It has helped me every day.

WHEN my old friend Faulkner invited me to a dinner party at his house, I little thought it would be the direct means of getting me a one-hundred-and-fifty per cent. increase in salary. Yet it was, and here is the way it all came about.

Toward the close of the evening things began to drag a bit, as they often do at parties. Finally some one suggested the old idea of having everyone do a "stunt." Some sang, others forced weird sounds out of the piano, recited, told stories, and so on.

Then it came to Macdonald's turn. He was a quiet sort of chap, with an air about him that reminded one of the old saying that "still waters run deep." He said he had a simple "stunt" which he hoped we would like. He selected me to assist him. First he asked to be blindfolded securely to prove there was no trickery in it. Those present were to call out twenty-five numbers of three figures each, such as 161, 249, and so on. He asked me to write down the numbers as they were called.

This was done. Macdonald then astounded everyone by repeating the entire list of twenty-five numbers backwards and forwards. Then he asked people to request numbers by positions, such as the eighth number called, the fourth number, and so on. Instantly he repeated back the exact number in the position called. He did this with the entire list—over and over again, without making a single mistake.

Then Macdonald asked that a deck of cards be shuffled and called out to him in their order. This was done. Still blindfolded, he instantly named the cards in their order backwards and forwards. And then to further amaze us, he gave us the number of any card counting from the top, or the card for any number.

You may well imagine our amazement at Macdonald's remarkable feat. You naturally expect to see a thing of this sort on the stage, even then you look upon it as a trick. But to see it done by an everyday business man, in plain view of everyone, blindfolded and under conditions which make trickery impossible, is astonishing, to say the least.

* * * * *

ON the way home that night I asked Macdonald how it was done. He said there was really nothing to it—simply a memory feat, the key to which anyone could easily learn in one evening. Then he told me that the reason most people have bad memories is because they leave memory development to chance. Anyone could do what he had done, and develop a good memory, he said, by following a few simple rules. And then he told me exactly how to do it. At the time I little thought that evening would prove to be one of the most eventful in my life, but such it proved to be.

What Macdonald told me I took to heart. In one evening I made remarkable strides toward improving my memory and it was but a question of days before I learned to do exactly what he had done. At first I amused myself with my new-found ability by amazing people at parties. My "memory feat," as my friends called it, surely made a hit. Every one was talking about it, and I was showered with invitations for all sorts of affairs. If anyone were to ask me how quickly to develop social popularity, I would tell him to learn my memory "feat"—but that is apart from what I want to tell you.

"Our President complimented me on always being able to tell him instantly facts he wanted to know."

The most gratifying thing about the improvement of my memory was the remarkable way it helped me in business. Much to my surprise I discovered that my memory training had literally put a razor edge on my brain. My brain had become clearer, quicker, keener. I felt that I was fast acquiring that mental grasp and alertness I had so often admired in men who were spoken of as "wonders" and "geniuses."

The next thing I noticed was a marked improvement in my conversational powers. Formerly my talk was halting and disconnected. I never could think of things to say until the conversation was over. And then, when it was too late, I would always think of apt and striking things I "might have said." But now I can think like a flash. When I am talking I never have to hesitate for the right word, the right expression or the right thing to say. It seems that all I have to do is to start to talk instantly I find myself saying the very thing I want to say to make the greatest impression on people.

It wasn't long before my new-found ability to remember things and to say the right thing at the right time attracted the attention of our president. He got in the habit of calling me in whenever he wanted facts about the business. As he expressed himself to me, "You can always tell me instantly what I want to know, while the other fellows annoy me by dodging out of the office and saying 'I'll look it up.'"

I FOUND that my ability to remember helped me wonderfully in dealing with other people, particularly in committee meetings. When a discussion opens up the man who can back up his statements quickly with a string of definite facts and figures usually dominates the others. Time and time again I have won people to my way of thinking simply because I could instantly recall facts and figures. While I'm proud of my triumphs in this respect, I often feel sorry for the ill-at-ease look of the other men who cannot hold up their end in the argument because they cannot recall facts instantly. It seems as though I never forget anything. Every fact I now put in my mind is as clear and as easy of recall instantly as though it were written before me in plain black and white.

We all hear a lot about the importance of sound judgment. People who ought to know say that a man cannot begin to exercise sound judgment until he is forty to fifty years of age. But I have disproved all that. I have found that sound judgment is nothing more than the ability to weigh and judge facts as their relation to each other. Memory is the basis of sound judgment. I am only thirty-two but many times I have been complimented on having the judgment of a man of forty-five. I take no personal credit for this—it is all due to the way I trained my memory.

THESE are only a few of the hundreds of ways I have profited by my trained memory. No longer do I suffer the humiliation of meeting men I know and not being able to recall their names. The moment I see a man his name flashes to my mind, together with a string of facts about him. I always liked to read but usually forgot most of it. Now I find it easy to recall what I have read. Another surprising thing is that I can now master a subject in considerably less time than before. Price lists, market quotations, data of all kinds, I can recall in detail almost at will. I rarely make a mistake.

My vocabulary, too, has increased wonderfully. Whenever I see a striking word or expression, I memorize it and use it in my dictation or conversation. This has put a remarkable sparkle and pulling power into my conversation and business letters. And the remarkable part of it all is that I can now do my day's work quicker and with much less effort, simply because my mind works like a flash and I do not have to keep stopping to look things up.

All this is extremely satisfying to me, of course. But the best part of it all is that since my memory power first attracted the attention of our president, my salary has steadily been increased. Today it is many times greater than it was the day Macdonald got me interested in improving my memory.

* * * * *

WHAT Macdonald told me that eventful evening was this: "Get the Roth Memory Course." I did. That is how I learned to do all the remarkable things I have told you about. The publishers of the Roth Memory Course—the Indenpedent Corporation—are so confident that it will also show you how to develop a remarkable memory that they will gladly send the Course to you on approval.

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LET'S have a little chat about getting ahead—you and I. My name is Pelton. Lots of people call me "The Man Who Makes Men Rich." I don't deny it. I've done it for thousands of people—lifted them up from poverty to riches.

I'm no genius—far from it. I'm just a plain, everyday, unassuming sort of man. I know what poverty is. I've looked black despair in the eye—had failure stalk me around and hoodoo everything I did. I've known the bitterest kind of want.

But today all is different. I have money and all of the things that money will buy. I am rich also in the things that money won't buy—health, happiness and friendship. Few people have more of the blessings of the world than I.

IT was a simple thing that jumped me up from poverty to riches. As I've said, I'm no genius. But I had the good fortune to know a genius. One day this man told me a "secret." It had to do with getting ahead and growing rich. He had used it himself with remarkable results. He said that every wealthy man knew this "secret"—that is why he was rich.

I used the "secret." It surely had a good test. At that time I was flat broke. Worse than that, for I was several thousand dollars in the hole. I had about given up hope when I put the "secret" to work.

At first I couldn't believe my sudden change in fortune. Money actually flowed in on me. I was thrilled with a new sense of power. Things I couldn't do before became as easy for me to do as opening a door. My business boomed and continued to leap ahead at a rate that startled me. Prosperity became my partner. Since that day I've never known what it is to want for money, friendship, happiness, health or any of the good things of life.

That "secret" surely made me rich in every sense of the word.

MY sudden rise to riches naturally surprised others. One by one people came to me and asked me how I did it. I told them. And it worked for them as well as it did for me.

Some of the things this "secret" has done for people are astounding. I would hardly believe them if I hadn't seen them with my own eyes. Adding ten, twenty, thirty or forty dollars a week to a man's income is a mere nothing. That's merely playing at it. In one case I took a rank failure and in a few weeks had him earning as high as $2,000.00 a week. Listen to this:

A young man in the East had an article for which there was a nation-wide demand. For twelve years he "puttered around" with it—barely eking out a living. Today this young man is worth $200,000. He is building a $25,000 home—and paying cash for it. He has three automobiles. His children go to private schools. He goes hunting, fishing, traveling whenever the mood strikes him. His income is over a thousand dollars a week.

A Few Examples

Personal Experiences

Among over 400,000 users of "Power of Will" are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Assistant Postmaster General Britt; Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis, former Vice-Pres. Art Metal Construction Co.; Gov. Ferris of Michigan, and many others of equal prominence.

$300 Profit from One Day's Reading

"The result from one day's study netted me $300 cash. I think it a great book and would not be without it for ten times the cost."—A. W. Wilkie, Faulkton, So. Dakota.

Worth $15,000 and More

"The book has been worth more than $15,000 to me."—Oscar B. Sheppard.

Would Be Worth $100,000

"If I had only had it when I was 20 years old, I would be worth $100,000 today. It is worth a hundred times the price."—S. W. Taylor, The Santa Fe Ry., Milans, Tex.

Salary Jumped from $150 to $800

"Since I read Power of Will my salary has jumped from $150 to $800 a month."—J. F. Gibson, San Diego, Cal.

From $100 to $3,000 a Month

"One of our boys who read Power of Will before he came over here jumped from $100 a month to $3,000 the first month, and won a $250 prize for the best salesmanship in the state."—Private Leslie A. Still, A. E. F., France.

In a little town in New York lives a man who two years ago was pitied by all who knew him. From the time he was 14 he had worked and slaved—and at sixty he was looked upon as a failure. Without work, in debt to his charitable friends, with an invalid son to support, the outlook was pitchy black.

Then he learned the "secret." In two weeks he was in business for himself. In three months his plant was working night and day to fill orders. During 1916 the profits were $20,000. During 1917 the profits ran close to $40,000. And this genial 64-year-young man is enjoying pleasures and comforts he little dreamed would ever be his.

I COULD tell you thousands of similar instances. But there's no need to do this as I'm willing to tell you the "secret" itself. Then you can put it to work and see what it will do for you.

I don't claim I can make you rich over night. Maybe I can—maybe I can't. Sometimes I have failures—everyone has. But I do claim that I can help 90 out of every 100 people if they will let me.

The point of it all, my friend, is that you are using only about one-tenth of that wonderful brain of yours. That's why you haven't won greater success. Throw the unused nine-tenths of your brain into action and you'll be amazed at the almost instantaneous results.

The Will is the motive power of the brain. Without a highly trained, inflexible will, a man has about as much chance of attaining success in life as a railway engine has of crossing the continent without steam. The biggest ideas have no value without will power to "put them over." Yet the will, altho heretofore entirely neglected, can be trained into wonderful power like the brain or memory and by the very same method—intelligent exercise and use.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, it would become powerless to lift a feather, from lack of use. The same is true of the Will—it becomes useless from lack of practice. Because we don't use our Wills—because we continually bow to circumstance—we become unable to assert ourselves. What our wills need is practice.

Develop your will-power and money will flow in on you. Rich opportunities will open up for you. Driving energy you never dreamed you had will manifest itself. You will thrill with a new power—a power that nothing can resist. You'll have an influence over people that you never thought possible. Success—in whatever form you want it—will come as easy as failure came before. And those are only a few of the things the "secret" will do for you. The "secret" is fully explained in the wonderful book "Power of Will."

How You Can Prove This at My Expense

I KNOW you'll think that I've claimed a lot. Perhaps you think there must be a catch somewhere. But here is my offer. You can easily make thousands—you can't lose a penny.

Send no money—no, not a cent. Merely clip the coupon and mail it to me. By return mail you'll receive not a pamphlet, but the whole "secret" told in this wonderful book, "POWER OF WILL."

Keep it five days. Look it over in your home. Apply some of its simple teachings. If it doesn't show you how you can increase your income many times over—just as it has for thousands of others—mail the book back. You will be out nothing.

But if you do feel that "POWER OF WILL" will do for you what it has done for over four hundred thousand others—if you feel as they do that it's the next greatest book to the Bible—send me only $3.50 and you and I'll be square.

If you pass this offer by, I'll be out only the small profit on a three and a half dollar sale. But you—you may easily be out the difference between what you're making now and an income several times as great. So you see you've a lot—a whole lot—more to lose than I.

Mail the coupon or write a letter now—you may never read this offer again.

Pelton Publishing Company
12-B Wilcox Block Meriden, Conn.

Pelton Publishing Company
12-B Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

You may send me "Power of Will" at your risk. I agree to remit $3.50 or remail the book to you in five days.

Name..

Address..

"Out they came, the financier patting Preston on the shoulder in a fatherly sort of way. . . . . 'Come to see me as often as you can, Mr. Preston, and remember that I'll back you to the limit.'"

The Most Convincing Talker I Ever Met

Everywhere this man goes, people shower him with favors and seek his friendship. Things which other people ask for and are refused, he gets instantly. How he does it is told in this amazing story.

LET me ask you this: There is a big business deal to be put through. It involves millions of dollars. Putting it through depends wholly on one thing—getting the backing of a great financier.

But this man is bitterly opposed to your idea and to your associates. Seven of the most able men and women in all America have tried to win over this financier. They failed—dismally and completely.

Now, could you, a total stranger to this man, walk in on him unannounced, talk for less than an hour, and then have him take your arm as a token of friendship, and give you a signed letter agreeing to back you to the limit?

Could you?

ASTOUNDING? Yes! But it *was* done. And I'll tell you how. Here is the way it all came about. For a long time the directors of our company had felt the handicap of limited capital. We had business in sight running into a million dollars a month. But we couldn't finance this volume of sales. We simply had to get big backing, and that was all there was to it.

Because of trade affiliations, one man—a great financier in New York—controlled the situation. Win him over and the rest was easy. But how to win him?—that was the question. No less than five men and two women—all people of influence and reputation—had tried. They were all repulsed—turned down cold and flat.

"At luncheon one of our directors said, "Why don't you run down to New York and take a shot at it, Preston?" And Preston answered, "You're on!"

You know how a thing of this sort grows on you and how bitter utter defeat is. Well, we were talking it over at a board meeting when one of our directors announced that he knew of only one man who could possibly put through the deal—a man by the name of Preston.

So it was agreed that Preston was to be sounded out at luncheon the following day. He proved to be a fine type of American. At 34 years of age he had become president and majority stockholder of a thriving manufacturing business rated at three-quarters of a million dollars.

Preston was deeply interested, as anyone would be over the prospect of closing such a big deal. The director in question said casually, "Why don't you run down to New York and take a shot at it, Preston?" Preston looked out of the window for a moment, and then quietly answered, "You're on."

I WENT along with Preston simply as a matter of form to represent our interests. Aboard the 10:25 train out of Chicago we headed for the smoker and got to talking with the crowd there.

Then I noticed something: Preston had dominated them all. Everyone was eagerly hanging on his words, and looking at him with open admiration. No sooner would he stop talking than one of the men would start him up again. And as the men dropped off at stations along the way they gave Preston their cards, with pressing invitations to look them up. No doubt about it, Preston was *the* man aboard that car.

The colored porter, too, came under his sway. For that night, when the berths were being made up, the porter came unasked to Preston, told him that his berth was right over the car trucks, and insisted upon changing it to a more comfortable one.

And so it went all the way to New York. Everyone who met Preston took a great liking to him the instant he spoke. They seemed to be eager for his companionship—wanted to be with him every minute, openly admired him, and loaded him with favors.

Even the usual haughty room clerk at the hotel showed a great interest in Preston's welfare. He showered us with attention while a long line of people waited to register.

The next morning we called on the great financier—the man who was so bitterly against us and had flatly turned down seven of our shrewd influential representatives.

I waited in the reception room—nervous, restless, with pins and needles running up and down my spine. Surely Preston would meet the same humiliating fate?

But no! In less than an hour out they came, arm in arm, the financier patting Preston on the shoulder in a fatherly sort of way. And then I heard the surprising words, "Come to see me as often as you can, Mr. Preston, *and remember that I'll back you to the limit!*"

AT the hotel that night sleep wouldn't come. I couldn't get the amazing Preston out of my thoughts. What an irresistible power over men's minds he had. Didn't even have to ask for what he wanted! People actually competed for his attention, anticipated his wishes and eagerly met them. What a man! What power! . . . Then the tremendous possibilities of it all—think what could be done with such power!

What was the secret? For secret there must be. So the first thing next morning I hurried to Preston's room, told him my thoughts, and asked him the secret of his power.

Preston laughed good-naturedly. "Nothing to it—I—well—that is—" he stalled. "I don't like to talk about myself, but I've simply mastered the knack of talking convincingly, that's all."

"But how did you get the knack?" I persisted.

Preston smiled, and said, "Well, there's an organization in New York that tells you exactly how to do it. *It's amazing.* There's really nothing to study. It's mostly a knack which they tell you. You can learn this knack in a few hours. And in less than a week it will produce definite results in your daily work.

"Write to this organization—The Independent Corporation—and get their method. They send it on free trial. I'll wager that in a few weeks from now you'll have a power over men which you never thought possible. . . . . but write and see for yourself." And that was all I could get out of the amazing Preston.

WHEN I returned home I sent for the method Preston told me about. It opened my eyes and astounded me. Just how he had won over the financier was now as clear as day to me. I began to apply the method to my daily work, and soon I was able to wield the same remarkable power over men and women that Preston had. I don't like to talk about my personal achievements any more than Preston does, but I'll say this:

When you have acquired the knack of talking convincingly, it's easy to get people to do anything you want them to do. That's how Preston impressed those people on the train—how he got special attention from the hotel clerk—how he won over the financier—simply by talking convincingly.

This knack of talking convincingly will do wonders for any man or woman. Most people are afraid to express their thoughts; they know the humiliation of talking to people and of being ignored with a casual nod or a "yes," or "no." But when you can talk convincingly, it's different. *When you talk, people listen and listen eagerly.* You can get people to do almost anything you want them to do. And the beauty of it all is that they think they are doing it of their own free will.

In committee meetings, or in a crowd of any sort, you can rivet the attention of all when you talk. You can force them to accept your ideas. It helps wonderfully in writing business letters—enables you to write sales letters that amaze everyone by the big orders they pull in.

Then again it helps in social life. Interesting and convincing talk is the basis of social success. At social affairs you'll always find that the convincing talker is the center of attraction, and that people go out of their way to "make up" to him.

Talk convincingly and no man—no matter who he is—will ever treat you with cold, unresponsive indifference. Instead, you'll instantly get under his skin, make his heart glow and set fire to his enthusiasms. Talk convincingly and any man—even a stranger—will treat you like an old pal and will literally take the shirt off his back to please you.

You can get anything you want if you know how to talk convincingly. You've noticed that in business ability alone won't get you much. Many a man of real ability, who cannot express himself well, is often outdistanced by a man of mediocre ability who knows how to talk convincingly. There's no getting away from it, to get ahead—not merely to hold your own—to get what your ability entitles you to, *you've got to know how to talk convincingly!*

THE method Preston told me about is Dr. Law's "Mastery of Speech," published by the Independent Corporation. Such confidence have the publishers in the ability of Dr. Law's method to make you a convincing talker that they will gladly send it to you wholly on approval.

You needn't send any money—not a cent. Merely mail the coupon, or write a letter, and the complete Course "Mastery of Speech," will be sent you by return mail, all charges prepaid. If you are not entirely satisfied with it, send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

But if it pleases you, as it has pleased thousands of others, then send only five dollars in full payment. You take no risk. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. So mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

"At social affairs you'll always find that the convincing talker is the center of attraction."

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Independent Corporation

(Publishers of the Independent Weekly)

Dept. L-462 119 W. 40th Street, New York

Please send me Dr. Frederick Houk Law's "Mastery of Speech," a Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking in eight lessons. I will either remail the Course to you within five days after its receipt, or send you $5 in full payment of the Course.

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . . McClure's 2-20

Beginning

HERBERT

Editor of

BEGINNING with the March issue, McClure's will be edited by Herbert Kaufman, who becomes Chairman of the Board of McClure's Magazine.

Next month, Mr. Kaufman will announce the general editorial policies and plans for the new McClure's.

This month, in these pages, appears a partial list of the great novelists and writers whose work will be presented in McClure's for 1920.

SIX GREAT SERIALS

The year's serial story entertainment will come from Booth Tarkington, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Zane Grey, and Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, in addition to serials (already running) by Maximilian Foster and Arthur Stringer.

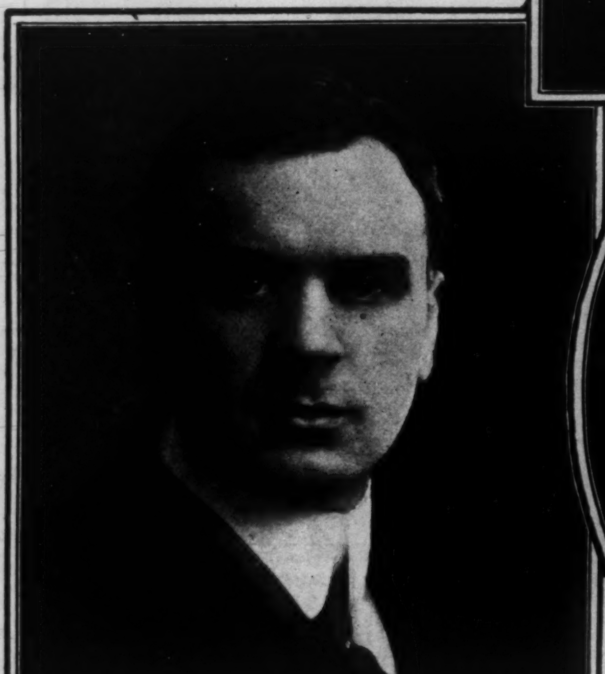
Booth Tarkington

In March, begins Booth Tarkington's "Poldekin," a dramatic and novel presentation of life in this greatly tumultuous day. You seekers for the meaning of America will find it here.

Photograph, Pirie MacDonald

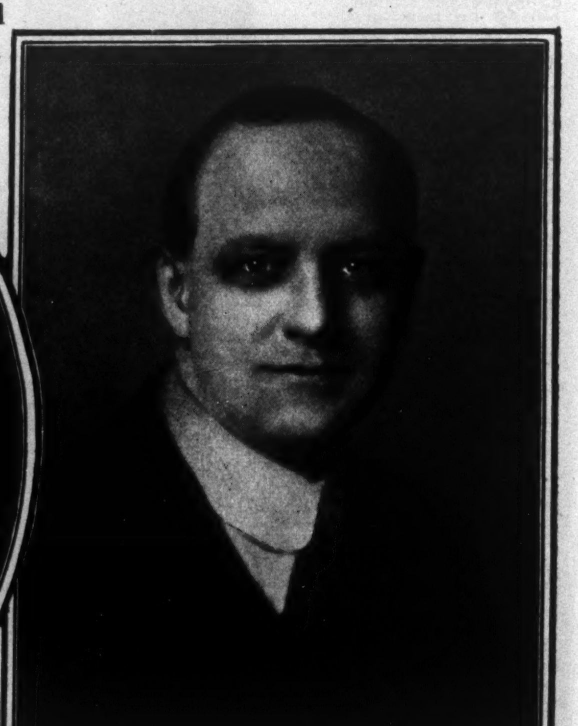
Booth Tarkington

Leonard Merrick



Arthur Stringer

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott



Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

March 1920

KAUFMAN

McClure's

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott

In April, begins "Rainy Week," by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, ("Molly Make-Believe") She writes like no one else — she just can't be catalogued. She gets on paper all the impish quirks and twists of a delighted and plot-fertile imagination — and in "Rainy Week" there's the dandiest girl!

Zane Grey

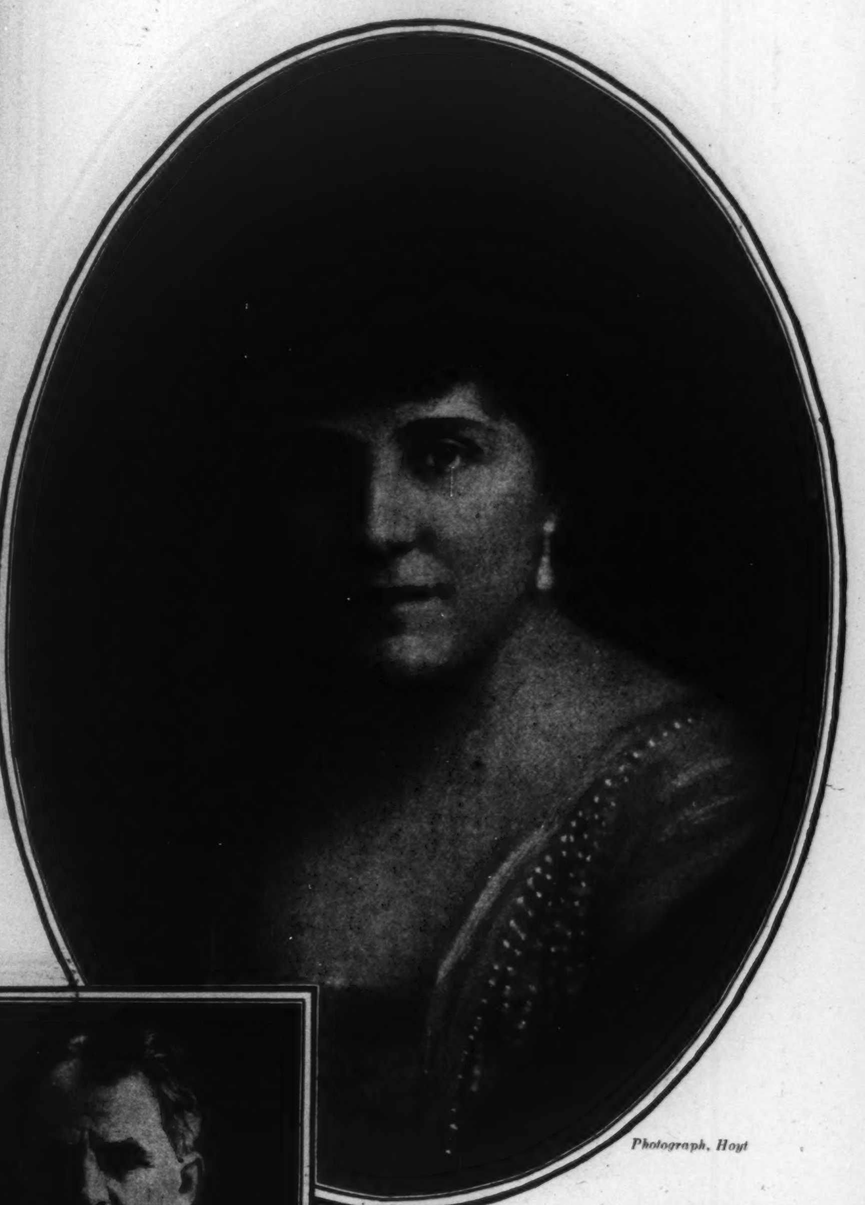
In May, begins "The Wanderer of the Wasteland," by the author of "Riders of the Purple Sage," "Desert Gold," and "The Border Legion." In this novel, Zane Grey, epic writer of the West, comes through McClure's into the literary recognition he has so long deserved.

Mary Roberts Rinehart

And later in the year—the month has not yet been fixed—McClure's will be privileged after a lapse of several years to present what has so often been the outstanding feature of McClure's year, a Mary Roberts Rinehart novel.

Arthur Stringer *and* Maximilian Foster

You who are reading "The Trap," and



Photograph, Hoyt

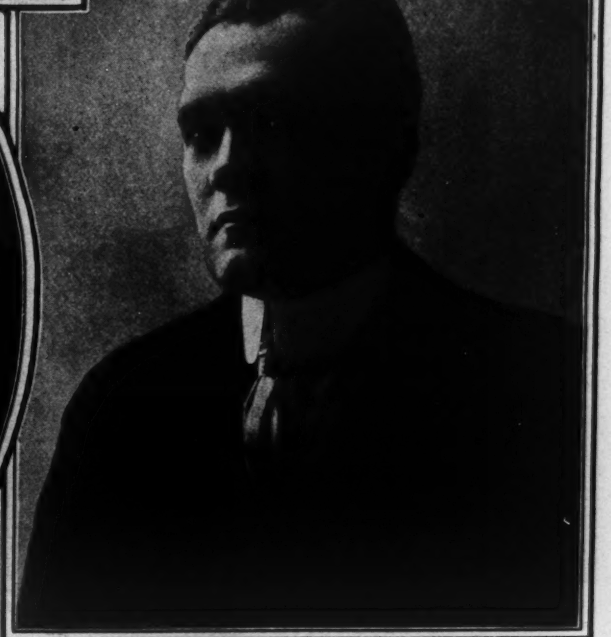
Mary Roberts Rinehart

Hamlin Garland

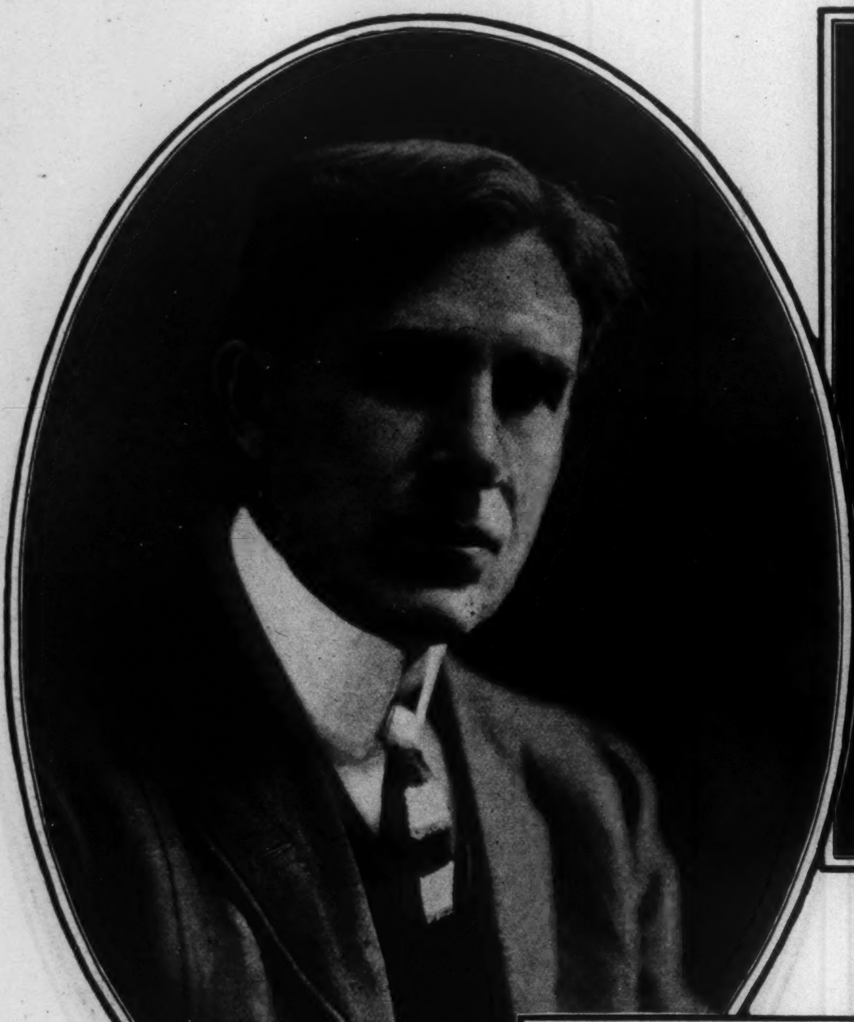
Samuel Hopkins Adams

Photograph, Colby

Edna Ferber

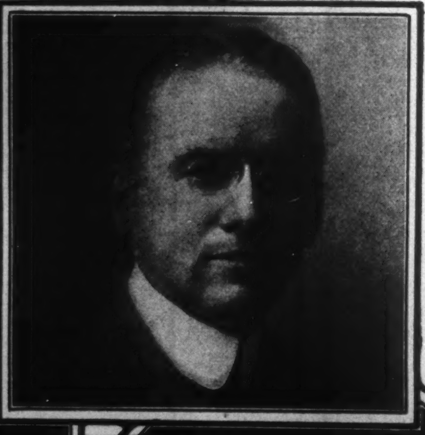


James Branch Cabell



Zane Grey

Wallace Irwin



Maximilian Foster

Photograph, W. Burden Stage

Holworthy Hall

Photograph, Bachrach

Josephine Daskam Bacon

begin this month to follow the adventures of the heroine of "The Waffle-Iron," have already enlisted for many weeks of surprise and entertainment.

McCLURE'S GREATEST SHORT STORY YEAR

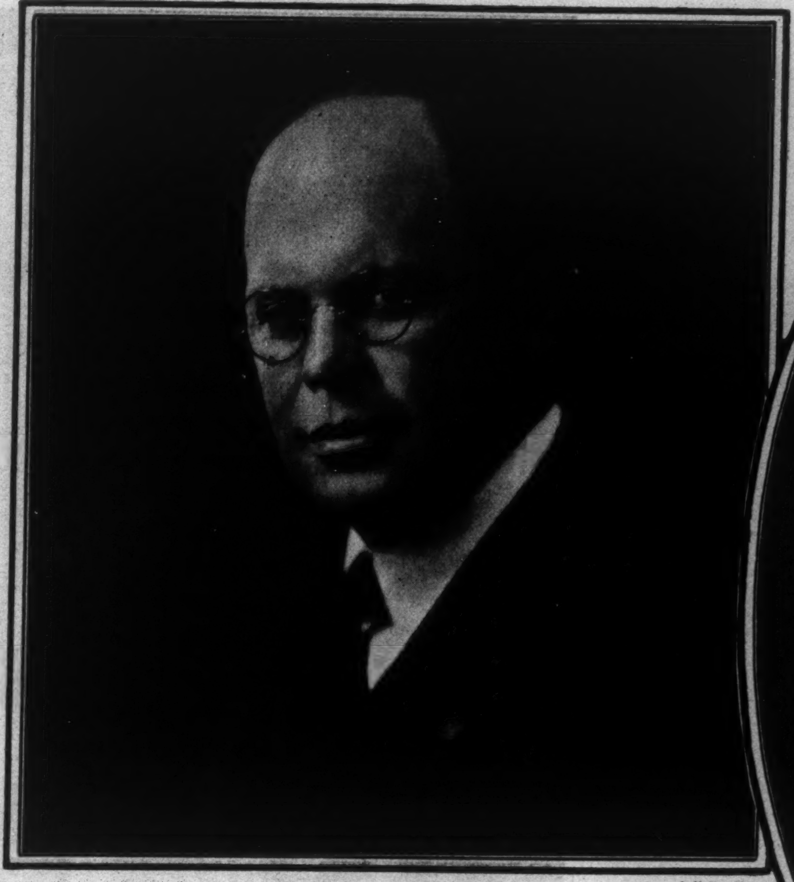
No magazine at any time has ever crowded into one year so many unusual stories by master tale-tellers as the new McClure's has scheduled for the next twelve months.

The short fiction and special features of 1920 represent the most distinguished work of a group of writers who are the widest-read and highest-estimated authors of our day.

The new McClure's is literally studded with stars—for instance:

Edna Ferber
Harvey O'Higgins
James Branch Cabell
Leonard Merrick
Wallace Irwin
Samuel Merwin
P. G. Wodehouse
Josephine Daskam Bacon
Sophie Kerr
Perceval Gibbon
Harrison Rhodes
Holworthy Hall
Fannie Heaslip Lea
Royal Brown
John Russell
Frederick Irving Anderson

Herbert Kaufman Editorials



Samuel Merwin

Campbell Studio

Photograph, Bachrach

Neysa McMein

Lots of Special Features, Too!

The world and its business never needed so much explaining. Men who understand what's happening "here, there, and everywhere," and who can empty their minds into yours—men like Hamlin Garland, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Harvey O'Higgins, Garet Garrett, Waldemar Kaempffert, and George Jean Nathan—are already busy writing about things you want to know and ought to know.

McClure's will adopt a vigorous and constructive attitude toward national and international situations—will continue as a servant of loyal, humane and just causes, and is committed by tradition to keep its pages clean and wholesome and unafraid.

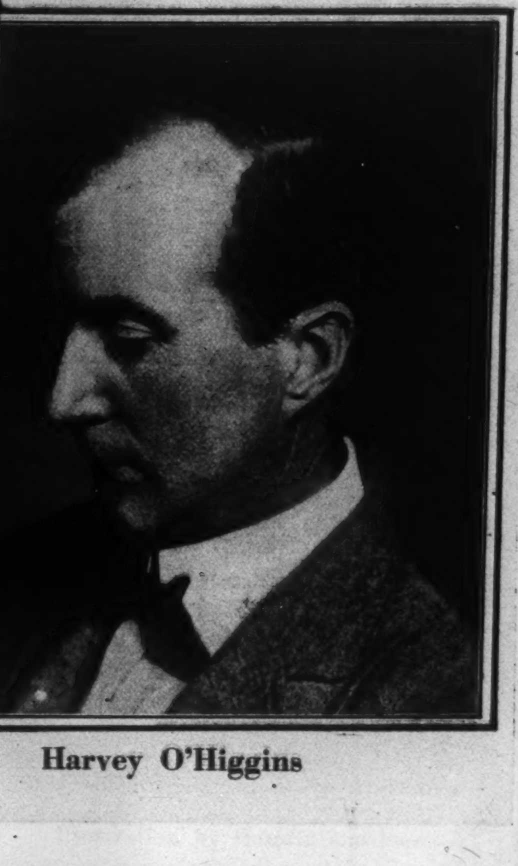
in Every Issue of McClure's

Carl Snyder

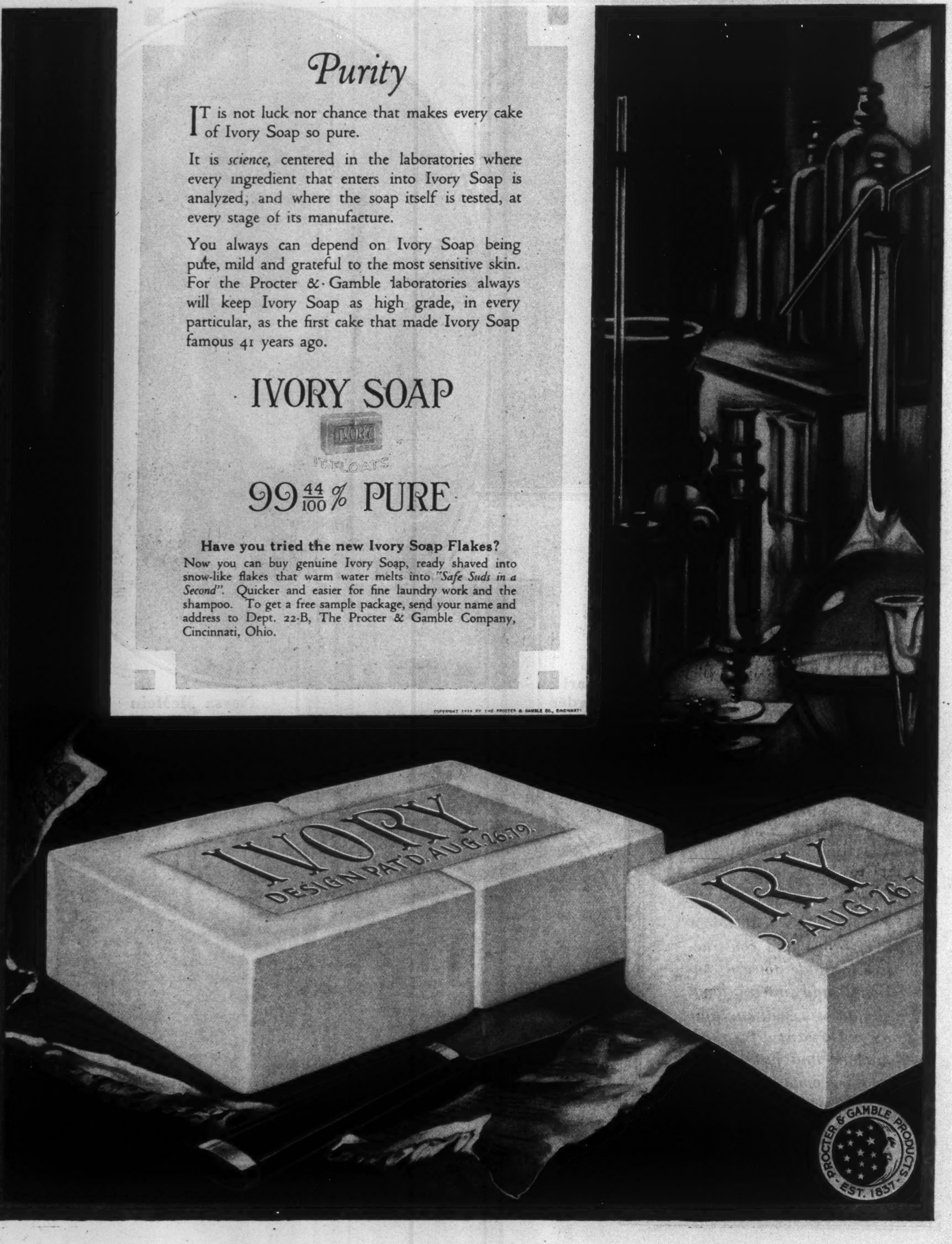
Genthé

Photograph, Ira Hill

Sophie Kerr



Harvey O'Higgins



Purity

IT is not luck nor chance that makes every cake of Ivory Soap so pure.

It is *science*, centered in the laboratories where every ingredient that enters into Ivory Soap is analyzed, and where the soap itself is tested, at every stage of its manufacture.

You always can depend on Ivory Soap being pure, mild and grateful to the most sensitive skin. For the Procter & Gamble laboratories always will keep Ivory Soap as high grade, in every particular, as the first cake that made Ivory Soap famous 41 years ago.

IVORY SOAP

$99\frac{44}{100}\%$ PURE

Have you tried the new Ivory Soap Flakes?
Now you can buy genuine Ivory Soap, ready shaved into snow-like flakes that warm water melts into *"Safe Suds in a Second"*. Quicker and easier for fine laundry work and the shampoo. To get a free sample package, send your name and address to Dept. 22-B, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Volume 52
Number 2

McCLURE'S

FEBRUARY
1920

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Publisher*   CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

To Daphne De Vere

by Leonard Merrick

I WAS at the theatre last night, just to have a look at you again, and I saw you when you came out of the stage door. Saw the toff and the taxi waiting to take you to supper. Wonder if you can call my name to mind any more? Alf. Alf, that was your sweetheart when you were in the fancy department at Skinner & Mopham's. Loved you true, I did.

Remember the early closing days when we used to go to the theatre together, Nelly? Remember *me* taking you to supper at the ham-and-beef shop four years ago? Wouldn't set foot in the ham-and-beef shop now, would you? No class. But I've been fair sick with longing for the sight of it, myself, since the day I joined up and you cried in the Brixton Road with your arms round my neck. Bright as heaven it looked, the gas shining on all the sausages, when I was soaked in the rotten trenches with my jaws chattering. Thought of it just as I was going over the top once. Saw the chap in his white jacket, cutting a sandwich and smearing the mustard on. Saw him plain.

Bit I read in a paper over there said that all us boys would "find it painful going back to their humdrum jobs at home, now they had had a taste of the glory and romance of war." God! I know one of them that would have given something to be back warm and dry, calling "Sign," while he was sticking that glory and romance. Like a blessed dream it felt when at last I stood in London, looking at a pub again — too good to be true till I got a mouthful of the beer they sell in this "better world" I hear we've made, and found the lord duke behind the bar treating me as if I was dirt. Made me wonder if ordering half a pint was asking for charity. Seem to have got too rich to be civil, the public-house blokes here, while I've been freezing and bleeding in that there glory and romance.

Went over to Skinner & Mopham's hoping to find you. They haven't done so bad, neither. I'm told the girls that used to run in for six-three-farthing quills for their hats have been buying separation allowance coats at twenty guineas as fast as hands could pick them off the hooks. Still, Mopham passed the time of day with me quite familiar, considering. "Proud thought for a young fellow that he's done his duty to his country," he says. "Only wish I'd been of military age myself," he says. "See our Roll of Honor in the window? Framed very tasty, I think. Spared no expense to make it a handsome article. What for you, Miss? Coats, forward!"

It was there I heard of your having changed your name and gone on the stage. Felt queer last night to be so close to you again, Nelly; thought you didn't recognize the bit the bandages let you see of my face.

I was the one-legged little wreck that opened the door of the taxi when you and the toff got in.

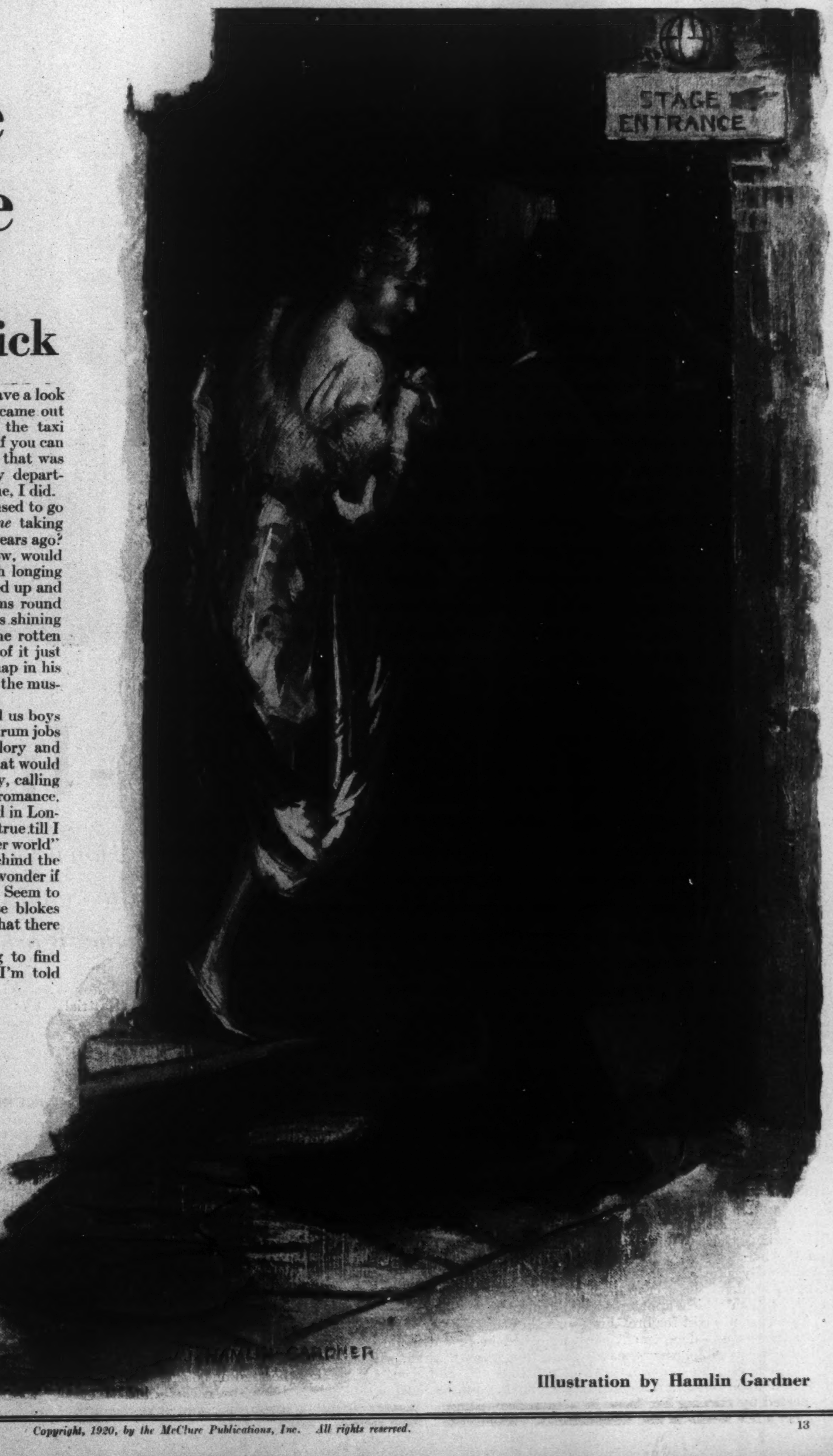

Illustration by Hamlin Gardner

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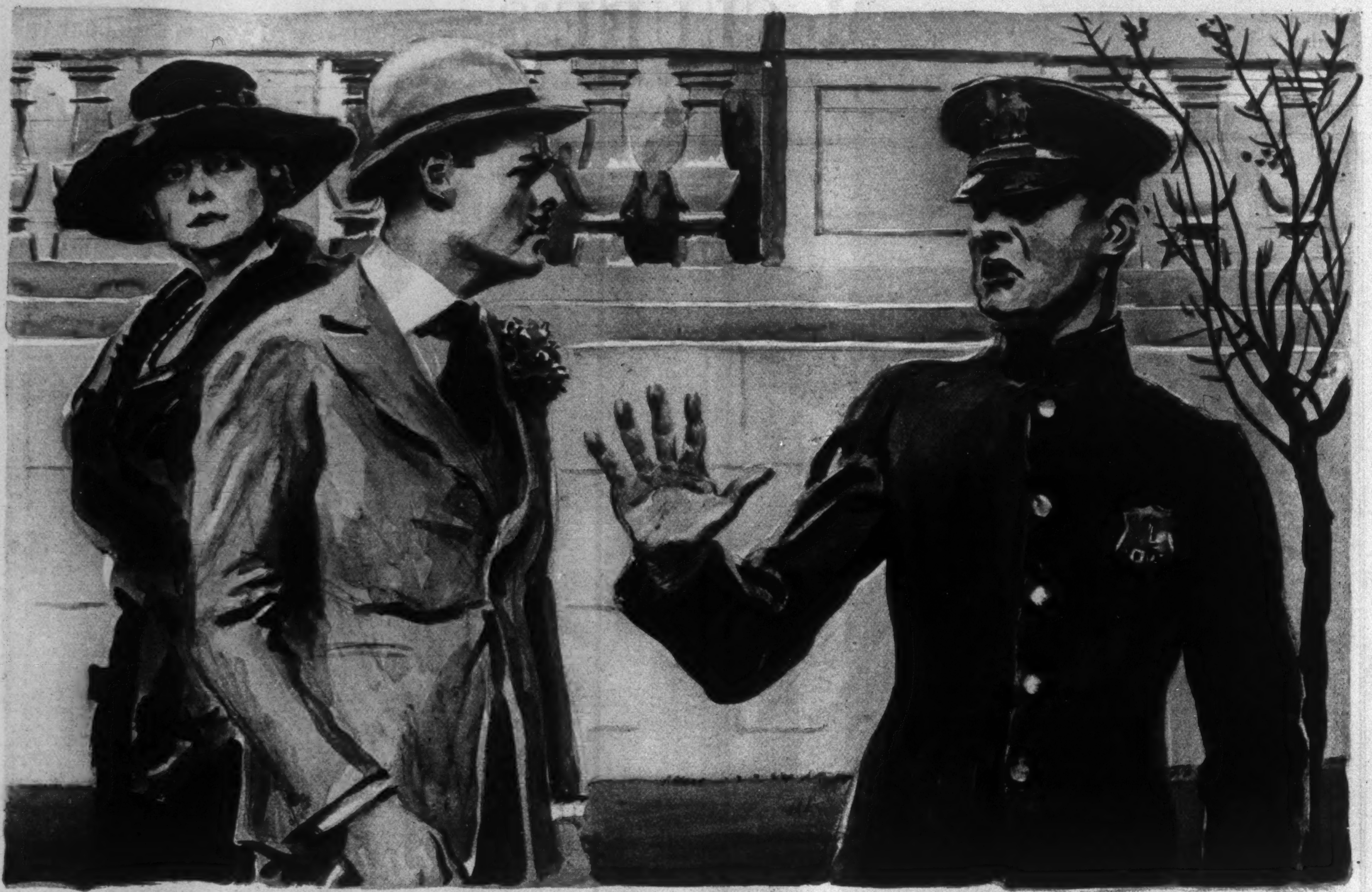


"But you really can't do this sort of thing, you know, officer," the man in tweeds interposed. "This girl——"

The Waffle-Iron

Life is a Waffle-Iron that Shuts Down on Us and Squeezes Us Into Nice Little Squares Like All the Other Waffles in the World

Mr. Stringer

HER name was Theodora—Theodora Lydia Lorillard Hayden. But they usually called her Teddie.

She was the kind of girl you couldn't quite keep from calling Teddie, if you knew her. And though her Aunt Tryphena (who still referred to Ward McAllister and locked up the manor gates at Piping Rock when the Horse Show was on) solemnly averred that no nice girl had a boy's name attached to her without just cause, Teddie was not masculine. God bless her adorable little body, she was anything but that! She was merely a poor little rich girl who'd longed all her life for freedom and had only succeeded in bruising, if not exactly her wings, at least the anterior of a very slender tibia, on the bars of a very big and impressive cage.

What she really suffered from, even as a child, was the etiolating restraints of the over-millioned. She panted for an elbow-room which apparently could never be hers. And as she fought for breathing-space between the musty tapestries of deportment she was called intractable and incorrigible, when the only thing that was wrong with her was the subliminal call of the wild in her cloistered little bosom, the call that should have been respected by turning her loose in a summer-camp or giving her a few weeks in the Adirondacks, where she might have straightened out the tangled-up Robinson-Crusoe complexes that made her a menace and a trial to constituted authority.

But constituted authority didn't understand Teddie. It even went so far, in time, as to wash its hands of her. For those passionate but abortive attempts at liberation had begun very early in Teddie's career.

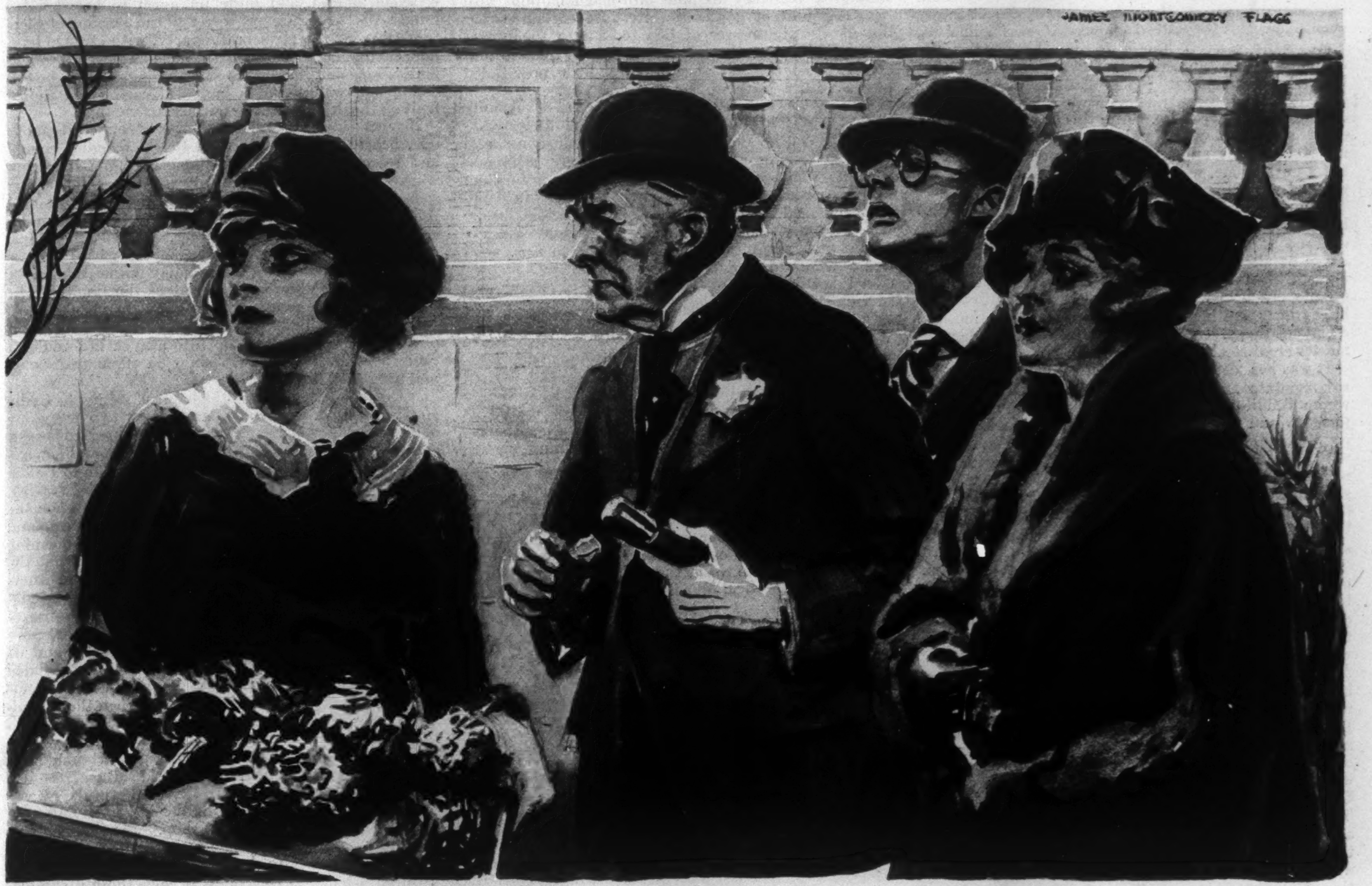
At the tender age of seven, after incarceration for sprinkling the West Drive with roofing-nails on the occasion of a *fête champêtre* from which she had been excluded on the ground of youth, she had amputated her hair and purchased appropriate attire from her maturer neighbor and playmate, Gerald Rhindelander West, intent on running away to the Far West and becoming a cowboy.

BUT Major Chandler Kane, an uncle who stoutly maintained that obstreperous youth should not be faced as a virtue or a vice but as a fact, happened to be coming out for the week-end at about the same time, and intercepted Teddie at the railway station. So, after discreetly depriving her of the gardener's knife and the brass-mounted Moorish pistol from the library mantel, with the assistance of three chocolate *mousses* and a nut sundae, he wheedled out of her the secret of her disguise, telephoned for the car, and brought her home with a slight bilious attack and a momentarily tempered spirit.

A year later, after condign punishment for having tied sun-bonnets on the heads of the Florentine marble lions in the sunken garden, she revolted against the tyranny of French verbs and the chinless Mlle. Desjarlais by escaping from the study window to the leads of the conservatory roof, from which she climbed to the top of the chauffeurs' domicile above the garage, where she calmly mounted a chimney and ate salted pecans and refused to come down. It began to rain, later on, but this didn't matter. What really mattered was the arrival of Ladder-Truck Number Three of the Tuxedo Fire-Department. And when duly confined to the lilac room for this outbreak, she had locked herself in the old nursery bathroom and flooded the marble tub therein, reveling in the primitive joy of running water until the servants' stairs became like unto a second Falls of Montmorency; and Wilson, the second footman, had to wriggle in over the transom to shut off the taps and save the house from inundation.

On the heels of this she was reported as having bitten the dentist's fingers when he unexpectedly touched a nerve. She further embarrassed the family and the tranquillity of Tuxedo Park by prying open an express crate and liberating two Russian wolf-hounds awaiting delivery on one end of the neat little depot platform. She claimed, it is true, that the dogs had stood there for a whole day, and wanted to get out, and were starving to death — but that was not a potent factor when it came to final adjustment of damages.

She hated the thought of captivity, of course, just as



"Yuh shut your trap," announced the upholder of law and order, "or I'll gather yuh in wit' the dame here."

by Arthur Stringer

A Romance in Three Parts

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

she hated inertia, for two years earlier she had appropriated a niblick for the purpose of demolishing a new French doll, protesting, after the demolition, that she would be satisfied with nothing if she couldn't carry about something "with real livings in it." Her preoccupied parents, after the manner of their kind, maintained that she had a blind spot in her moral nature and talked vaguely but hopefully of what school would do to her when the time came.

She was, in fact, emerging into her tumultuous teens before she could be persuaded that waxed parquetry was not made for the purpose of sliding on and that a tea-wagon was not the correct thing on which to cascade down the terrace. And when the golden key of the printed word might have opened a newer and wider world to her she was allotted a series of exceedingly namby-pamby "uplift" books. These, however, she quietly consigned to the garage water-tank, and having entered into secret negotiations with Muggsie, the head chauffeur's stepson, she bartered a wrist-watch with a broken hair-spring, a silver-studded dog-collar, and two tournament racquets for a dog-eared copy of "The Hidden Hand" and a much-thumbed copy of "The Toilers of the Sea" with the last seven chapters missing. Then, urged on by that undecipherable ache for freedom, she padded a crotch in the upper regions of the biggest copper beech on the East Drive with two sofa-pillows, and there ensconcing herself, let her spirit expand in direct ratio to the accruing cramp in her spindly young legs. But copper beeches are not over-comfortable places to read in, and Teddie developed a settled limp which prompted her mother to shake her head and reiterate a conviction that the child should be looked over by an orthopedic specialist.

With Teddie the movies were still strictly taboo, but having secretly visited the Hippodrome with her Uncle Chandler, she became the victim of a brief but burning passion to go on the stage, preferably in tank-work, whereby she might startle the world through the grace of her aquatic feats. When she proceeded to perfect herself in this calling, however, by practising diving in the deeper end of the lily pond, she was given castor-oil and sent to bed to obviate a perhaps fatal cold which gave no slightest signs of putting in an appearance.

HER spirit was scotched, but not killed, for when, duly chaperoned, she was permitted to visit the Garden and see Barnum & Bailey's in all its glory, she decided to run away with the circus and wear spangled tights. She even escaped from guardianship long enough to offer a burly elephant-feeder two thoroughbred Shetland ponies and what was left of her spending-money for the privilege of being smuggled away in one of the band-wagons. The burly feeder took pains to explain that their next move was into winter quarters at Bridgeport, but gravely assured the rapt-eyed girl that he'd fix the thing up for her, once they went out under canvas again in the spring. So for months poor deluded Teddie secretly and sedulously practised shinning the bar and skin-the-cat and the muscle-grind, together with divers other aerial contortions, only to learn, when the crocuses bloomed again, that elephant-feeders weren't dependable persons in any sense of the word.

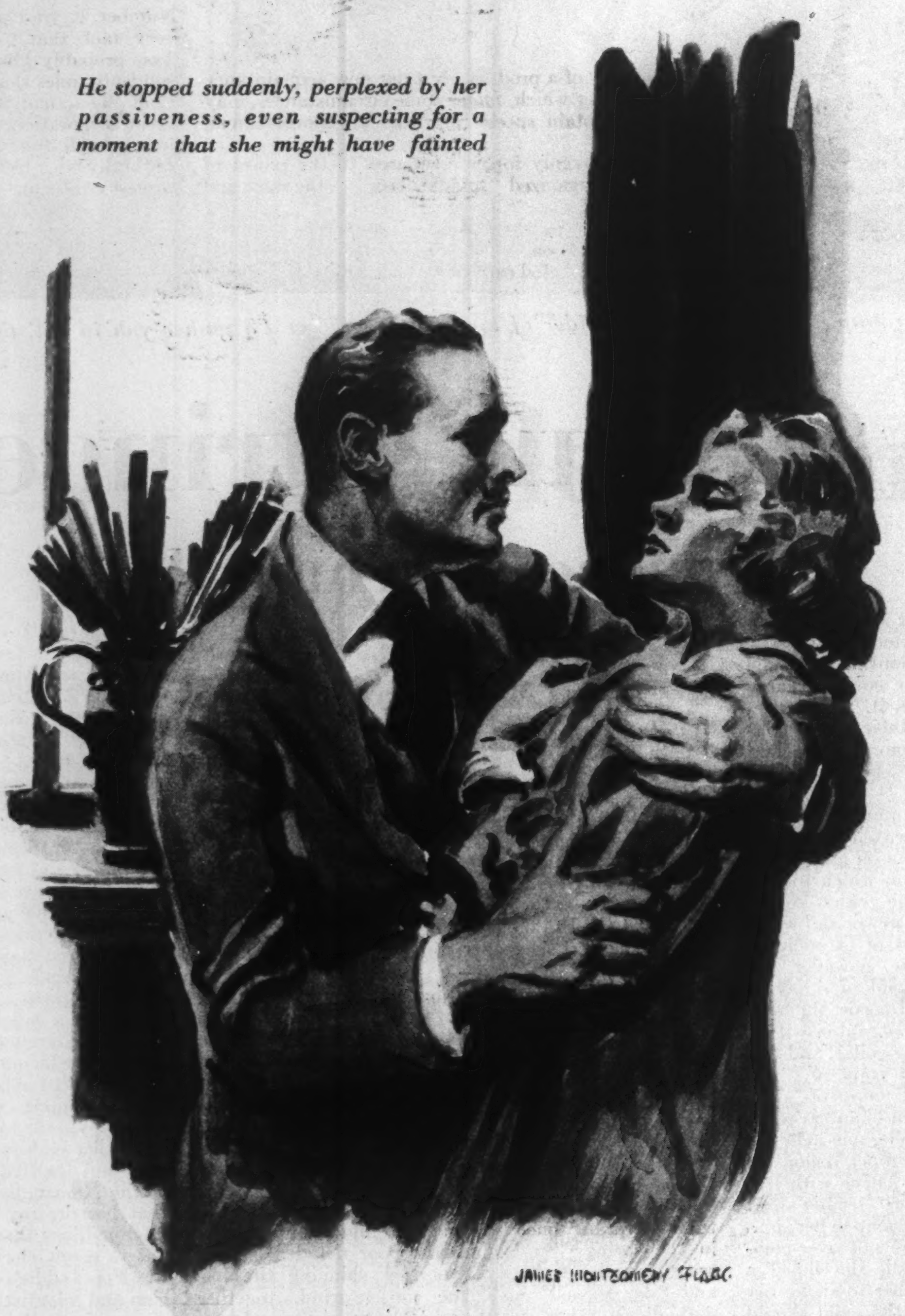
Mr. Flagg

About this time the era of indigestion and temperament came along, the era when Teddie began to betray an abnormal interest in what might repose on the buffet, and queen-olives fought with chocolate eclairs, and pickled walnuts combined with biscuit Tortoni, to dispute the ventral supremacy of broiled mushrooms. It was the era when capon-wings and melon mangoes were apt to be found wrapped up in embroidered towels with insets of Venetian lace, and tucked in under the edges of the oppressively big colonial mahogany bed with the pineapple posts, and bonbon boxes obtruded from the corners of a much becushioned *bergère*, and salted almonds mysteriously transferred themselves from belowstairs to the lacquered jewel-box in a lilac tinted boudoir. This occurred about the time that her mother so zealously took up the study of genealogy and had an entirely new crest made for the family stationery and even neglected her club work and her charity organizations to trace out the little-known intermarriages in the house of the Romanoffs. And it was about the same time that her dreamy-eyed father, who had been born to more millions than he cared to count, "gave up dining out to count electrons," as Uncle Chandler expressed it. For Teddie's father was an amateur mathematician and scientist who had made two highly important discoveries in light-deflection, highly important in only an abstract and theoretical way, as he was at pains to point out, since like the Einstein Theory they could never by any manner of means affect any object or any person on this terrestrial globe. It was sufficient, however, to convert him into what Uncle Chandler denominated as "an eclipse-hound," which meant that he and his complicated photographic paraphernalia went dreamily off to Arizona or upper Brazil or Egypt or the Island of Principe. And this brought about the divorce in the Hayden family, the old Major sturdily maintained, not an out-and-out Supreme Court one, but an astral one, with a twelve-inch telescope as a co-respondent. However that might have been, it left Trumbull Hayden a very faint and ghostly figure to his daughter Theodora Lydia Lorillard, who had her own natural and inherited love for solitude, but could never be alone, just as she could never be free. For always, when she moved about, she did so with a maid or a governess or a groom at her heels. And to add to her misery and her despair of final emancipation, the régime of the governess and the tutor and the dancing master crept stealthily upon her.

It was her second tutor, an Oxford importation with a hot-potato accent and a pale but penetrating eye, whom Teddie adroitly tied up in one of the big library *fauteuils* and refused to liberate until he had duly recounted the entire story of "The Pit and the Pendulum," with "The Fall of the House of Usher" put in for good measure. And two days later, during tea on the terrace, she put smelling-salts in his cup, the same being not only punishment for an unfavorable conduct-report, but a timely intimation that tittle-tattlers would have short shrift with her.

Then came other tutors and teachers and governesses, each determined in character and each departing in time with a secret consolation-cheque from Uncle Chandler and the conviction that Miss Theodora was anything but the gift of God. And then came boarding-school, boarding-school from which so much was surreptitiously expected. But from this first boarding-school, which had castellated eaves and overlooked the Hudson, Teddie was brought back by her Uncle Chandler in disgrace and a peacock-blue landaulet. A year later the attempt was renewed, it is true, this time in a Quaker establishment with a Welsh name and an imitation Norman arch over its main entrance. But this school, besides being ultra-fashionable in name was also ultra-frugal in all matters of menu, and Teddie proved so successful in playing cutthroat poker for "desserts" that seventeen extraneous sweets in one week did not and could not escape the attention of the quiet-eyed maiden ladies in attendance. So this, added to the gumming up of one of the grand-pianos in the practise-room with five pounds of prohibited chocolate-creams, led to an interview with the lady principal herself. And even that interview might not have been a valedictory one, had Teddie not been detected perusing a copy of Daudet's "Jack" during an ancient-history "period." So Teddie awoke still again to the discovery that her dream of personal freedom was merely an *ignis fatuus*, and she journeyed homeward, a melancholy loss to the basket-ball team and an even more melancholy accession to the paternal acres at Tuxedo.

He stopped suddenly, perplexed by her passiveness, even suspecting for a moment that she might have fainted



Nor was the spirit of the home circle very greatly brightened when Teddie attended her first holiday party in the white-and-gold ballroom of the St. Regis, where she danced very badly with very dignified young partners in Eton jackets, and publicly punched one of the older boys in the eye for trying to kiss her when she stood studying a hawthorn vase on one of the tulip-wood consoles.

Yet by the time the governess-cart had been stowed away and Teddie had learned there was little use being a millionaire's daughter, after all, since the third pound of Maillard's never did taste as sweet as the first, her butternut-brown showed a tendency to fade into magnolia-pink with a background of gardenia-white, and certain earlier boy-like straightnesses of line took unto themselves mysterious contours, and the runway of freckles that spanned the bridge of her adorable little nose faded like a Milky Way in the morning sky.

And that meant still another era, the era of solemnly visited shops in the city, and muffled and many-mirrored salons where she was pinned up and sniffed at and pressed down, and sleepy afternoon concerts that smelled of violets and warm furs and over-breathed air, and even revived lessons in dancing, which, oddly enough, the resilient-spirited Teddie never greatly took to. And then came equally sedate and carefully timed migrations to Lakewood and Aiken and Florida, though Teddie openly acknowledged her dislike to traveling with a retinue and seventeen pieces of baggage.

BUT there were quite a number of inexplicable wrinkles in Teddie's mental make-up. Although to the manner born, she entertained a fixed indifference toward animals and a disturbingly bourgeois admiration for machinery. Horses bit at you as you passed them, and dogs were rather smelly, and Guernsey cows put their heads down and tried to horn you if you went near them in scarlet sports-clothes. But a machine was a machine, and did only and always what it was ordained to do. If you took the trouble to understand it and treat it right, it remained your meek and faithful servant.

And this tends to explain why Teddie, even before her toes could quite reach the pedals, was able to run the Hayden's big royal-blue limousine. On one glorious occasion, indeed, and quite unknown to her deluded family, she "chauffed" in secret all the morning of Election Day, for the Democratic party, with strange banners encircling that dignified vehicle and even stranger figures reposing therein, to say nothing of a tin box of champagne-wafers and a brocaded carton of candied fruit on the driving-seat beside her.

But her Uncle Chandler, who was a staunch Republican, beheld that alliance with the treacherous enemy and rescued the royal-blue limousine from ignominy whilst Teddie was regaling herself on three ice-cream sodas in a corner drug-store. Being less expert at such things than he imagined, however, Uncle Chandler steered the big car into a box-pillar, and broke the lamps, and dolorously entered into a compact with his niece to the end that the doings of the day in question might remain a sealed book to the rest of the family. For Uncle Chandler resolutely maintained, when Teddie was not in hearing, that the girl was a brick and a bit of a wonder and that he hoped to heaven life wouldn't tame her down to a chow-chow in permanent-wave and petticoats.

"The fact is," he was in the habit of saying to Lydia Hayden, "I can't possibly conceive how two every-day old oysters like you and Trummie ever came into possession of a high-stepper like Theodora" — though, mercifully, he never imparted this bit of information to Teddie herself. For Teddie was quite hard enough to live with, even as things were. She hated the town house on the Avenue, which she openly called a mausoleum, and agreed with her absent father that the one redeeming feature about brownstone fronts was the fact that the brownstone itself never survived more than a century. She was, as her mother sorrowfully and repeatedly acknowledged, without a sense of the past, for she mocked at that town house's crystal chandeliers and its white marble mantels and the faded splendor of its antique gold-and-ivory furniture. When the spreading tides of Commerce crept to and even encircled their staid party-walls and a velour-draped art-emporium opened up beside them, Teddie protested that she wasn't greatly taken with the idea of living next to a paint-shop. For it was about this time that she first threatened to become a trained nurse or a Deaconess or something if she had to have balsam-salts in her bath and a maid to chaperone the faucet-flow and poke her feet into rabbit-skin bags. She still hungered for freedom, and complained to her Uncle Chandler about "having to punch a time-clock," as she put it, and more than once had been found enlarging on the Edwardian nature of her environment.

"Poor mother, you know, hasn't a thought later than 1899," this apostle of the New had quite pensively averred.

"There were some very respectable thoughts in 1899, as I remember them," her Uncle Chandler had promptly responded, vaguely aware of little black clouds on the skyline.

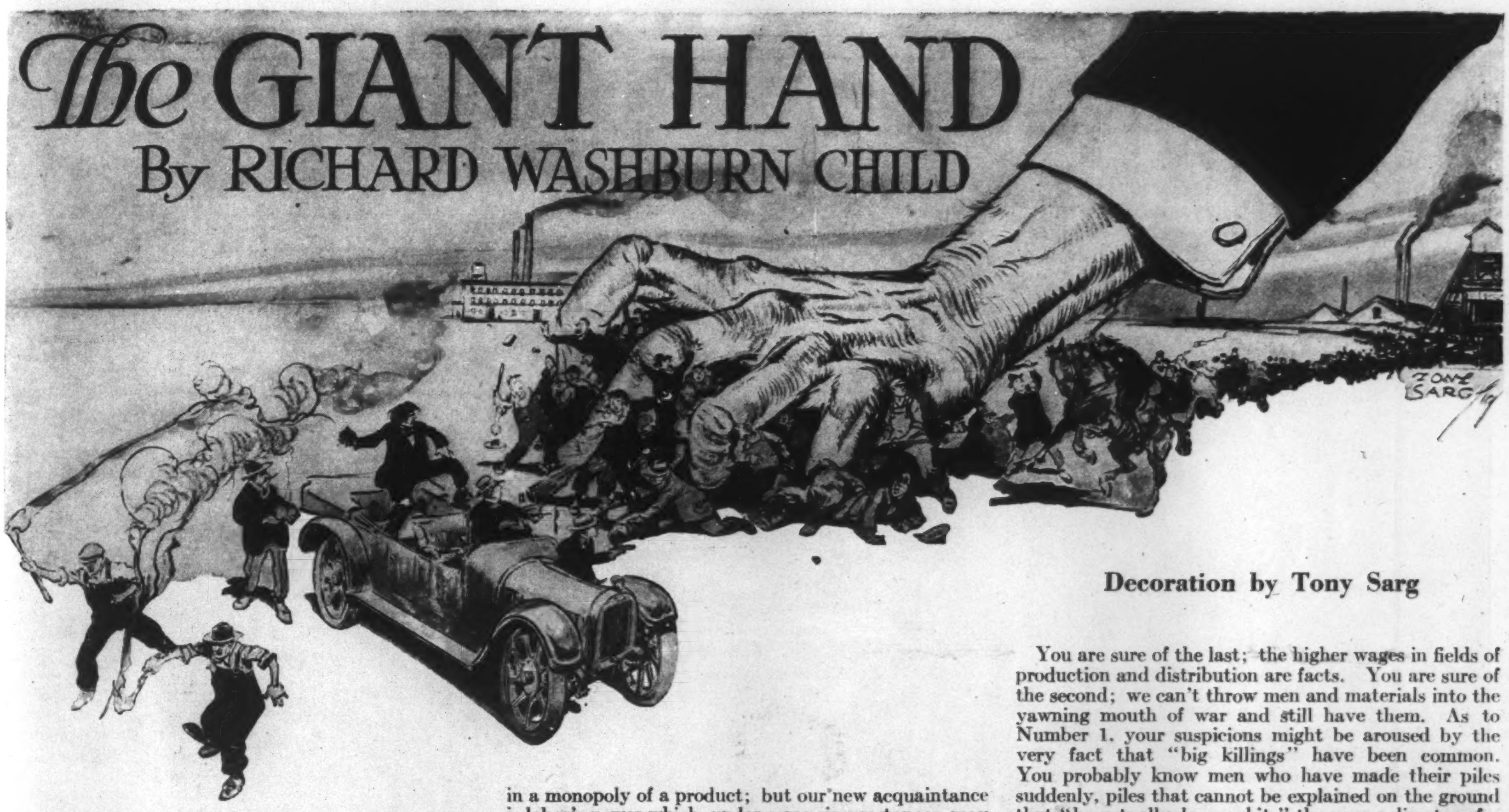
"Yes, that's what's the matter with them," acknowledged Teddie. "They were too respectable. They were smug. And I despise smugness."

The wrinkled-eyed old dandy contemplated her with a ruminative and abstracted stare.

"You're right, Teddikins," he finally argued. "We all get smug as we get older. That's what that chap — er — that chap called Wordsworth tried to tell us once. Life, my dear, is a waffle-iron that shuts down on us and squeezes us into nice little squares like all the other waffles in the world. It will come and take even the immortal *You-ness* out of you. It tames you, Teddie, and trims you down, and turns you out an altogether acceptable but an altogether commonplace member of society. It converts you from a gooey savage into a genteel and straight-edged type. So, if you can't quite jibe with the mater, don't take it all too tragically. There'll be [*Continued on page 58*]

The GIANT HAND

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD



Decoration by Tony Sarg

"MASS Meeting of the Middle Classes!"

It had not appeared in America yet; it was only the huge poster that leaped out one day on the walls, posts and bulletin boards of London.

I said to a beefy bobby, "What's up?"

He said to me, "The middle is squeezed by the two ends and is jolly well fed up. It's being rolled out into a flat curl between capital and labor."

This movement in England did not set the world on fire; a few weeks later when I tried to find it there was uncertainty about the leaders and their success. Since then it has persisted in England — with its ups and downs — suffering most of all because organized nationally where it competes with older, better organizations already in power. It tried its hand on the big national battlefield first, instead of coming up from training, experience and victories in local communities where it could exercise a power not to be resisted.

When I spoke to one or two members of Parliament about it, they laughed and sneered; but I had it on my tongue's end to say, "Wait! This may be the Giant's Hand."

And now who can be sure that, when raised, it will not be the Giant's Hand in these United States?

Most of us feel a sickening when we begin to talk about classes in America. We've always had a good deal of pleasure — and pride — in cataloging men, not by secret grips, nor buttons in their lapels, nor church affiliations, nor by membership in the golf club or labor union, but by their own individual virtues, capacities and worth. That is one of the reasons perhaps that this Soviet idea, with its attempt to herd free men with red or blue or green tags through their ears, produces here national nausea. But just the same if others begin to run into classes and use class power for hold-up purposes, whether to profiteer or to paralyze our American life, it will be time for America's middle class to have a series of round-ups of its own, first locally and then nationally.

This Giant Hand May Reach Out and Save the Country

We've seen something of the power of capital — something of its brotherhood of avarice and fear, as well as its fraternal ties of creativeness and foresight. We know how special privilege has grown out of the power of organizing those who want something. Profiteering is a very old acquaintance. And we've seen something of the power of labor — something of the effective solidarity of men who work with their hands seeking, by acting together, to obtain just due. We've felt the power of the strike. We've seen organization used to obtain rights, but we have also seen it used in an attempt to paralyze life.

The misuse of capital's power sometimes smeared our nation with special privilege arising from or resulting in a monopoly of a product; but our new acquaintance is labor's power which, under some circumstances, may be used to obtain special privilege by the blackmail of idleness.

These are pygmy forces compared to the power of America's unorganized "middle class" — the rank and file of citizenship.

Who belongs to the "middle" or "citizen" class? Here is a definition: Any one who cannot live decently on his invested capital and yet who will probably live and die without ever having been in an organized walkout from his labors — his service to all.

That is the Citizen Class of America — the men and women who haven't, wouldn't and couldn't be profiteers on the one hand, and who on the other hand haven't, couldn't and wouldn't misuse the power of organization for hold-ups.

This class contains the unorganized laborers who outnumber, many times to one, those who can or will be organized; it includes the farmers, the small manufacturers, the little business men, the salesmen, the clerks, the professional men, the doctors, lawyers, priests and clergymen; it is the superintendents, the captains, lieutenants, office force, and the great body of sweating workers who run our national life. Compared with this body the organized cohorts of capital and labor, now appearing so mighty, are a negligible minority with feeble fingers. It is the "Middle" — the Citizen Class — that owns the unused Giant Hand.

I HAVE an idea that the Giant Hand will be used in America. If it is we can bid farewell to the fear of profiteers or Bolsheviki.

There are reasons — aren't there? — why the Giant Hand should be used? How long will the Citizen Class stand abuse?

If you belong to the Citizen Class — the class that works, but never says, "If you don't come across I'll put you into chaos" — you have probably been doing a lot of thinking about the way the contests — caused by the avarice of one or the other of the two better advertised classes of capital and labor — may be putting you and your America over the bumps.

For instance, you know that your dollar has shrunk. Where you bought four of something for a dollar once, you now get only three for a dollar or two or one.

What did it?

One or all of three things did it.

1. Profiteering.
2. The using-up of resources and man-power, and the upset of orderly progress in production caused by the War.
3. Higher wages.

You are sure of the last; the higher wages in fields of production and distribution are facts. You are sure of the second; we can't throw men and materials into the yawning mouth of war and still have them. As to Number 1, your suspicions might be aroused by the very fact that "big killings" have been common. You probably know men who have made their piles suddenly, piles that cannot be explained on the ground that "he actually deserved it," the way a director of a great corporation, who builds up a big business over a long period, deserves a reward, or a laborer who works faithfully with his hands and is thrifty deserves it, or a professional man who works with his head and contributes to the good of the world deserves it.

Furthermore, you are sure that higher wages do not account for all the high cost of living, because the cost of living has jumped faster than wages.

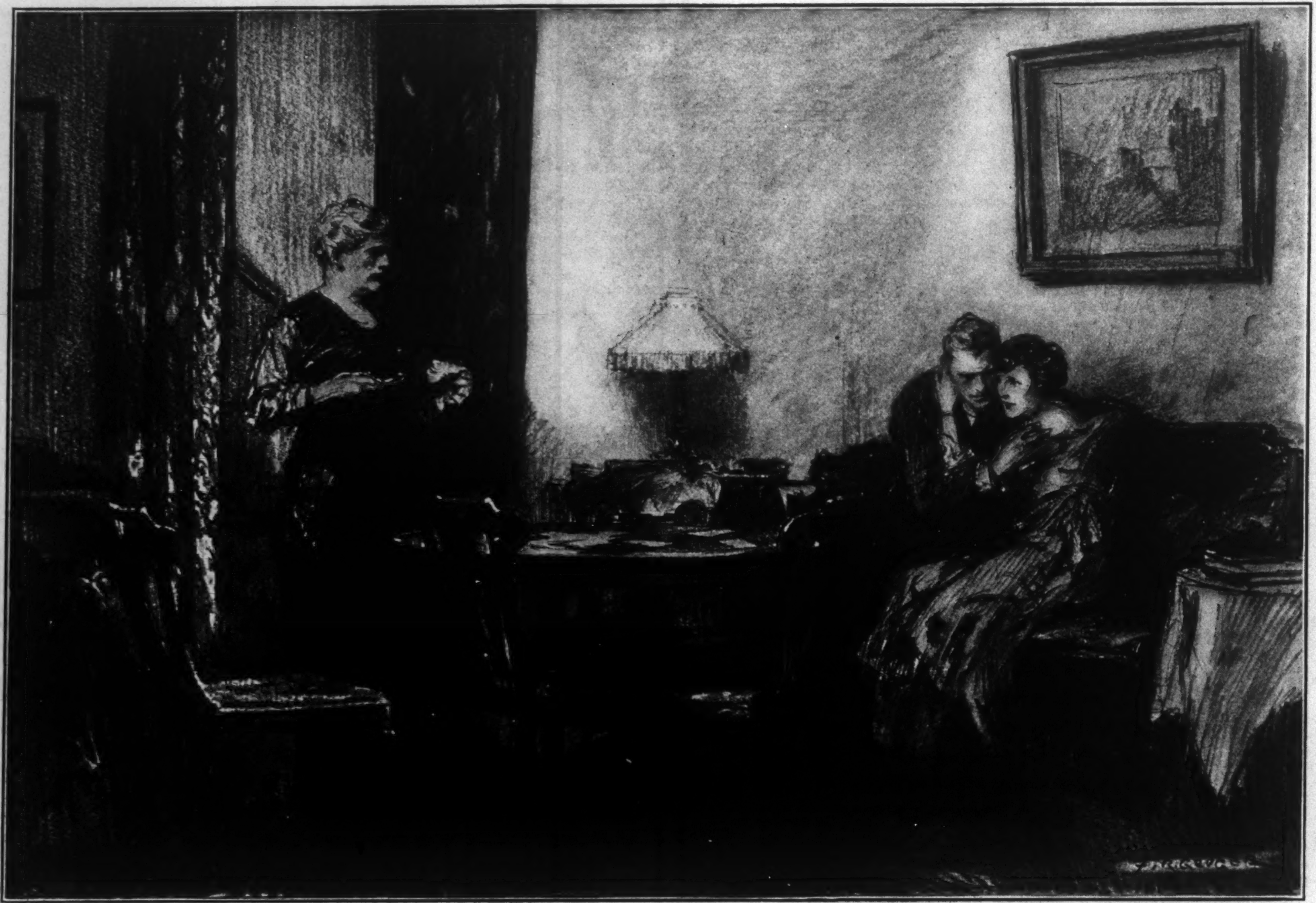
BUT you are surest of all that you, of the Citizen Class, must bear the hardest burden. Your income has stood almost still. You haven't had the salve of increased income that labor has had. Organized labor passes a part of its load up to capital, and capital, organized too in its quiet way, passes the load to you by charging up to you in prices the wage increase plus. And you with your wholly unorganized Citizen Class face the H. C. of L. without having contributed to its rise and without having taken from it any loot. When Prosperity is passed around you are not offered any; when some one has to tote the heavy end of high prices and high wages you do most of the toting.

You have probably thought also that when the aid of Government is sought it is only organized forces like labor and capital that go to Congress and get results. Not you and your Citizen Class — it is unorganized. You have the Giant Hand; but it's idle. You are the majority; but you don't count for much. You can remember the way organized capital used to write parts of our tariff law and the ease with which organized labor put through the Adamson Bill. If either added to the cost of living, you are the man who paid. While people are still talking about the rule of the majority, organized minorities walk away with the power, and a handful of radicals can set us quivering.

Then you think of taxes. You wonder why a man who earns five thousand a year by his labors has to pay a tax on his earnings on the same basis as the man who twiddles his thumbs and draws down five thousand a year from the money left him by some rich Uncle George. There ought to be a difference, you think? The reason that none is made is because you and your Citizen Class have no team-play, and no one gives a darn about you individually.

How many men are there in the country who were earning between two and ten thousand a year and were being forced to spend it all to make legitimate ends meet? Along come income taxes and take a part away. Some of it was for war; that brought no complaint. Some of it might pay for mixing in with distant revolutions, racial disputes, and other rows that will follow the War in Europe and other lands; this may bring a lot of complaint. Some of it was for costly experiments of a Government floundering around in business management

[*Continued on page 36*]



"Julia, my girl, that isn't love and you know it. I'm an old maid but I know what love is when I see it."

The Maternal Feminine

A Big, Human Story of a Big, Human Woman in a Small Town

Which reveals **Edna Ferber** *at her best*

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

CALLED upon to describe Aunt Sophy you would have to coin a term or fall back on the dictionary definition of a spinster. "An unmarried woman," states that worthy work, baldly, "especially when no longer young." That, to the world, was Sophy Decker. Unmarried, certainly. And most certainly no longer young. In figure she was, at fifty, what is known in the corset ads as a "stylish stout." Well dressed in blue serge, with broad-toed health shoes and a small, astute hat. The blue serge was practical common sense. The health shoes were comfort. The hat was strictly business. Sophy Decker made and sold hats, both astute and ingenuous, to the female population of Chippewa, Wisconsin. Chippewa's East End set bought the knowing type of hat, and the mill hands and hired girls bought the naïve ones. But whether lumpy or possessed of that indefinable thing known as line, Sophy Decker's hats were honest hats.

The world is full of Aunt Sophys, unsung. Plump, ruddy, capable women of middle age. Unwed, and rather looked down upon by a family of married sisters and tolerant, good-humored brothers-in-law, and careless nieces and nephews.

"Poor Aunt Soph," with a significant half smile. "She's such a good old thing. And she's had so little out of life, really."

She was, undoubtedly, a good old thing — Aunt Soph. Forever sending a spray of sweeping black paradise, like a jet of liquid velvet, to the pert little niece in Seattle; or taking Adele, sister Flora's daughter, to Chicago or New York, as a treat, on one of her buying trips. Burdening herself, on her business visits to these cities, with a dozen foolish shopping commissions for the idle women folk of her family. Hearing, without partisanship, her sisters' complaints about their husbands, and her sisters' husbands' complaints about their wives. It was always the same:

"I'm telling you this, Sophy. I wouldn't breathe it to another living soul. But I honestly think, sometimes, that if it weren't for the children — "

There is no knowing why they confided these things to Sophy instead of to each other, these wedded sisters of hers. Perhaps they held for each other an unuttered distrust or jealousy. Perhaps, in making a confidante of Sophy, there was something of the satisfaction that comes of dropping a surreptitious stone down a deep well and hearing it plunk, safe in the knowledge that it has struck no one and that it cannot rebound, lying there in the soft darkness. Sometimes they would end by saying, "But you don't know what it is, Sophy. You can't. I'm sure I don't know why I'm telling you all this."

But when Sophy answered, sagely, "I know; I know" — they paid little heed, once having unburdened themselves. The curious part of it is that she did know. She knew as a woman of fifty must know who, all her life, has given and given and in return has received nothing.

Sophy Decker had never used the word inhibition in her life. I doubt if she knew what it meant. When you are busy copying French models for the fall trade you have little time or taste for Freud. She only knew (without in the least knowing she knew) that in giving of her goods, of her affections, of

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Miss Ferber Writes Real, American Stories. That's Why She Has a Real, American Following.

her time, of her energy, she found a certain relief. Her own people would have been shocked if you had told them that there was about this old maid aunt something rather splendidly Rabelaisian. Without being at all what is known as a masculine woman she had, somehow, acquired the man's viewpoint, his shrewd value sense. She ate a good deal, and enjoyed her food. She did not care for those queer little stories that married women sometimes tell, with narrowed eyes, but she was strangely tolerant of what is known as sin. So simple and direct she was that you wondered how she prospered in a line so subtle as the millinery business.

You might have got a fairly true characterization of Sophy Decker from one of fifty people; from a dapper salesman in a New York or Chicago wholesale millinery house; from Otis Cowan, cashier of the First National Bank of Chippewa; from Julia Gold, her head milliner and trimmer; from almost any one, in fact, except a member of her own family. They knew her least of all, as is often true of one's own people. Her three married sisters — Grace in Seattle, Ella in Chicago, and Flora in Chippewa — regarded her with a rather affectionate disapproval from the snug safety of their own conjugal ingle-nooks.

"I don't know. There's something — well — common about Sophy," Flora confided to Ella. Flora, on shopping bent, and Sophy, seeking hats, had made the five-hour run from Chippewa to Chicago together. "She talks to everybody. You should have heard her with the porter on our train. Chums! And when the conductor took our tickets it was a social occasion. You know how packed the seven-fifty-two is. Every seat in the parlor-car taken. And Sophy asking the colored porter about how his wife was getting along — she called him William — and if they were going to send her west, and all about her. I *wish* she wouldn't."

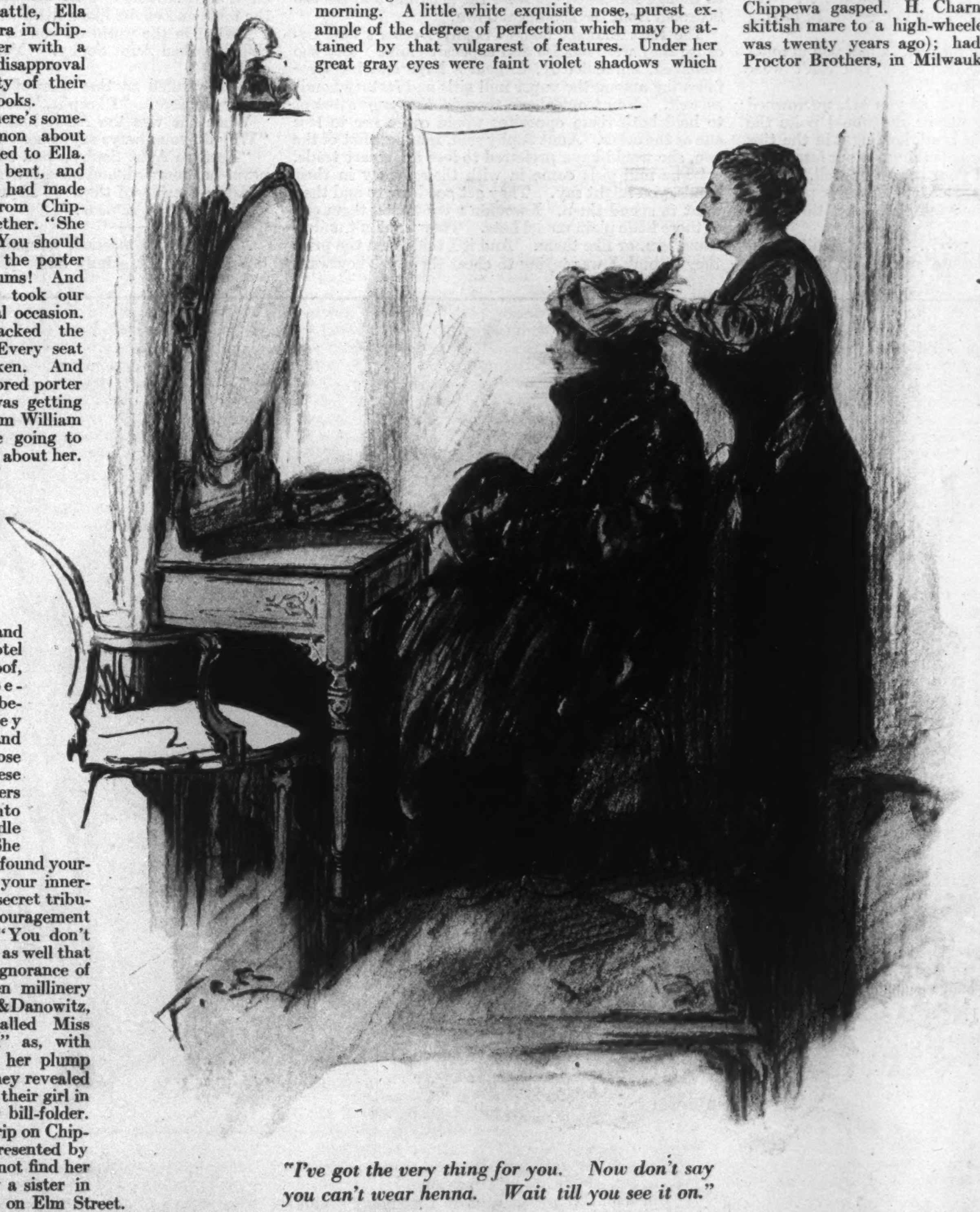
Aunt Sophy undeniably had a habit of regarding people as human beings. You found her talking to chambermaids and delivery boys, and elevator starters, and gas collectors, and hotel clerks — all that aloof, unapproachable, superior crew. Under her benign volubility they bloomed, and spread and took on color as do those tight little Japanese paper water-flowers when you cast them into a bowl. It wasn't idle curiosity in her. She was interested. You found yourself confiding to her your innermost longings, your secret tribulations, under the encouragement of her sympathetic, "You don't say!" Perhaps it was as well that sister Flora was in ignorance of the fact that the men millinery salesmen at Danowitz & Danowitz, Importers, always called Miss Decker "Aunt Soph" as, with one arm flung about her plump blue serge shoulder they revealed to her the picture of their girl in the back flap of their bill-folder.

Flora, with a firm grip on Chippewa society, as represented by the East End set, did not find her position enhanced by a sister in the millinery business on Elm Street.

"Of course it's wonderful that she's self-supporting and successful and all," she told her husband. "But it's not so pleasant for Adele, now that she's growing up, having all the girls she knows buying their hats of her aunt. Not that I — but you know how it is."

H. Charnsworth Baldwin said yes, he knew. But perhaps you, until you are made more intimately acquainted with Chippewa, Wisconsin; with the Decker girls of twenty years ago; with Flora's husband, H. Charnsworth Baldwin; and with their children, Adele and Eugene, may feel a little natural bewilderment.

The Deckers had lived in a sagging old frame house (from which the original paint had long ago peeled in great scrofulous patches) on an unimportant street in Chippewa. There was a worm-eaten russet apple-tree in the yard, an untidy tangle of wild-cucumber vine over the front porch, and an uncut brush of sunburnt grass and weeds all about. From May until September you never passed the Decker place without hearing the plunketty-plink of a mandolin from somewhere behind the vines, accompanied by a murmur of young voices, laughter, and the creak-creak of the hard-worked and protesting hammock hooks. Flora, Ella, and Grace Decker had more beaux and fewer clothes than any other girls in Chippewa. In a town full of pretty young things they were, undoubtedly, the prettiest; and in a family of pretty sisters (Sophy always excepted) Flora was the acknowledged beauty. She was the kind of girl whose nose never turns red on a frosty morning. A little white exquisite nose, purest example of the degree of perfection which may be attained by that vulgarest of features. Under her great gray eyes were faint violet shadows which gave her a look of almost poignant wistfulness. If there is a less hackneyed way to describe her head on its slender throat than to say it was like a lovely flower on its stalk, you are free to use it. Her slow sweet smile gave the beholder an actual physical pang. Only her family knew she was lazy as a behemoth, untidy about her person, and as sentimental as a hungry shark. The strange and cruel part of it was that, in some grotesque, exaggerated way, as a cartoon may be like a photograph, Sophy resembled Flora. It was as though nature, in prankish mood, had given a cabbage the color and texture of a rose, with none of its fragile reticence and grace.



"I've got the very thing for you. Now don't say you can't wear henna. Wait till you see it on."

It was a manless household. Mrs. Decker, vague, garrulous, and given to ice-wool shawls, referred to her dead husband in frequent reminiscence, as poor Mr. Decker. Mrs. Decker dragged one leg as she walked — rheumatism, or a spinal affection. Small wonder, then, that Sophy, the plain, with a gift for hat-making, a knack at eggless cake-baking, and a genius for turning a sleeve so that last year's style met this year's without a struggle, contributed nothing to the sag in the center of the old twine hammock on the front porch.

That the three girls should marry well, and Sophy not at all, was as inevitable as the sequence of the seasons. Ella and Grace did not manage badly, considering that they had only their girlish prettiness and the twine hammock to work with. But Flora, with her beauty, captured H. Charnsworth Baldwin. Chippewa gasped. H. Charnsworth Baldwin drove a skittish mare to a high-wheeled yellow runabout (this was twenty years ago); had his clothes made at Proctor Brothers, in Milwaukee; and talked about a game called golf. It was he who advocated laying out a section of land for what he called links, and erecting a club house thereon.

"The section of the bluff overlooking the river," he explained, "is full of natural hazards, besides having a really fine view."

Chippewa — or that comfortable, middle-class section of it which got its exercise walking home to dinner from the store at noon, and cutting the grass evenings after supper — laughed as it read this interview in the Chippewa Eagle.

"A golf course," they repeated to one another, grinning. "Conklin's cow pasture, up the river. It's full of natural — wait a minute — what was? — oh, yeh, here it is — hazards. Full of natural hazards. Say, couldn't you die!"

For H. Charnsworth Baldwin had been little Henry Baldwin before he went east to college. Ten years later, H. Charnsworth, in knickbockers and gay-topped stockings, was winning the cup in the men's tournament played on the Chippewa golf club course, overlooking the river. And his name, in stout gold letters, blinked at you from the plate glass windows of the office at the corner of Elm and Winnebago.

Northern Lumber
and
Land Company
H. Charnsworth Baldwin
President

Two blocks farther down Elm Street was another sign, not so glittering, which read

Miss Sophy Decker
Millinery

Sophy's hat-making, in the beginning, had been done at home. She had always made her sisters' hats, and her own, of course, and an occasional hat for a girl friend. After her sisters had married Sophy found herself in possession of a rather bewildering amount of spare time. The hat trade grew so that sometimes there were six rather botchy little bonnets all done up in yellow paper pyramids with a pin at the top, awaiting their future wearers. After her mother's death Sophy still stayed on in the old house. She took a course in millinery in Milwaukee, came home, stuck up a home-made sign in the parlor window (the untidy cucumber vines came down), and began her hat-making in earnest. In five years she had opened a shop on a side street, near Elm; had painted the old house, installed new plumbing, built a warty stucco porch, and transformed the weedy, grass-tangled yard into an orderly stretch of green lawn and bright flower-beds. In ten years she was on Elm Street, and the Chippewa *Eagle* ran a half column twice a year describing her spring and fall openings. On these occasions Aunt Sophy, in black satin and marcel wave and her most relentless corsets, was, in all the superficial things, not a pleat, or fold, or line, or wave behind her city colleagues. She had all the catch phrases.

"This is awfully good this year."

"Here's a sweet thing. A Mornet model. . . . Well, but my dear, it's the style — the line — you're paying for, not the material."

"I've got the very thing for you. I had you in mind when I bought it. Now don't say you can't wear henna. Wait till you see it on."

When she stood behind you as you sat, uncrowned and expectant before the mirror, she would poise the hat four inches above your head, holding it in the tips of her fingers, a precious, fragile thing. Your fascinated eyes were held by it, and your breath as well. Then down it descended, slowly, slowly. A quick pressure. Her fingers firm against your temples. A little sigh of relieved suspense.

"That's wonderful on you! . . . You don't! Oh, my dear! But that's because you're not used to it. You know how you said, for years, you had to have a brim, and couldn't possibly wear a turban, with your nose, until I proved to you that if the head-size was only big . . . Well, perhaps this needs just a lit-tle lift here. Ju-u-ust a nip. There! That does it."

And that did it. Not that Sophy Decker ever tried to sell you a hat against your judgment, taste or will. She was too wise a psychologist and too shrewd a business woman for that. She preferred that you go out of her shop hatless rather than with an unbecoming hat. But whether you bought or not you took with you out of Sophy Decker's shop something more precious than any hat-box ever contained. Just to hear her admonishing a customer, her good-natured face all aglow:

"My dear, always put on your hat before you get into your dress. I do. You can get your arms above your head, and set it right. I put on my hat and veil as soon's I get my hair combed."

In your mind's eye you saw her, a stout, well-stayed figure, in tight *brassière* and scant petticoat, bare-armed and bare-bosomed, in smart hat and veil, attired as though for the street from the neck up, and for the bedroom from the shoulders down.

The East End set bought Sophy Decker's hats because they were modish and expensive hats. But she managed, miraculously, to gain a large and lucrative following among the paper mill girls and factory hands as well. You would have thought that any attempt to hold both these opposites would cause her to lose one or the other. Aunt Sophy said, frankly, that of the two, she would have preferred to lose her smart trade.

"The mill girls come in with their money in their hands, you might say. They get good wages and they want to spend them. I wouldn't try to sell them one of those little plain model hats. They wouldn't understand 'em, or like them. And if I told them the price they'd think I was trying to cheat them. They want a velvet hat with something good and solid on it. Their fathers wouldn't prefer caviar to pork roast, would they? It's the same idea."

Her shop windows reflected her business acumen. One was chastely, severely elegant, holding a single hat poised on a slender stick. In the other were a dozen honest arrangements of velvet and satin and plumes.

At the spring opening she always displayed one of those little toques completely covered with violets. No one has ever bought a hat like that. No one ever will. That violet-covered toque is a symbol.

"I don't expect 'em to buy it," Sophy Decker explained. "But everybody feels there should be a hat like that at a spring opening. It's like a fruit centerpiece at a family dinner. Nobody ever eats it, but it has to be there."

The two Baldwin children — Adele and Eugene — found Aunt Sophy's shop a treasure trove. Adele, during her doll days, possessed such boxes of satin and velvet scraps, and bits of lace and ribbon and jet as to make her the envy of all her playmates. She used to crawl about the floor of the shop workroom, and under the table and chairs like a little scavenger.

"What in the world do you do with all that truck, child?" asked Aunt Sophy. "You must have barrels of it."

Adele stuffed another wisp of tulle into the pocket of her pinafore. "I keep it," she said.

When she was ten Adele had said to her mother, "Why do you always say 'Poor Sophy'?"

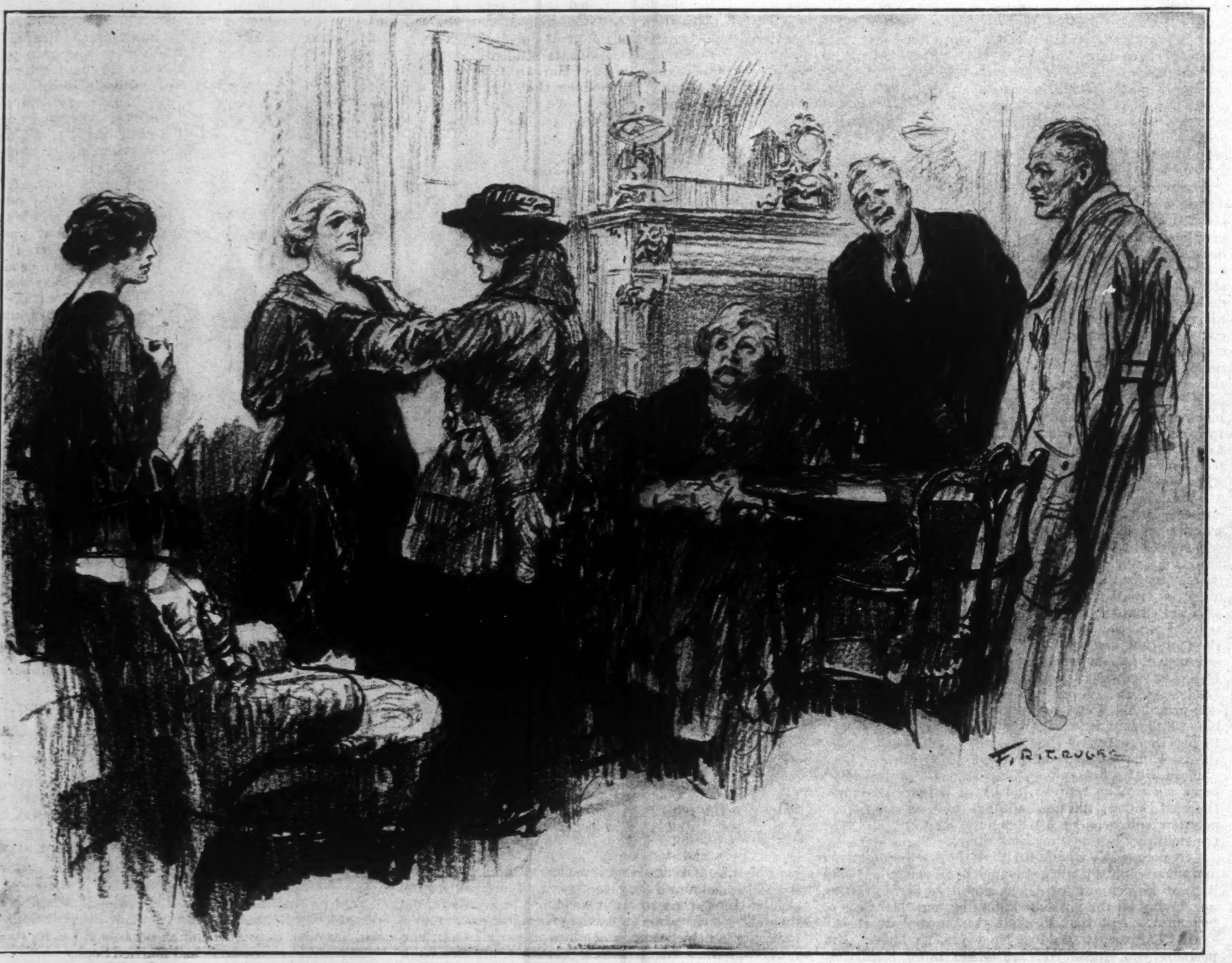
"Because Aunt Sophy's had so little in life. She never has married, and has always worked."

Adele considered that. "If you don't get married do they say you're poor?"

"Well — yes ——"

"Then I'll get married," announced Adele. A small, dark, eerie child, skinny and

[*Continued on page 52*]



She looked straight into Aunt Sophy's eyes. "You must be a very proud woman," she said. "You ought to be a very proud woman!"

What Is the Matter With the Churches?

As Lloyd George Cried in a Dark Hour: "Now It Is Christ or Chaos!"

by Newell Dwight Hillis

HEREAFTER among the torch-bearers in the march of humanity, we must make a place for the Church. Denying that Christianity invented all ships and engines, it must be confessed that Christianity has lent wisdom to literature, beauty to the arts, justice to law and a new impulse to liberty. Christianity has never been a friend of the slave market, or the jail, or of the saloon, the poorhouse or the battlefield; it has had, however, close affiliations with Gothic cathedrals, noble symphonies, generous philanthropies, with Te Deums and In Memoriams, and Declarations of Liberty. In every age and generation its leaders have included the supreme poets, statesmen and heroes. Now and then an ambitious and cruel Torquemada has gained control of some church and in the interest of avarice, imprisoned scholars, tortured astronomers, and burned heroes, but blaming Christianity for the Inquisition is like blaming commerce upon the sea because an occasional criminal captures a merchant-ship and turns pirate.

The church is like a river that bears upon its bosom many rich fleets, but whose current also carries forward driftwood, floating down from the distant hillsides and far-off storms. It must be remembered, however, that driftwood on the surface of the river is one thing, and the living water that sweeps on, is quite another. Types of domestic architecture change from century to century, while marriage, love and home abide. The permanent thing is religion, that is the life of God in the soul of man; the changing things are the creeds that describe that religion, the litanies that express that religion, the officers who govern that religion. No one is disturbed because old reapers and plows pass away when better ones are invented, nor is a thoughtful man surprised that the machinery of ecclesiasticism is ever changing, while the eternal principles of obedience, duty, hope and love, like the mountains and the stars, abide forever.

Why Are Thousands of Men Leaving the Ministry?

SUDDENLY an official of the allied churches has startled the American people with the announcement that thousands of ministers are giving up their churches. Multitudes of these young men have been in France serving as Chaplains, or have been in the American training camps at home. Without accepting the accuracy of the statement that 10,000 young men are giving up their churches to enter the field of education, becoming writers, lecturers, or to go into some form of social work, one thing must be confessed: that there are thousands of churches that are without pastors, and an army of young men who have made their way through college and the theological school who are withdrawing from their chosen profession. Recently, a single week witnessed the withdrawal from the ministry of three gifted young men, at a conference of one denomination; while in one western town seven ministers withdrew from their pulpits to enter other forms of public work. The soldier keeps the State in liberty; the physician keeps the State in health; the teacher and the author sow the land with wisdom and knowledge; the merchants and manufacturers clothe and equip the State; the preachers keep bright the vision, carrying the torch, and "without vision the people perish." In view of Christianity's vital relation to social progress, this withdrawal of gifted men from the ministry is a more staggering fact than would be a war with Mexico, or a collision with Canada, or an earthquake that would topple down innumerable houses and factories, and sink whole navies. It is plain that there is something going on in American society that is revolutionary in its nature.

Where Are the Students?

MORE startling still the announcement that for some reason the number of young men entering the great universities to prepare for the ministry has practically dropped to nothing. Ten thousand students entering for the law, medicine, journalism, banking, business, but almost none for theology, called the "queen of the sciences." This is the more astonishing in view of the fact that all the charters of the great universities show that they were founded to educate students for the ministry. Witness the charter of Harvard College, and of Yale and Princeton! Remember that the most important English family is the Arnold family, with four generations of distinguished names, — Arnold of Rugby, his son, Matthew Arnold, his granddaughter, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and now, Professor Ward. In our own country the two great families are the Fields of Stockbridge, and the Beecher family, both founded by ministers. There were seven generations of Emersons who were ministers, terminating with Ralph Waldo Emerson, just as the Lowell and the Longfellow, and the Hawthorne, and the Cabot and Phillips families were all children of the minister's study. The statistics of Great Britain and the United States will show that the manse has during the past one hundred years given ten distinguished names to literature, philosophy, art, finance and statesmanship, when the rest of society has given out.

The unique influence of the church and religious teachers in the Republic renders these thousands of withdrawals from the ministry the more astounding.

In one of his noblest arguments before the United States Supreme Court Daniel Webster raised this question: "Where have the life-giving waters of civilization ever sprung up save in the track of the Christian ministers?" Having expressed the belief that American scholars have done something for the honor of our literature abroad; that our Courts of Justice have made single contributions to jurisprudence; that our statesmen have extended and secured the charter of human rights; Daniel Webster added these words: "But I contend that no literary efforts, no adjudications, no constitutional discussions, nothing that has ever been done or said in favor of the great interests of universal man, has done this country more credit, at home and abroad, than our body of clergymen."

Weightier testimony or more unqualified was never pronounced! Whatever the future may hold for the ministry, the past at least is secure.

The testimony of history upon our Republic that nothing can long or permanently survive the decay of the American Sunday, the decline of the pulpit and the church should be carefully weighed. Nothing is risked in the statement that the great cities and commonwealths of the past, and the new eras of progress have been vitally related to the Christian religion. In the ancient world, before the time of the carpenter of Galilee, the teacher of morals, was the father and founder of his country. Witness Confucius in China, Buddha in India, Zoroaster in Persia, and Moses in Judea. As for later centuries, Paul brought democracy into Europe; Martin Luther created the German language and literature; John Calvin invented representative government for his church in Geneva; Augustine brought civilization across the English Channel to Saxon savages in the year 390; John Knox is the father of Scotland; Brewster and Bradford brought the ideals of self-government to Plymouth, while David Livingstone founded the new Africa, and William Carey the new India, and Morrison the new China. In order to bring the Bible home to new peoples, ministers and missionaries have to their credit some three hundred and seventy grammars and as many dictionaries. The cannon that have roared on all continents against slavery and autocracy were in reality shotted with the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments. And even of the social revolution we must confess with the English economist that "the economic and political struggles of society are, in the last analysis, religious struggles — their sole solution, the life and teachings of Christ, set forth through the human voice."

The Melting Influence

IN a dark moment for his country and his world, Clemenceau exclaimed: "What France needs is forty million Christians!" In an hour not less dark, Lloyd George cried: "Now it is either Christ or chaos; either the Kingdom of God or world revolution!"

Having affirmed that it is quite possible that religion may be waxing at the very moment when ecclesiasticism is waning, an analysis should be made of the influence of life in France and Belgium upon two million American soldiers. During the past three years, there have been five million American men, many of them graduates of colleges and universities, who have spent a long time either on the battlefields of Europe or in the training-camps of the United States. The great events of the World War have broadened these millions, until they have come to look upon their fellow soldiers as American patriots and not as Republicans or Democrats, as American Christians and not as Methodists or Episcopalians, or Catholics or Congregationalists. Denominational lines have melted under the fiery influence of war like icebergs caught in a warm tropic current.

One day up near the battle-front, 10,000 American soldiers went into camp. All knew that soon they would go up to the front trenches. An enormous Y.M.C.A.

WHY support five little churches in a town, with five janitors, and five sets of furnaces, and five little choirs, and five ministers, when we could all come together and have one common church, with wonderful music and a well-paid minister? These questions are vital. Read Dr. Hillis's article and see for yourself what he has to say about the new era dawning for the churches of America.

tent was set up. On Sunday morning, the young soldiers answered the bugle call to worship. A Methodist Chaplain requested all boys who belonged to the Methodist church to assemble in this quarter of the tent; another Chaplain shouted, "Let all the Presbyterians come to this corner"; another Chaplain called out for the Baptist followers; as did even the Hebrew Rabbi and the Catholic Priest. Finally, a Salvation Army man shouted, "All of you that don't belong to nobody, follow me," and he had the largest hearing.

To these young men, one half of whom were soon dead or wounded, religion was a very practical thing. The Chaplains and the Y.M.C.A. men who had charge of the last letters written by the boys before they went up to the front, tell us that practically every one of them expressed in the final written message home their faith in God, their belief in the life immortal, and their joy that they had been counted worthy to make the supreme sacrifice. In those luminous transfiguration hours, all the incidentals, differences in creed and baptisms and church governments seemed less than nothing, and a few great simplicities of God and Christ and self-sacrifice, duty, love and immortality, stood out sharply like mountain peaks touched by the rays of the morning sun. In that hour, the sackcloth was lifted from the brow, that an unseen Hand might wreathe the martyr's forehead with roses!

Now these millions of young men have returned each to his own village or city and to his own church, but he has returned a man other than he was. To a broader intellect he has added a kindlier heart. Having worshiped together in camps, the returned soldiers refuse to worship apart from their old comrades. Together they were wounded and suffered unto death, and together they will now wish to live and pray and work and die. Some of them are feeling their way into a better method slowly, and stretching out blind hands that grope, while others see clearly what must go on. In an average American town of 2,000 people there are five churches, and in that town there are fifty young soldiers who are leading a "get together" movement.

THEY are asking their ministers questions. In this town of 2,000 people, not more than 1,000 can ever go to church at the same hour. All the children and young people go to a common high school; why should not the thousand of us go to a common church? All the boys who could sing in our company were in one chorus. Why should we not all sing together in a big chorus of 100 voices on Sunday morning and Sunday night? We held our patriotism in common on the battle-front and no one discussed differences in politics; we held our Christianity in common in the camp, and no one knew to what denomination a Chaplain belonged. Why support five little churches in a town, with five janitors, and five sets of furnaces and five little choirs, and five ministers, when we should come together and have one common church, with wonderful music and a well-paid minister, and a big Bible school and community singing, and all the patriots of the town organized against Bolsheviki?

These questions are vital. These young fellows have red blood in their veins. Soon these five millions of young men will rule this country. Already they are forcing the issue. They are compelling a "get together" movement. The denominational lines are dissolving like fences of ice between corn and wheat fields; ice fences that were built in January are now melting in June. These thousands of men who are leaving the ministry for teaching, literature, the lecture platform, the Y.M.C.A., and social reform, recognize that there is a new era on for the churches of the United States.

The returned soldier has also made another discovery; namely, that religion at the front was very practical — a thing of service. On the material side these young soldiers have begun the revolution of their community by discussions about a "Liberty Hall." Ostensibly, this "Liberty Hall" is to be a monument to the heroic dead, but it is to have vital uses for the living. It should be remembered that every town and village has from a score to a hundred of these gifted and brave young men who hold the future in their hands. Lord Bacon once said, "Tell me what the educated young men are thinking about, and I will tell you what your institutions of to-morrow will be."

Now these young soldiers educated in the school of events, travel and war, are thinking and planning to make the "Liberty Hall" the place for the lectures on patriotism, the illustrated travel addresses, the big reform movements, the political conventions, the musicales, the home of community singing, a meeting place of the Summer Chautauquas and the Winter Chautauquas. Thousands of soldiers have in the back of their minds the hope that this memorial hall will be the meeting place of the Union Church, for the big sermon on Sunday morning, and the [*Continued on page 45*]

First Hate

Ericssen Tells a Tale to the Members of the Hunters' Club

by Algernon Blackwood

Illustration by W. T. Benda

THEY had been shooting all day; the weather had been perfect and the powder straight; so that when they assembled in the smoking room after dinner, they were well pleased with themselves. From discussing the day's sport, and the weather outlook, the conversation drifted to other, though still cognate, fields. Lawson, the crack shot of the party, mentioned the instinctive recognition all animals feel for their natural enemies, and gave several instances in which he had tested it — tame rats with a ferret, birds with a snake, and so forth.

"Even after being domesticated for generations," he said, "they recognize their natural enemy at once by instinct, an enemy they can never even have seen before. It's infallible. They know instantly."

"Undoubtedly," said a voice from the corner chair, "and so do we."

The speaker was Ericssen, their host, a great hunter before the Lord, generally uncommunicative but a good listener, leaving the talk to others. For this latter reason, as well as for a certain note of challenge in his voice, his abrupt statement gained attention.

"What do you mean exactly by 'so do we'?" asked three men together, after waiting some seconds to see whether he meant to elaborate — which he evidently did not.

"We belong to the animal kingdom, of course," put in a fourth. For behind the challenge there obviously lay a story, they felt, though a story that might be difficult to dig out of him. It was.

Ericssen, who had leaned forward a moment so that his strong humorous face was in clear light, now sank back again into his chair, his expression concealed by the red lamp-shade at his side. The light played tricks, obliterating the humorous, almost tender lines, while emphasizing the strength of the jaw and nose. The red glare lent to the whole a rather grim expression.

Lawson, man of authority among them, broke the little pause.

"You're dead right," he observed, "but how do you know it?" For John Ericssen never made a positive statement without a good reason for it. For good reason, he felt sure, involved a personal proof, but a story Ericssen would never tell before a general audience. He would tell it later, however, when the others had left. "There's such a thing as instinctive antipathy, of course," he added with a laugh, looking round him. "That's what you mean, probably."

"I meant exactly what I said," replied the host bluntly. "There's first love. There's first hate, too."

"Hatred's a strong word," remarked Lawson.

"So is love," put in another.

"Hate's strongest," said Ericssen, grimly. "In the animal kingdom, at least," he added suggestively, and then kept his lips closed, except to sip his liquor for the rest of the evening, until the party at length broke up, leaving Lawson and one other man, both old trusted friends of many years' standing.

"It's not a tale I'd tell to everybody," he began, when they were alone. "It's true, for one thing. For another, you see, some of those good fellows" — he indicated the empty chairs with an expressive nod of his great head — "some of 'em knew him. You both knew him, too, probably."

"The man you hated," said the understanding Lawson.

"And who hated me," came the quiet confirmation. "My other reason," he went on, "for keeping quiet was that the tale involved my wife."

THE two listeners said nothing, but each remembered the curiously long courtship that had been the prelude to his marriage. No engagement had been announced, the pair were devoted to one another, there was no known rival on either side; yet the courtship continued without coming to its expected conclusion. Many stories were afloat in consequence. It was a social mystery that intrigued the gossips.

"I may tell you two," Ericssen continued, "the reason my wife refused for so long to marry me. It is hard to believe, perhaps, but it is true. Another man wished to make her his wife, and she would not consent to marry me until that other man was dead. Quixotic, absurd, unreasonable? If you like. I'll tell you what she said." He looked up with a significant expression in his face which proved that he, at least, did not now judge her reason foolish. "'Because it would be murder,' she told me. 'Another man who wants to marry me would kill you.'"

"She had some proof for the assertion, no doubt," suggested Lawson.

"None whatever," was the reply. "Merely her woman's instinct. Moreover, *I* did not know who the other man was, nor would she ever tell me —"

"Otherwise you might have murdered him instead," said Baynes, the second listener.

"I did," said Ericssen grimly. "But without knowing he was the man." He sipped his whiskey, and relit his pipe. The others waited.

"Our marriage took place two months later — just after Hazel's disappearance."

"Hazel!" exclaimed Lawson and Baynes in a single breath. "Hazel! Member of the 'Hunters'!" His mysterious disappearance had been a nine days' wonder some ten years ago. It had never been explained. They had all been members of the Hunters' Club together.

"That's the chap," Ericssen said. "Now I'll tell you the tale, if you care to hear it."

They settled back in their chairs to listen, and Ericssen, who had evidently never told the affair to another living soul except his own wife, doubtless, seemed glad, this time, to tell it to two men.

"It began some dozen years ago when my brother, Jack, and I came home from a shooting trip in China. I've often told you about our adventures there, and you see the heads hanging up here in the smoking room — some of 'em." He glanced round proudly at the walls. "We were glad to be in town again after two years of roughing it, and we looked forward to our first good dinner at the Club, to make up for the rotten cooking we had endured so long. We had ordered that dinner in anticipatory detail many a time together. Well, we had it and enjoyed it up to a point — the point of the entrée, to be exact.

"Up to that point it was delicious, and we had let ourselves go, I can tell you. We had ordered the very wine we had planned months before when we were snowbound and half starving in the mountains." He smacked his lips as he mentioned it. "I was just starting on a beautifully cooked grouse," he went on, "when a figure went by our table, and Jack looked up and nodded. The two exchanged a brief word of greeting and explanation, and the other man passed on. Evidently they knew each other just enough to make a word or two necessary — just enough.

"'Who's that?' I asked.

"'A new member, named Hazel,' Jack told me. A great shot. He knew him slightly, he explained; he had once been a client of his — Jack was a barrister you remember — and had defended him in some financial case or other, rather an unpleasant case, he added. Jack did not 'care about' the fellow, he told me, as he went on with his tender wing of grouse."

Ericssen paused to re-light his pipe a moment.

"Not care about him!" he continued. "It didn't surprise me, for my own feeling, the instant I set eyes on the fellow, was one of violent, instinctive dislike that amounted to loathing. Loathing! No, I'll give it the right word — hatred. I simply couldn't help myself; I hated the man from the very first go off. A wave of repulsion swept over me as I followed him down the room a moment with my eyes, till he took his seat at a distant table and was out of sight. Ugh! He was a big, fat-faced man, with an eye-glass glued into one of his pale blue cod-like eyes; out of condition; ugly as a toad; with a smug expression of intense self-satisfaction on his jowl that made me long to ——

"I leave it to you to guess what I would have liked to do to him. But the instinctive loathing he inspired in me had another aspect, too. Jack had not introduced us during the momentary pause beside our table, but as I looked up I caught the fellow's eye on mine; he was glaring at me instead of at Jack, to whom he was talking, with an expression of malignant dislike, as keen, evidently, as my own. That's the other aspect I meant. He hated me as violently as I hated him. We were instinctive enemies, just as the rat and ferret are instinctive enemies. Each recognized a mortal foe. It was a case — I swear it — of whoever got the first chance!"

"Bad as that!" exclaimed Baynes. "I knew him by sight. He wasn't pretty, I'll admit."

"I knew him to nod to," Lawson mentioned. "I never heard anything particular against him." He shrugged his shoulders.

Ericssen went on. "It was not his character nor qualities I hated," he said. "I didn't even know them. That's the whole point. There's no reason you fellows should have disliked him. *My* hatred, our mutual hatred, was instinctive, as instinctive as first love. A man knows his natural mate; also he knows his natural enemy. I did at any rate, both with him and with my wife. Given the chance, Hazel would have done me in; just as surely, given the chance, I would have done him in. No blame to either of us, what's more, in my opinion."

"I've felt dislike, but never hatred like that," Baynes mentioned. "I came across it in a book once, though. The writer did not mention the instinctive fear of the human animal for its natural enemy, or anything of that sort. He thought it was a continuance of a bitter feud begun in an earlier existence. He called it memory."

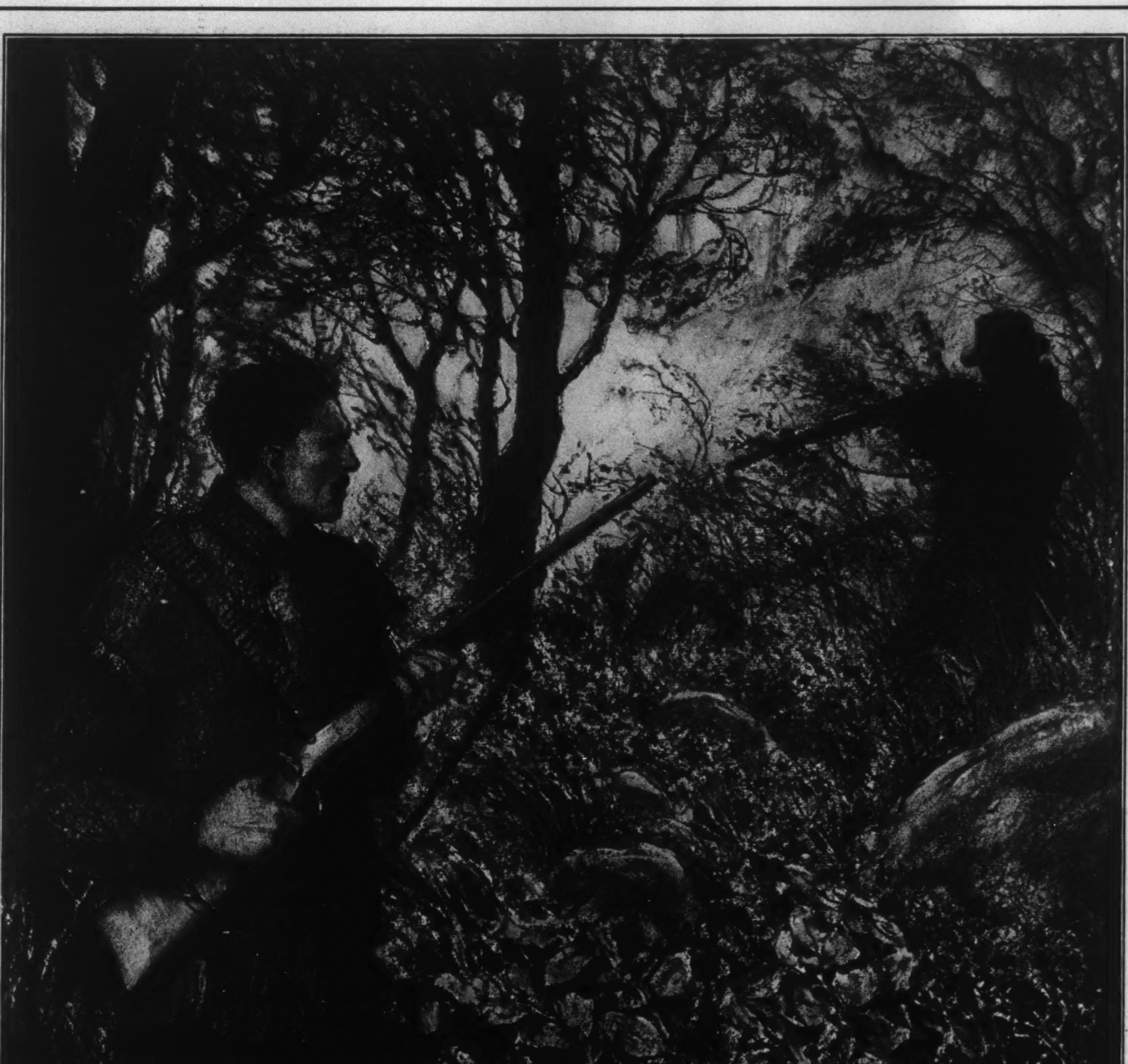
"Possibly," said Ericssen briefly. "My mind is not speculative. But I'm glad you spoke of fear. I left that out. The truth is I feared the fellow, too, in a way; and had we ever met face to face in some wild country, without witnesses, I should have felt justified in drawing on him at sight, and he would have felt the same. Murder? If you like. I should call it self-defense. Anyhow, the fellow polluted the room for me. He spoilt the enjoyment of that dinner we had ordered months before in China."

"But you saw him again, of course, later?"

"Lots of times. Not that night, because we went on to a theatre. But in the Club we were always running across one another, in the houses of friends, at luncheon or dinner; at race meetings; all over the place; in fact, I even had some trouble to avoid being introduced to him. And every time we met, our eyes betrayed us. He felt in his heart what I felt in mine. Ugh! He was as loathsome to me as leprosy, and as dangerous. Odd, isn't it? The most intense feeling, except love, that I've ever known. I remember," — he laughed gruffly — "I used to feel quite sorry for him. If he felt what I felt, and I'm convinced he did, he must have suffered. His one object, to get me out of the way for good, was so impossible. Then Fate played a hand in the game. I'll tell you how:

"My brother died a year or two later, and I went away to try and forget it. I went salmon fishing in Canada. But, though the sport was good, it was not like the old times with Jack. The camp never felt the same without him. I missed him badly. But I forgot Hazel for the time; hating did not seem worth while, somehow.

"When the best of the [*Continued on page 48*]

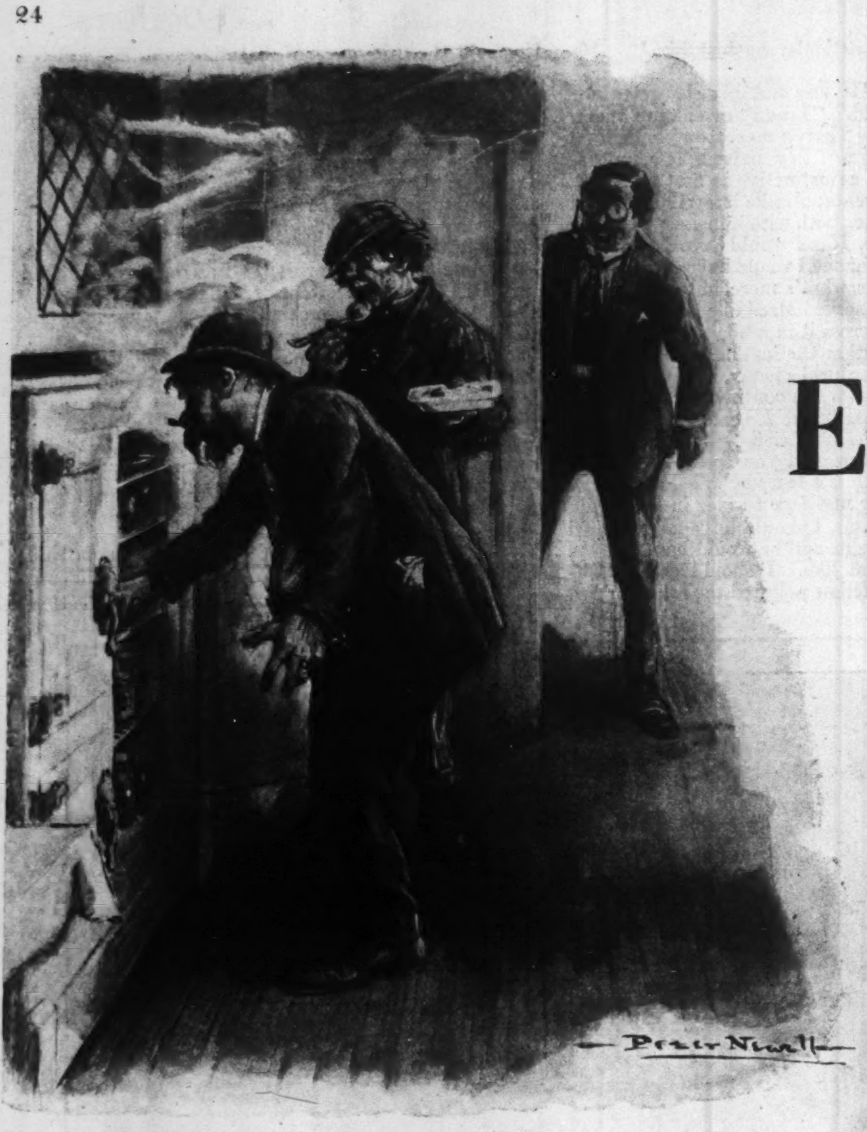


"He was ahead of me. He flung his rifle to his shoulder. 'You devil!' I heard his voice. 'I've got you at last!'"

My Country 'Tis of Everybody Else

by **Porter Emerson Browne**

Illustration by Peter Newell



> *"It is indeed a happy home. There is just one trouble with it. I have left the front door open and there is 'Welcome' on the mat . . . . So many people in this world have no sense of humor and take things literally!"*

IT is a peaceful night of spring. Against the soft blue bosom of the sky hangs the silver crescent of the moon. Outside, the katydids are singing. Within there is the soft glow of an open fire. My wife sits knitting. On the hearth-rug the children are playing. Friends are present. The discussion is of this and that and what not; delightful, casual; for we have all worked hard and are enjoying the quiet contentment of our labor and its fruits.

It is indeed a happy home. There is just one trouble with it. I have left the front door open and there is "Welcome" on the mat. . . . So many people in this world have no sense of humor and take things literally.

In walk a couple of bums. Having no better sense, I greet them cordially. They do not return my greeting; but instead proceed to the pantry and begin to help themselves out of the ice-box. But, kindly soul that I am, I do not object. Why should I?

I am wending my way back to the fireside when, on passing through the front hall, I meet a gang of I.W.W.'s.

"Good evening, gentlemen," I say.

"Oh, shut up!" is their courteous retort.

"What can I do for you?" I query, still gently amiable.

"It ain't what you can do for us," returns the spokesman of the group. "It's what we're going to do to you." The sally is greeted by a burst of unpleasant laughter, much like the sound of a full-grown male sea-lion calling to its mate. At which, casually kicking me in the stomach, they go out and put a dead cat in the cistern, uncouple the furnace, disconnect the telephone, and persuade the help to leave that night.

Regaining once again a vertical position, I look up to see coming through the front-door a bunch of Bolsheviki, of assorted varieties, from the Boudoir kind, that have come in their own automobiles, to the bloody variety, that have come in somebody's else. They are laden with soap-boxes, hand grenades, bombs, pamphlets and oratory. Each selects a room; mounts a soap-box and begins to talk; for there is one beautiful thing about being a Bolshevik: you need no audience. Every man is at once his own speaker and his own listener. It is what Mark Twain used to call a delightfully compact arrangement.

Meanwhile, since I live on a popular thoroughfare, and have a very nice house, even if I do say it, yet others begin to straggle in. They have long hair and exotic whiskers and, like the self-winding orators now going at such speed and volume that the windows rattle before their blasts, the only use they have ever had for soap is to get the boxes. They have weak eyes and weaker intellects. They begin to pick up the rugs and steal the silver and the baby's shoes. My wife objects. Somebody hits her on the head with a baseball bat.

SOMEBODY kicks the children down the laundry chute. Such of my friends as have any stamina not unnaturally resent such acts. At which they are promptly heaved out the windows. The others leave of their own volition. Meanwhile, the speakers are telling themselves that I have the rottenest house in the world, with the poorest food, and why don't I have pigs in the parlor, like they do? And I'm a poor nut, and so are all my friends, and that they, who came into my home because it was the openest open house they ever saw, where they could find the freedom that they couldn't find at home, are going to change it all into something they just heard of that they are sure is the right way to run a house because it's never worked anywhere it's been tried.

"May I not suggest —" I begin.

That's as far as I get. I bounce twice before I hit the front gate. Mobilizing myself in the gutter, I look at what was formerly my peaceful habitation. The gathering has now begun to become what even the most biased observer might call inelegant. There is the sound of shots. Fresh-laid corpses begin to ooze forth from the doorways. There come screams and curses; the hysterical cries of the victors; the loud wails of the vanquished; and the moans of those who die. Flames from the scattered embers begin to lick the woodwork, a thousand red tongues, like those of wolves. . . .

And it suddenly occurs to me, "Wasn't I a darn fool to leave the door open, especially with 'Welcome' on the mat!" And I make up my mind that if ever I get another house, I'll see that the architect forgets to put a front door in it; and as for the mat, there'll be no "Welcome" on this one. It will be eighteen feet long, nine feet wide and made of barbed wire. And it will have printed on its surface in vermilion letters six feet high,

Get Out and Stay Out!
This Means You!

We are a long-suffering, peace-loving, over-tolerant people. Being thus ourselves, we are inclined to endow others with our own attributes. Not wishing to take advantage of anybody else, we are prone to believe that others do not wish to take any advantage of us. Meaning no harm to others, we are given to feel that others mean no harm to us.

We are, in short, like the easy-going farmer who, neglecting proper precautions, finds his potatoes ruined by bugs, his tomatoes spoiled by cut-worms, his corn picked by crows, his fruit trees full of tent caterpillars and his whole crop in general wrecked by pests. It was a good farm once. Now it isn't worth a good gol-darn.

And, unless that farmer be too besotted for reason, it will gradually break into his sombre intelligence that life ain't as sweet as she is pictured. It isn't enough to get a good farm started. It must be protected.

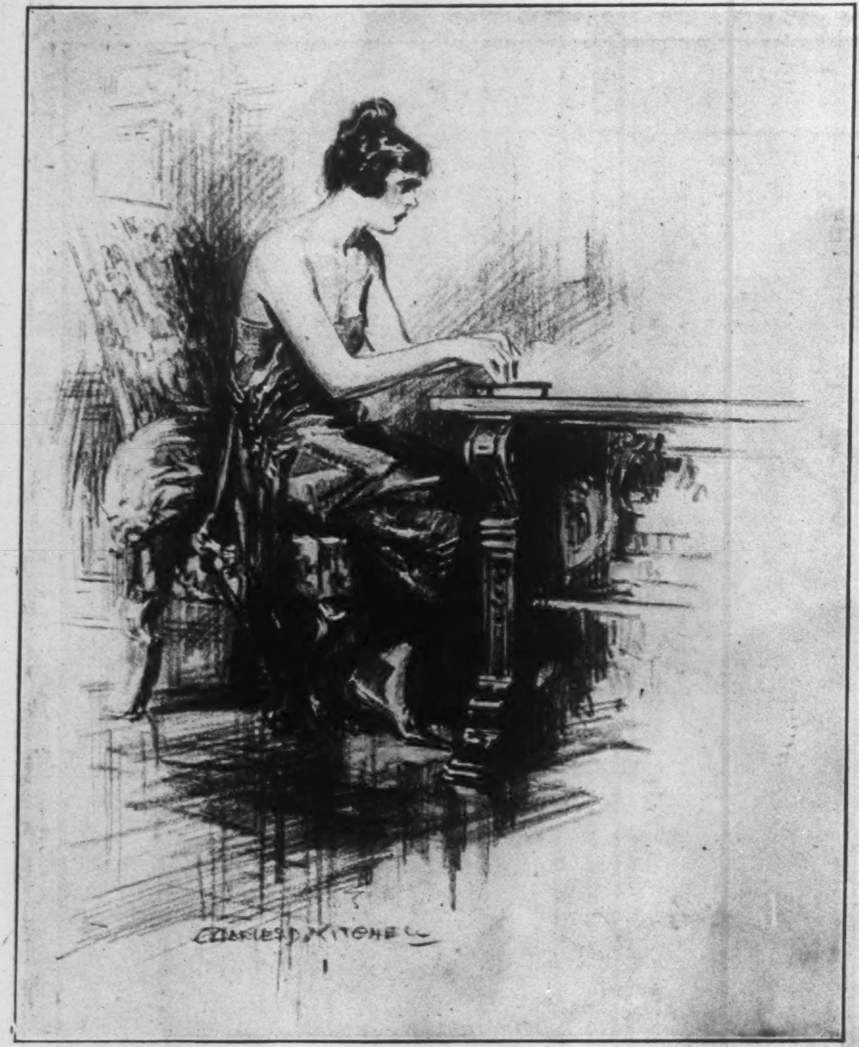
Which is where we stand to-day. It's a great farm, this old U. S. A. But, looking it over, by and large, it's accumulating about the finest collection of vermin ever gathered together on one property. Russia beats it; Russia which is so far gone that it's got to be all plowed up and replanted before it will ever be good for anything. And while we've been loafing around, Great Britain, France, Belgium and even Italy have been spraying and cutting and keeping the crops and trees in shape. Even Germany, busted as she is, has burned out the tent caterpillars of Bolshevism which we, instead of burning out, are thinking about trying to persuade to leave the trees by daintily sprinkling them with an atomizer full of attar of roses.

IF we want to have a farm worth living on, it's got to a point at last where something must be done. We've got to wake up. Goodness knows how it's going to be accomplished. If bombs, carefully placed in the vestibules of our leading citizens, won't do it, then I don't know what will. Maybe they'll have to put the bombs not in the vestibules but in the vests themselves. Or perhaps it will have to be made a more democratic affair. But something must be done to wake us up.

We went to war to make the world a decent place to live in. May I not suggest that decency, like charity, begins at home? Let's get [*Continued on page 65*]

Dorothy Dickson the sweetest dancer of the day

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston



For Betty to sit down with the ouija-board and have it obey her subconscious impulse and write about Joseph Mghkzt and divorce and second marriages might well mean something deep and disturbing, if I got to the bottom of it

Joseph Mghkzt!

by Ellis Parker Butler

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

AT first I was not at all worried because of Betty's interest in ouija. The sort of wife one calls "Betty"—and that is the sort of wife Betty is — takes many of the passing fads with pretty enthusiasm but does not take them hard. Betty has an underlying intellectual foundation of common sense that sickens at trivial shallownesses. I remember how I worried, shortly after we were married, because Betty adopted enthusiastically a certain outlandish fad-style of hair-dressing that was exceedingly un-Bettylike. I was such a young husband then that I hesitated to tell Betty how I hated her hair done that way. I need not have worried. In two weeks she went back to her old way. When I thanked her she said: "Yes, that other was mussy."

"Really, Mort," Betty exclaimed, when she came home from Jane Spargow's, "it is thrilling — absolutely thrilling! Sometimes, I mean. Of course, it is like people, stupid sometimes. But some of the things are weird — positively weird. You don't think there is anything in it, do you? I mean really? I mean ouija."

"I don't take much stock in it," I said, smiling.

"I'm glad of that," she said. "I mean it makes me feel safer about it. It's just unconscious pushing, isn't it? Not really spirits or anything? Because it does say some perfectly weird things. What do you suppose it told me this evening?"

"That you look enormously stunning in that pink dress?"

"It *is* a nice dress, isn't it? No, it said I was to be married a second time. Isn't that nonsense!"

"I feel strong and healthy," I chaffed. "Of course, there are accidents ——"

"Oh, not that way!" Betty said. "You aren't to die; I'm to be divorced. We are. One or the other of us. Both."

She laughed, a nice simple, amused laugh. "Don't you want to know what his name is?"

"I suppose I ought to show some interest in my successor," I said; and Betty unfolded a strip of paper.

"Joseph Mghkzt," she read, speaking the first name and spelling the second. "That was the nearest we could come to it — Mghkzt. It doesn't seem like a name, does it? I suppose it is Polish or Russian or something."

"Or Slovak," I grinned.

"How would you pronounce it?" Betty asked.

"Mizkt?" I hazarded. "Umg-hik-zit. Umgikzit."

"As if I could every marry any one with a name like that!" Betty laughed. "And, anyway, what would we be divorced for?"

We laughed about it, but the next day I got to thinking it over.

"BETTY," I said, when we had had dinner, "that ouija business. Do you work it alone? Do you put your hand on it alone, or does some one put her hand on it with you?"

"Alone, Mort," she said. "Why?"

"I just wondered. I remember the crude ones we had when I was a boy. Planchette, we called it then. Two had to lay hands on it. Much improved now, I suppose, like the motor-car and the airplane."

"Oh, that old planchette thing!" scoffed Betty. "That was a toy. Ouija is different, Mort. It moves and writes as easily. It's really almost nothing between the — the spirits and the paper. Why, some of the — the media have done away with ouija itself. They hold the pencil in their own hands and it writes; wonderful things!"

"Do any of — the media use a typewriter?" I asked.

"I don't think so," said Betty seriously.

It was then I began to worry a little. For two reasons. If Betty could not see a simple joke like mine about the spirits making the medium's fingers thump out messages on a typewriter she was taking ouija too seriously. And I had decided I did not like the thought of my Betty working ouija alone and making it suggest divorce and a future Mr. Joseph Mghkzt. It made me think of Freudian theories of subconscious what-you-call-it. I had not the least doubt that ouija was — so far as spirits were concerned — a fraud, nor that the writing was the result of the very material impulse given by the hand laid upon ouija, instructed by the brain belonging to that hand, or suggested by that brain; but I did not like the idea of Betty's brain, even unconsciously, suggesting a divorce and a second Mr. Betty. It annoyed me.

I am not a jealous man, but I remembered that Betty had not thrown the slip of paper away, but had folded it again carefully, and I began racking my mind to recall, if possible, one of her old beaux whose name was Joseph. As for Mghkzt, that name was an impossibility. There could be no such name as Mghkzt, but it disturbed me to think that lurking somewhere in Betty's heart might be fond memories of a Joseph, when I had supposed there was no room for any name but Mortimer.

This was after dinner, as I have said, and we had gone into our living-room. We have our coffee served there. Betty likes it there. I had supposed it was one of the fads — a bit of chic that had taken Betty's fancy — but it endured, which is a rather sure sign that there was common sense back of it; and there was.

"It is hard enough to keep maids," Betty told me, "and here in Westcote they do like to get their dishes done early. Coffee in the living-room gives Ludowika a chance to clear the dinner table while we are having coffee."

So we were having our coffee in the living-room.

"Some time," I said, "I would like to see ouija work."

"Oh, would you!" Betty cried. "I'm so glad! I thought you might think it was too foolish for wise old Mortimer. Mrs. Spargow would be so glad to have us run over to-night. She said, this afternoon ——"

"Were you over this afternoon?" I asked.

"Yes, Mort. I just couldn't stay away. That Mizzkit name, or whatever it was, seemed so foolish. I felt such a little simple, when Mrs. Spargow was getting such wonderful messages from Star Woman, to have written a name like that Migzit, or whatever it was. I felt so stupid. So I went over, Mort. It was all right, wasn't it?"

"Of course. Have any better luck?"

"No, I didn't!" Betty said. "Just that same perfectly impossible name I don't believe there *is* such a name. There isn't a single name in the New York telephone book that even begins with Mg. Not even in the Brooklyn part."

Ludowika entered then and Betty put down her cup and arose.

"I'm glad you're willing to try ouija with me, Mort," she said, "because I was just the least bit afraid —"

"Of ouija?"

"No, old silly! Of you. That you might — well, be cross about it. You aren't, are you? Because if you are I'll never go near it again."

"What an idea! Why should I be cross about it?"

"Well, you shouldn't, of course," said Betty. "Only, I wouldn't let anything like ouija come between us. It was only — (it *is* silly, isn't it) — that ouija said this afternoon that the reason we would be divorced was that we would quarrel about ouija. So I thought, Mort, if you minded — not, of course, that you would, you're so sensible about things."

IF I did mind it was not about ouija. If I minded, it was that my Betty should pursue this divorce idea so keenly. I said nothing, but I did not like it at all. No man likes to feel that his wife is dallying with such things as thoughts of second husbands and, since this Freud man has shown that seemingly innocent dreams and subconscious thoughts may mean such guilty underlying facts, a man may very properly worry about almost anything. I know a young fellow at Columbia who has studied all this very carefully and he told me of a case he looked into himself. It was a girl he was in love with and he had gone to her home meaning to propose that very night. He had almost started to do so when she said, "Arthur, I had such an odd dream last night. I dreamed you were going to kiss me, and just as our lips touched your face turned green — as green as grass. At first I was surprised, and then I thought how lovely it was to have such a green — such a grass-green — lover, and I kissed you. It was such a delicious kiss, Arthur. And when I kissed you, you blushed. Fiery red. And then the kiss burned like fire."

The young fellow said that if he had not studied Freud he would have laughed and thought nothing of her dream and would have proposed then and there; but he was wise and changed the subject and asked to see the book of snapshot photographs she had shown him once. As she turned the pages he asked who this was and who that was, and presently she came to a young fellow standing beside a bicycle.

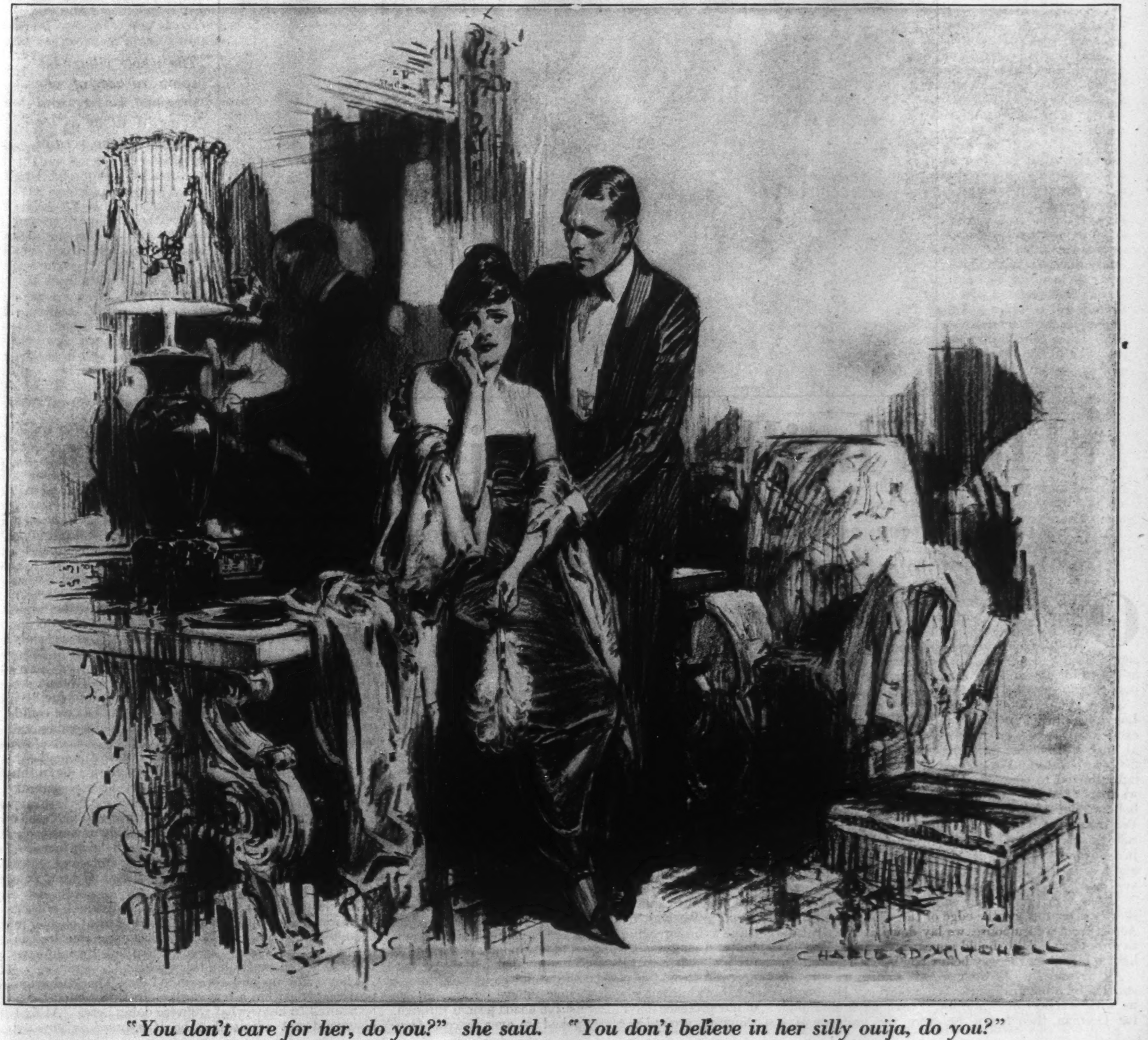
"Who is that?" Arthur asked.

For quite a while she could not remember the fellow's name. Then she seemed to recall that it was Ralph something. It was not until she had turned several pages and had come to a photograph of a girl that she remembered.

"This is Bessie Pepper," she said. "Oh, yes! That boy with the bike was her cousin. Ralph Pepper; that was his name."

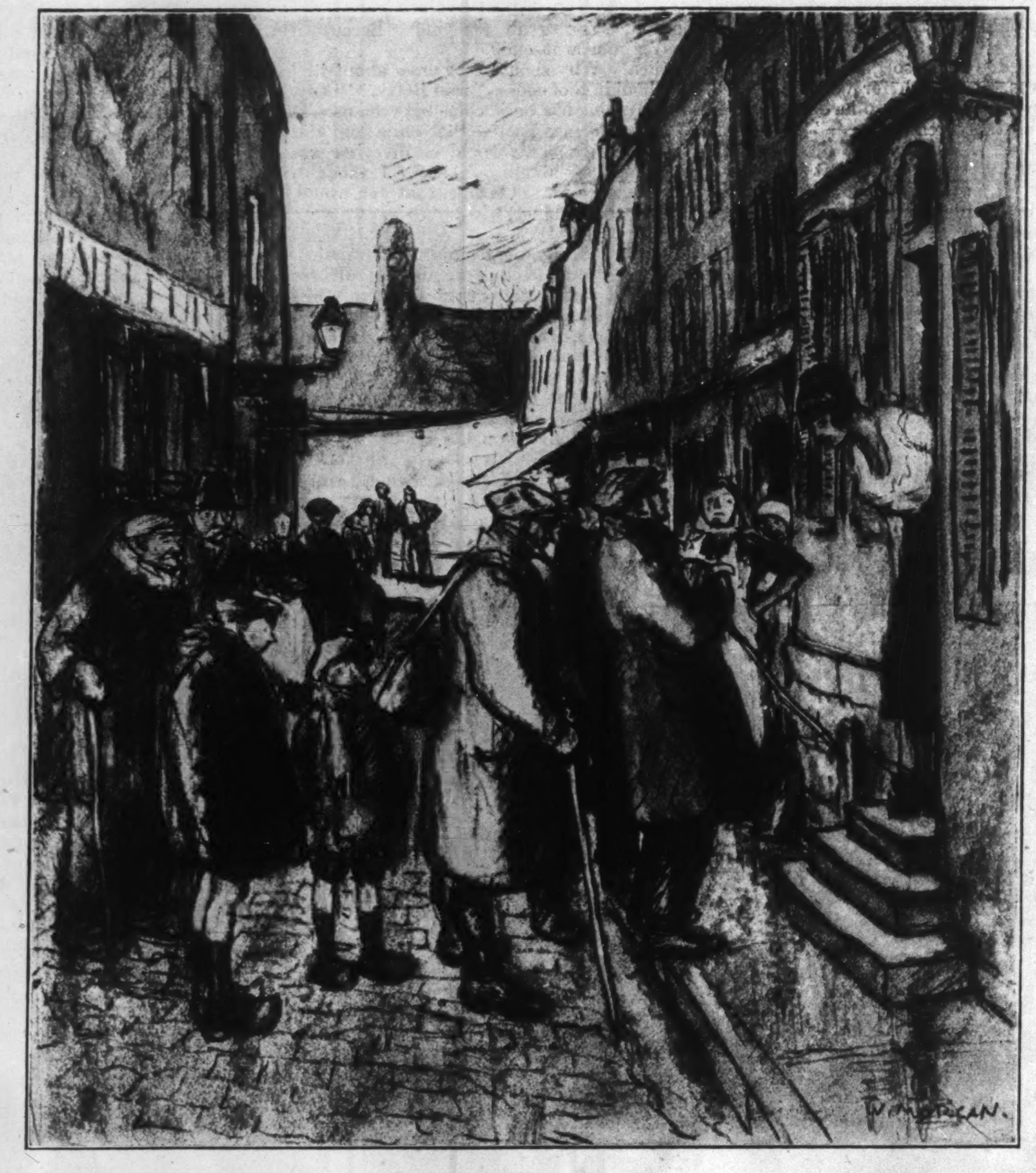
"And instantly," Arthur told me, "I shut the book and took my hat and said good night, and I never went back. It was as plain as day

[*Continued on page 39*]



"*You don't care for her, do you?" she said. "You don't believe in her silly ouija, do you?"*

Illustration by
Wallace Morgan



The whole village became aware of our presence here, and stared at us as we waited for the verdict

The Thrill of Getting Through

How we escape into Holland in spite of electric wires and how our "Dawn Patrol" adventures are drawing to a close

by Robert A. Anderson

First Lieutenant, U. S. Air Service

ONCE more we were hitting the trail, traveling always to the northeast. The night with the Brussels policemen had been a welcome break in the monotony of tramping. The long, sound sleep had refreshed us considerably, but we had not slept all day and our adventures in town had been particularly exacting upon our nervous energy.

Along about two o'clock, as we were approaching the Louvain railway, just east of Dieghem, we had some excitement. We were midway across a field, when all at once a flashlight flared out of the darkness about fifty yards ahead. We stopped dead in our tracks. The light started to come our way; we ducked down and waited. Then it veered off to the right and went bobbing out of sight over the side of a gentle slope. We continued on to a wagon track that led across the railway and by a small bridge over the Woluwe River just beyond. There were signal lights at the crossing and a couple of houses, which cautioned us to creep up very quietly, but not a soul challenged our right to pass.

At the very limit of our endurance, we called a halt shortly after this, on the edge of the village of De Loo. Across from a farmhouse, we lay down at the roadside to doze until a light should appear in the house. Daylight was well on the way before they were astir within.

All at once, while we were still waiting, we were startled by a man riding past on a bicycle. He greeted us with a cheerful "*Morgen,*" that at first I took for German, then I saw he wore the uniform of a Belgian policeman. He had greeted us in Flemish.

When at last a light appeared and I knocked at the back door, they would have nothing to do with us. The man only shook his head when I addressed him in French; he did not understand. Here for the first time we encountered a difficulty which from now on repeatedly confronted us. The farther north we traveled, the fewer French-speaking Belgians we found, and consequently the more suspicious they were of our motives and the less cordial they were toward us.

So now, with day almost upon us, we were turned away. On we went through the village. Finally we found courage to knock at the door of the most pretentious-looking house, where a name-plate proclaimed the owner to be a doctor.

A servant came to the door and I asked for "*Monsieur.*" We waited five or ten minutes; then a lady came to inquire what we wanted. She spoke French all too well and was suspicious of my poor efforts, but I persuaded her to take us in, provided her son — the doctor — would consent. She would go and ask him.

Meanwhile, nearly the whole village became aware of our presence here. Inquisitive heads peered through windows, around corners, poked up over fences. One entire family was assembled in a yard across the road. None of them spoke a word either among themselves or to us; they just stared disconcertingly at us while we waited for the verdict.

The woman came back at last, to tell us very positively that her son would not admit us. With that she closed the door, giving me no chance to plead further. We immediately started to hoof it as hard as we could go out of town in the direction of a patch of woods some half mile away across the fields.

I fell asleep at once, but only a couple of hours later was rudely awakened by Tilly and Don with a dig in the ribs and the startling information: "They're coming after us!"

Bewildered and still half asleep, I peered out to witness a very strange spectacle. Approaching us cautiously was a group of about a dozen men — Belgian farmers, armed with pitchforks, knives, scythes, clubs and many other weapons of this nature that they had been able readily to lay hands upon.

The leader was a tall, raw-boned individual, with a long, iron-gray beard. He had a sort of meat cleaver in his determined grasp and there was a dangerous look in his eye. It was a pretty serious situation; I would have to do some tall explaining this time.

They came up and surrounded us. The leader approached to within a few yards. In threatening tones he wanted to know what we were doing here. At first he would not admit that he

[*Continued on page 68*]

More Epic Talks With T. R.

Perkins and Roosevelt
Playing the Game
On Hitting the Back Trail
A Tribute to Nurses

by John J. Leary, Jr.

GEORGE W. PERKINS, if the politicians who opposed Colonel Roosevelt in 1912 and again in 1916 are to be believed, was to have been the Mark Hanna of the Administration in the event of Colonel Roosevelt's returning to the White House. According to them, there was a perfect understanding. On this they were practically unanimous. They differed only when it came to naming the place Perkins would reserve for himself.

The truth, as I had it from Colonel Roosevelt on several occasions, was that Perkins asked for nothing and was promised nothing for himself or anybody else.

"Perkins," said the Colonel at Sagamore Hill one day, "has been mentioned many times as the probable recipient of some office were I re-elected President, but there never has been any promise or understanding, direct or implied, and these predictions have been without any authority whatever from me. The newspaper boys have just been guessing.

"They knew that nobody ever did anything for me that I did not repay if and when I properly could.

"Of course, I would have had to do something for Perkins. I would have made him Secretary of the Treasury or of Commerce. He would be entitled to something and would be an extremely valuable man in either place. Perkins is eminently fitted for either of these places.

Mr. Perkins ceased to be Colonel Roosevelt's political manager soon after the 1916 campaign, John T. King, Republican National Committeeman from Connecticut, taking on the work formerly done by Perkins. There was, however, no change in the intimate social relations of the two. Nor was there any break politically. At the end of the 1916 campaign Perkins, so far as Colonel Roosevelt was concerned, gradually ceased to function as a politician.

IN the 1916 campaign Colonel Roosevelt had become well acquainted with King. King had turned Bridgeport, which had been so hopelessly Democratic that the Republicans cast fewer votes than the Socialists, into a banner Republican community. In 1916 it saved the State for Hughes. He alone of the National Committee, early that year sensed the party danger in California, but was unable to make those in charge of the campaign see things as he did. As the campaign ended, he and Colonel Roosevelt agreed something must be done to bring the party together.

Colonel Roosevelt had been much impressed by King's personality and the method by which he had built up the party in Bridgeport. The organization there, he found, was made up mainly of men who worked in the factories, it was close to the people and it was clean. The well-to-do and the wealthy were represented but did not dominate it, and campaign funds were not welcome from questionable sources. To become part of the organization one had to quit drink and open a savings bank account if he did not already have one. Moreover, King was *persona grata* to all elements in the party and, a tireless worker himself, he had the faculty of making others work.

Perkins, on the other hand, was *persona non grata* to many. Those who had stuck with the old guard resented his prominence in party affairs, and many ex-Progressives who had returned to the party frankly distrusted him. The old guard was willing to forget everything connected with 1912, except Perkins; and many of the ex-Progressive leaders were willing to forget everything in 1916, except Perkins.

This was the situation in February, 1917, when the time came for the national committee to select a successor to Chairman Wilcox, who had resigned. King, as the representative of Connecticut, was going to the meeting in St. Louis and was, in fact, Colonel Roosevelt's first choice for Chairman to succeed Wilcox. Perkins was also going, against the wishes of Colonel Roosevelt. Better than Perkins Colonel Roosevelt realized that as a peacemaker Perkins would be about as useful as an orange flag at an outing of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. In consequence, he made it clear to Perkins, that while he could not prevent his attending the conference, that he must go there representing no one but Perkins.

At the same time, as a means of satisfying any doubting Thomas, he gave King a letter to be used if necessity arose designating King as the one person authorized to speak for him in St. Louis. This document was the last he signed, by the way, before entering St. Louis Hospital for the operation that so nearly proved fatal.

"I am," he told me, "giving John King credentials that I think will satisfy anybody as to who's in our set. This I believe a wise precaution, for Perkins insists on going out there, and there are sure to be some doubting Thomases. Perkins won't misrepresent the situation but others may, and there are some who will insist on misunderstanding the exact status of things. You know (this with a laugh) there are some folks who dislike Perkins even more than they dislike Roosevelt, and there are others who lack faith in all George says.

"I have tried to make him see things as I see them, but he insists on going there."

Before the St. Louis conference was under way, Colonel Roosevelt was in the hospital a very sick man. Through it all he was in ignorance of what was developing, and the conference was a closed incident before he was sufficiently recovered to be told the result. He at once wired congratulations to Will H. Hays, the new Chairman of the Committee, an invitation to call accompanying the congratulations. Hays called within a few days, as did King and Perkins.

All this time the replacement of Perkins by King had escaped popular notice. Inadvertently a reporter for a news agency was the cause of its becoming public. In a ten-line story he described Mr. King as "the Colonel's personal representative at St. Louis," without a thought of and, in fact, without knowing the significance of this statement to the very persons whose habit or business it is to read their papers closely. The description impressed John H. Garvin, acting city editor of the *New York World*, as something worth looking into. If, as seemed likely, there was a break between the Colonel and Perkins, it was real news, particularly for a Democratic organ that for years had had its own private feud with the Colonel. Those in possession of all the facts were too close-lipped to allow many to escape, so the best that could be done was an elaboration of the original statement plus King's admission that he had been "the Colonel's representative at St. Louis."

Perkins, on his part, dodged the real issue by declaring he knew "of no man less in need of a political manager than Colonel Roosevelt."

Colonel Roosevelt chuckled when he heard of the *World's* efforts to make a real story of the affair.

"Wouldn't the *World* just enjoy a real knock down and drag out battle between Perkins and me!" he said. "Well, there won't be any. Our social relations remain the same as ever and they will so remain if I have anything to say about it.

"Those who know of our relations know that George Perkins never asked anything of me and was never promised anything, directly or indirectly. Had I been elected in 1912, I would, as I believe you know, have made him Secretary of the Treasury or of Commerce, if he would accept. In either place he'd reflect credit on any administration.

"Many foolish persons — mainly politicians, who at times are the most foolish folk on earth — imagined Perkins planned to play Mark Hanna to my McKinley. Perkins had no such thought. He knew better."

Playing the Game

JULIUS KAHN, member of Congress from California, did yeoman work in forcing through the draft and other war measures, when Mr. Wilson's party leaders in the House chose to refuse their aid. None was more appreciative of this work than Colonel Roosevelt. In private and in public he extolled the Californian as typical of those of German blood and birth in the United States to whom their naturalization decrees were more than "scraps of paper."

Imagine, therefore, my surprise when early in April, 1918, Colonel Roosevelt refused point blank to take part in the "Julius Kahn day" celebration arranged for April 30th, by the "St. Cecile," New York's far famed actors' lodge of Masons. The surprise was the more complete because I knew the Colonel approved of the demonstration as much for the effect it might have in rousing the spirit that demanded "peace through overwhelming victory," as in giving Kahn his due.

"No," said he, after I had repeated the message given me by R. W. George Loesh who was in charge of the affair, "I will not take part in the celebration, though I wish you'd thank the boys for remembering me. It is out of the question."

"Colonel," I asked, "will you come if I make it a personal matter? This is the first thing the 'St. Cecile' has ever asked me to do, and I'd like to report success. They do wish you would come. Now, won't you?"

"Jack," said he, "I am surprised that you do not see how impossible it is for me to do as you ask. I really am. I am surprised that Brother Loesh or any one else should ask it. For me to attend would be absolutely unfair to Kahn. Can't you see that?"

I confessed that I could not.

"I cannot," said I, "conceive how it would be unfair to any man in the world for you to attend a celebration in his honor. Why, at this stage, it's the greatest honor any American could have paid him!"

"Jack, your loyalty to me, your affection for me, if I may so term it, has destroyed for the moment your perspective.

"You know I like Kahn, that I have a very high regard for him as a man and as a citizen. I'd do anything to help Kahn. I won't hurt him. You don't see it now. Let me visualize it for you.

"On your own statement, Kahn was raised in St. Cecile thirty odd years ago when, to use your own words, he was a 'ham actor,' and wholly unknown to fame. As such he went West, took up law and finally landed in Congress. All this time, as you say, he retained his membership in his mother lodge. A dozen or so years ago, when he happened in town on a lodge day, he almost had to work his way in, so few of the active members knew him, and left, as he entered, all but unnoticed.

"Now he is about to visit it again, not as an humble, almost unknown member, but, if you please, almost as a hero, as a type of hero, to be received by all of the big men in the craft with all the honors the craft may bestow on a member who's made good in an extraordinary way. That is as it should be. The dramatic values of the contrast have not escaped your associates, I'm sure. It should be a splendid affair with Kahn in the center of the stage all the time. That is as it should be, for it is his day.

"It would not be that way were I to attend. I know what would happen. So do you. I'm not immodest when I say it would be a Kahn-Roosevelt day, or more likely a Roosevelt-Kahn day, with Kahn playing second fiddle part of the time at least.

"Don't you see how unfair that would be to Kahn? It would not be square, it wouldn't be playing the game. It's to be his day and he's entitled to the whole of it. Furthermore, so far as the effect on the outside public is concerned, there'll be more inspiration to intensive war work if it is what you have planned—a demonstration in honor of an humble Congressman of German birth, and a real American who did his full duty, with no truculent ex-President cluttering up the stage. It would be wrong from every angle. You see it now, I know."

"HOWEVER, Colonel," I said, "you won't mind sending a letter of declination in which you record some of the nice things you've been saying. Kahn, I'm sure, would like that!"

"Certainly," he replied, "I'll be glad to. That won't interfere with the fitness of things, at least it should not detract anything from what should be a great day."

In his talk with me, Colonel Roosevelt spoke of the value of contrasts, and as I write I cannot but record, for like reason, the excuse given by a public official, then suffering from the sting of the presidential bee, for not appearing at the celebration after promising to do so.

"Why," he asked, "should I do anything to help boom a man who may be one of my rivals for the Presidential nomination?"

The man to whom the explanation was made missed the unconscious jest in the answer. Like the man who made it, he had forgotten Section 5, of Article 2, of the Constitution. This reads:

"No person except a natural born citizen * * * * shall be eligible to the office of President."

On Hitting the Back Trail

"I HAVE no desire to return to the scenes of my ranching days. It's all changed—and I don't want to see it."

I had asked the Colonel if he ever longed to retrace his steps through the ranch country he had known as a young man.

"It is a mistake, I think, for one to hit the back trail after many years have passed. One finds things changed, the old picture is destroyed, the romance gone.

"I was back in the old country once. I saw only a little of it, but that was enough. Why there was a store down where we had the clash with the Indians!

"The place is all settled now. The folks there are largely of foreign stock, good people and good citizens, who lead most matter-of-fact lives. It is best that it should be so, but I don't wish to see the place again. I'd rather try and remember it as it was.

"Change, of course, is the rule of all new countries. I imagine that thirty or forty years from now the jungle I hunted over in Africa may be quite settled and as safe as upper Harlem. This will not be true of the Amazon. A great many years must elapse before that country is little more than a poorly charted wilderness. It is not attractive to the white man.

"Africa, on the other hand, is. For that reason, it will be comparatively developed when the Amazon country is still raw.

"I shall revisit neither place. I have done my bit. Those who come after me must do theirs. Anyway, I've no desire to hit the back trail. As a rule, it's not profitable."

A Tribute to Nurses

MORE so than any other man I have ever known, Colonel Roosevelt was capable of adjusting himself to circumstances and seeing good in places where most humans would see naught but an opportunity for self-commiseration, for he was a philosopher at all times.

When he was recovering from the serious operation in February, 1918, I commented on the fact that his surroundings in Roosevelt Hospital were comfortable.

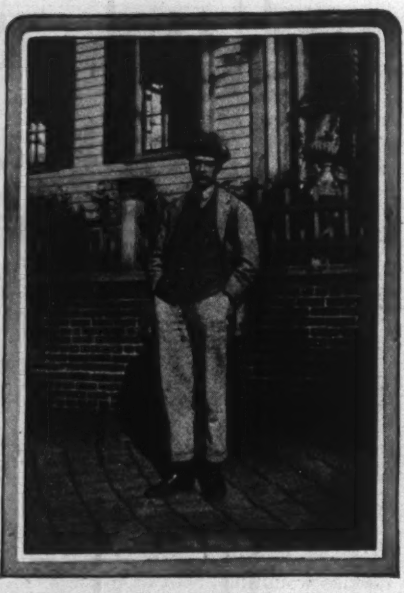
"Indeed they are," said he, "and everyone here is splendid. It is almost worth while being sick to meet such people and realize the work that is done in such places.

"Take the nurses—clean, healthy young animals, full of life and youth and spirit, at just that age when they might be excused if their thoughts and their time were devoted to pleasure, in here doing the hardest kind of work, much of it unpleasant, nearly all of it depressing, not for pay, but because they wish to be of service, to fit themselves for service.

"Thank God, I'm not a cynic, I've always believed in and respected American womanhood, but I tell you, Jack Leary, that I leave here with more respect and a better appreciation of what our girls really are. We are all apt to take some things for granted. Most of us, until we are forced into a place like this, never give a thought to the women who give up so much to serve.

"These girls here are all from good families. Some, I am told, are from what, for want of a better term, we call our 'best families.' All have education enough to qualify in easier, pleasanter work, where hours are regular and there's ample time for theatres, parties and all that sort of thing young folks love. They serve a hard apprenticeship and when they graduate, go out to do work that more often than not is as unpleasant as any in the training period. They are not well paid, and are about as casual in their employment, many of them, as a day laborer. I suppose I always knew that, but as I have said, I took it for granted, as we take many things, until I came in here and had a chance to think. Honestly, I feel as though I had had a sort of mental bath.

"After what I've seen here I'm tempted, the next time some half-baked jack of a preacher who cannot fill his church in any other way, cuts loose with an attack on American women, picturing [*Continued on page 57*]



MR. DRINKWATER *is the author of the famous play, "Lincoln," which created a great sensation in London last year, and which is duplicating the hit in New York this winter. He is here seen standing before Lincoln's old home in Springfield, Ill.*

A New Poem

by

John Drinkwater

The Years

WHEN I was young and twenty
I'ld run a many mile;
And when I came to thirty
I'ld sit and rest awhile,
And now that I am thirty-five
I am the sleepiest man alive.

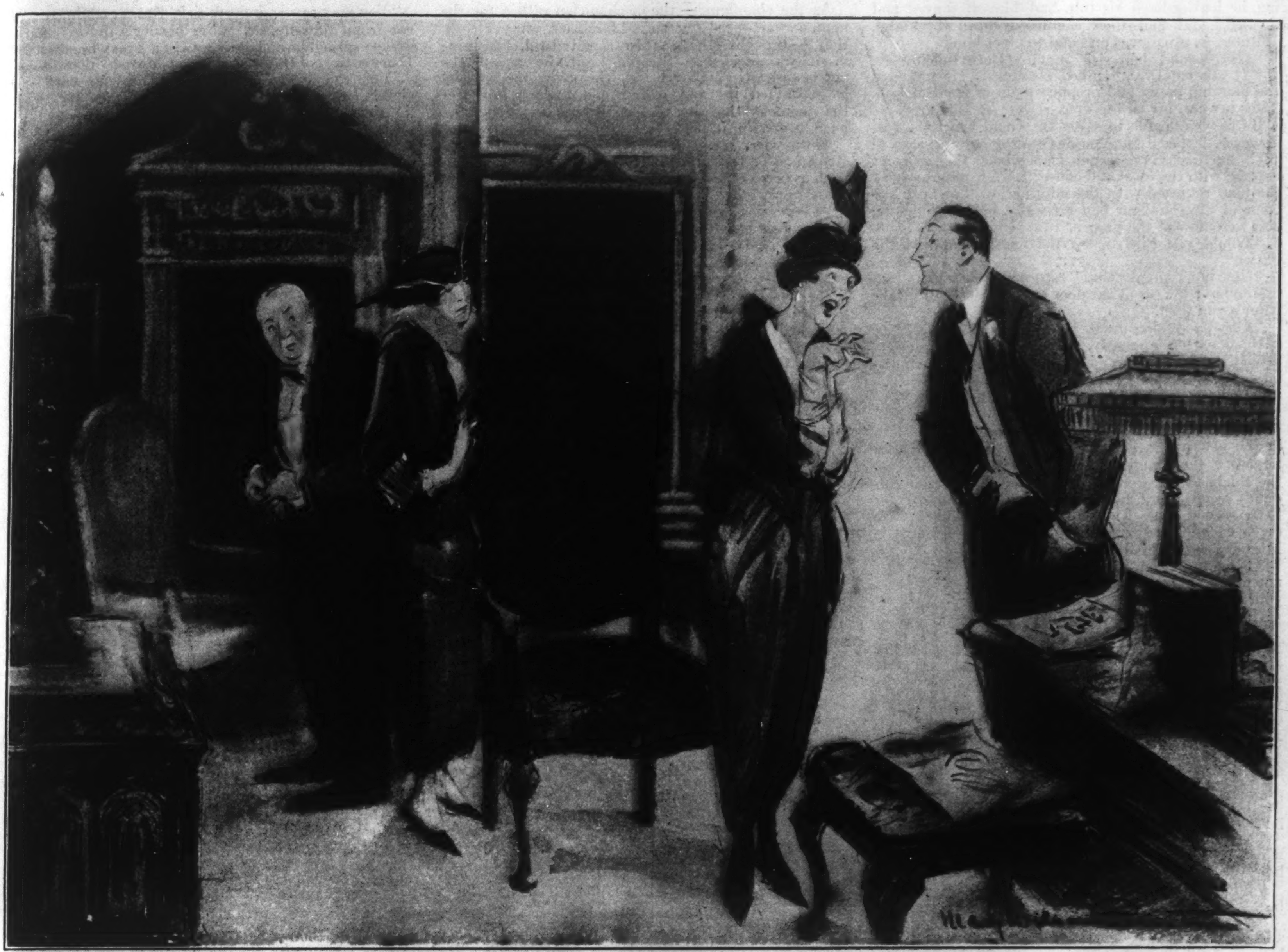
But maybe when I'm forty
I'll shake my legs again,
And walk from then till fifty
With young and striding men,
And hillward go in sixty's wear
To see how yet the counties fare.

When I am old and eighty,
All treasons will be done
Of love and silly bitterness;
And I shall watch the sun
Go out, and little heed the fear
That smote upon my middle-year.

So twenty comes to eighty
By many a stony track,
And times I have for merchandise
But sorrows in my pack.
But youth foretold them not, and yet
Age will but count them to forget.

So though I come from twenty
To be at thirty-five,
Beset by fears and fancies,
The sleepiest man alive,
Some birthday yet I'll use and keep
A prouder soul before I sleep.

Before I sleep at eighty,
Never again to know
The hill-tops and the counties
And striding men below,
And furious fevers fade away
To song, and into grass my clay.



"I can't tell you how good it was of you to send us your lovely yacht! I never had such a nice ride on the water!"

The Trap

"Won't You Come Into My Parlor?" Said the Spider to the Fly

by Maximilian Foster

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

Part III

Chapter VIII

JUDGED from the preparations, the fortnight's house-party at Ferncliff was intended by the host to be made more than an ordinary occasion. The storerooms were restocked; the wine-cellar was overhauled and refurnished; and from basement to garret the house left so long in disuse was scrubbed and swept and dusted. In addition, the staff of household servants was increased, these reenforcements comprising a chef, several maids, a second man, and, lastly, a valet, this gentleman's gentleman more or less a counterpart of the suave, deferent Mawsby.

The valet was for Mr. Hastings, and Mawsby had engaged him.

As Mawsby explained to the candidate, Mr. Hastings having gone on a long visit to the Orient, a trip from which he had just returned, his former attendant had elected to quit the place to go into business on his own. The explanation was satisfactory. He also hinted his approval of his new master. "He'll do, I expeck," was what he announced; but having inspected his master's belongings he expressed a mild astonishment. "Wy's all his blinkin' stuff so blinkin' new?" he inquired.

"Why wouldn't it be?" parried Mawsby. "Didn't I say as he's just home from China?"

"Mus' have been shipwrecked then," returned the other.

Butes, during this, had been an attentive listener.

"Take my word, young gentleman; you'd better keep a' eye peeled," he advised; "Mr. 'Astings, 'e knows his p's and q's!"

Butes, during the week, had been a busy person. From early morning till late at night he had been on the go, but now the last detail had been completed. Never had the house and grounds been in better order; and all this the butler had done on his own initiative. His master was still away.

The first of the guests were to arrive at noon; yet Lester had not returned. As a matter of fact, since that first day, the morning after the host's unexpected arrival at Ferncliff, Butes had seen little of his master. Only once had he returned, then only to remain a few hurried moments; and where he was, Butes was but vaguely informed. The note to Miss Raeburn was not strictly exact. Lester may have returned to Ferncliff, but he was not dwelling there. Quite frequently, however, he had called up Mr. Hastings on the telephone, and had indulged in short conversations. The nature of these messages, however, was not revealed to Butes.

The respect the venerable butler felt for the guest had increased the more he saw of him. In the giddy, go-as-you-please world of to-day it was not often the servant found one apparently so well acquainted, so accommodated, either, to the niceties of life. As these were Butes's art, and as Butes, in his way, was an artist, it is only reasonable that he should be influenced. Nor were the others less impressed. It was curious, however, to observe Mawsby while they discussed the guest. The face of an Oriental idol could not have been more blank, more impassive.

Half-past eight was striking when Mr. Hastings came down-stairs.

It was the first morning, now the seventh of his stay, that Mr Hastings had appeared so early. Heretofore he had breakfasted in his room. At eight o'clock, however, having rung his bell, his valet Heath respond-ing, he had ordered his tub, had himself shaved and dressed; and had then sauntered down the stairs.

Butes, as usual, was on hand to greet him.

"Have a good night, sir?" inquired Butes solicitously.

"Thank you, yes," smiled Hastings. He unfolded the morning paper and propped it up in front of him. "Has my car, my motor, arrived yet?" he inquired.

Butes was unable to say. He would learn at once, however. "See if Mr. 'Astings's automobile 'as arrived yet!" he directed the second-man, who at that moment entered with the toast and coffee. A few minutes later the man returned with the information that both the car and the chauffeur had arrived a half hour before, and were now at the garage.

"Would you care to see the man?" inquired the butler.

"Not now, thank you," returned Hastings; "tell him to have the car at the door at ten o'clock. I'll take it for a run then."

"Very good, sir; thank you, sir," responded Butes.

He departed presently, leaving the second-man to attend the guest's wants; and not more than a minute later Mawsby appeared. His air, in spite of his usual impassive look, was uneasy. After bidding Mr. Hastings a civil good morning, he popped out into the pantry, then popped in again. The guest, immersed now in the newspaper, gave him no attention; and after adjusting the dining-room shades, afterward opening the sideboard drawers as if in search of something he didn't seem to find, he said something in an undertone to the second-man. The latter departed; and once he was gone, Mawsby cleared his throat.

"Begging pardon, sir; you're not going off the grounds, are you?" he inquired.

Hastings looked up quickly. "What?" he asked.

Mawsby's features were a mask. "Butes was ordering the new car around, sir. I was wondering, sir, if you remembered the guests would be arriving this morning?"

Hastings's eyes narrowed slightly.

"I remember . . perfectly!" he returned; then, after a pause, "Why?"

"You'll recollect, sir, it was master's wish you'd be on hand the moment they came."

"I haven't forgotten. I'll be on hand."

"You understand, then?" added Mawsby, his voice, as before, inflexible; Mr. Hastings seemed definitely to understand.

"Perfectly," he replied again.

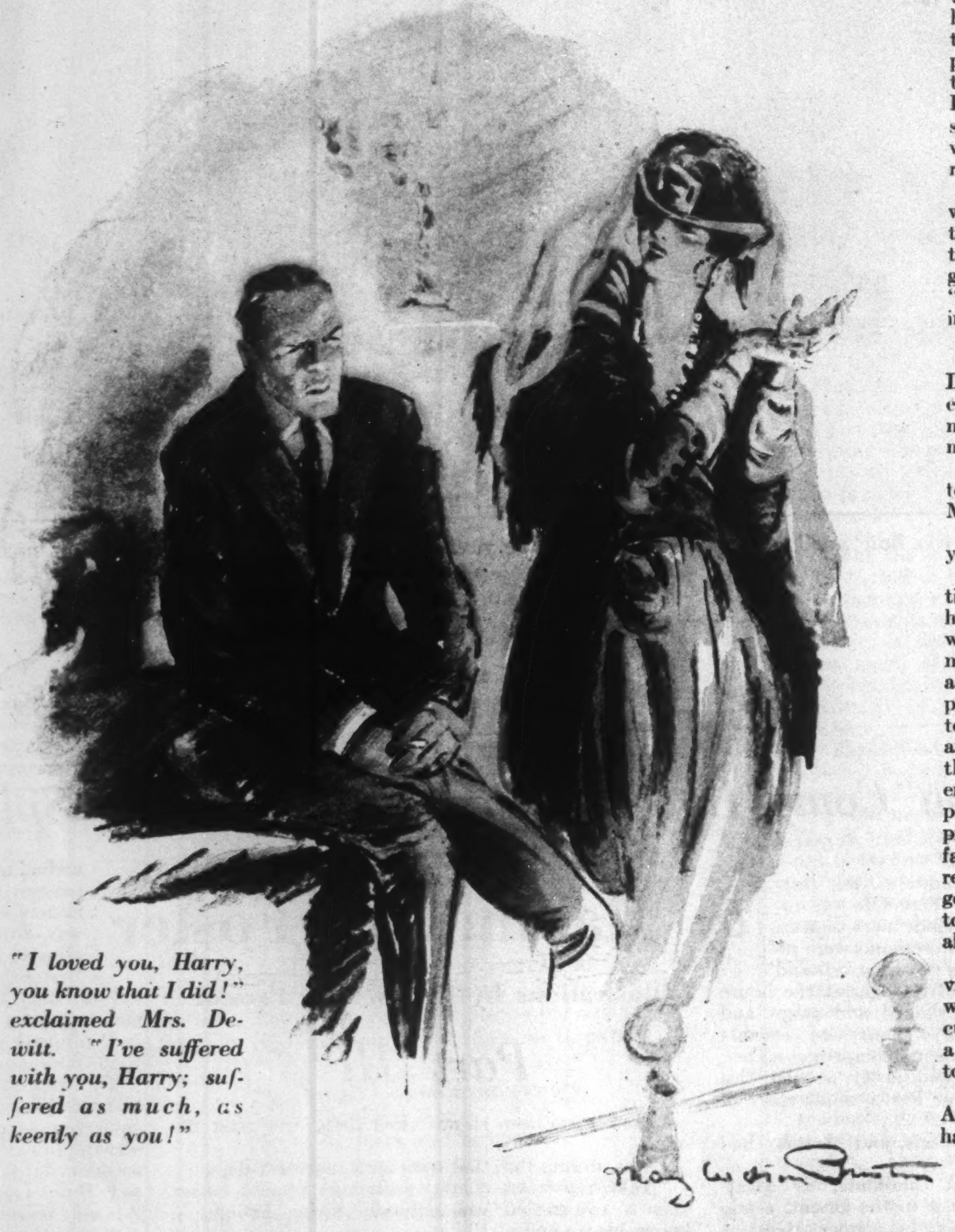
"Very good, sir; thank you, sir," returned the valet. He was half way out the door when he paused. Mr. Hastings had his eyes on the valet still; and as Mawsby turned, he did not withdraw his gaze. The valet, however, regarded him impassively.

"Begging pardon again, sir," Mawsby said evenly, "if it's your wish to try out the new car you'll find the roads inside the grounds excellent. It might not be necessary to go outside."

"Thank you for the suggestion," returned Mr. Hastings quietly.

As the door closed, he sat there, his eyes still leveled on it. His aspect was curious. He seemed reflective, his pale, oval face in its fineness, a delicacy almost feminine, darkened by a thoughtful frown. But presently he stirred. With a shrug, he turned back to his egg and his newspaper, evidently dismissing his momentary thoughts.

At ten the car was brought around to the door. It ranged up to the steps with a roar from its exhaust, the engine under its shining hood purring with a velvety softness that only served to accentuate the power held in leash. The car was an imported model — a huge, long, low-hung roadster with lean, rakish lines, — the very last word in the perfected machine.



"I loved you, Harry, you know that I did!" exclaimed Mrs. Dewitt. "I've suffered with you, Harry; suffered as much, as keenly as you!"

As the chauffeur, — the mechanician rather, for the man, a swart-faced, mustached foreigner, was evidently that, — brought the car to a standstill, his pride in it was evident. Stepping out, he raised the hood, and hovering over the whispering mechanism, he examined it from end to end, making sure for the moment that its perfection was as perfect as he felt certain it was.

The owner, Mr. Hastings, had not appeared. He stood inside, Butes helping him into a new fur coat, itself as new as the car, — as new as all the owner's other possessions.

"I'll be back in an hour," Mr. Hastings said leisurely, as he appeared in the hall.

"Very good, sir," Butes replied. He added that Mr. Lester had telephoned he would arrive by eleven; the other guests, too, would be there shortly afterward.

Mr. Hastings was half way to the door when he stopped. "We'll have quite a party, I imagine," he remarked.

Butes beamed. "Quite a party for us, sir, at any rate!" Of course there would be only six at dinner that night; but to Butes, grown forlorn over solitude, even six was something. "A regular innovation, I might say, sir," he added.

"You mentioned a Mrs. Steese?" Mr. Hastings remarked casually. "I don't think I know her."

"Yes, sir; Mrs. Steese and her niece, Miss Raeburn."

Mr. Hastings was busily buttoning one glove.

"Not a New York name," he suggested indifferently; and Butes said no. Mrs. Steese and Miss Raeburn, as Mawsby had informed him, were from the West — California. He inferred the master had met them at Monterey.

"The niece is quite young, sir," he added. Having buttoned his one glove, Mr. Hastings leisurely put on the other and smiled.

"Young, and I dare say, beautiful," he ventured lightly, as he turned toward the door.

"You may say so, indeed, sir!" Butes exclaimed. "I 'ear from Mawsby, sir, as 'er beauty's quite remarkable, — springlike and dazzling, sir, if I may be so poetic! 'E never tires of speakin' of it, sir, Mawsby doesn't, sir! . . . of course, most respectful-like, sir, most! I wouldn't 'ave permitted 'im to speak, sir, otherwise. No, sir, — not a word, sir!"

Mr. Hastings smiled amusedly.

"These Westerners with their good looks and their money!" He paused, struggling with his glove. "With their money, especially, have a way of bowling us all over, Butes."

"Begging pardon, sir," Butes returned, "it isn't the money 'ere, sir; it's the young lady 'erself, entirely!"

"Just herself, eh?"

"Right, sir! She 'asn't wealth, I 'ear, — not what a gentleman like you, like my master, sir, would consider such. Oh, no, sir! — 'er aunt, either. It wouldn't be as much as 'alf a million, I estimate; not more, anyhow, sir. It's wholly 'er beauty, sir, as makes her so desirable."

"Only a half million, eh?"

"Not more, sir."

The flicker of a smile lighted Mr. Hastings's well-bred features.

"I'd begun to fear, Butes, we had another of those western heiresses on our hands."

"Yes, sir; I've 'eard tell of 'em, sir. . Will you 'ave a robe in the car, sir?"

"Thank you, no. My coat will be sufficient."

He had finished fastening the glove; and Butes, waiting his pleasure, had half-opened the door, when Mr. Hastings paused to adjust his scarf in the glass. "By the way, Butes; this Mrs. Steese, is she — she —" he was saying, when Mawsby appeared abruptly in the hall.

"Yes, sir; Mrs. Steese, you were saying, sir," prompted the attentive Mawsby; but the guest evidently had forgotten what he meant to ask. "What is it, Mawsby?" he inquired.

Mawsby came along the hall.

"Begging pardon, sir; Mr. Lester 'phoned he'd be here at eleven, sir. I'd be back a few minutes before, sir, if you mean to meet him."

"Yes, Butes has already told me. Anything else, Mawsby?"

"No, sir, — nothing, thank you, sir."

Smiling lightly, Mr. Hastings sauntered down the steps, humming to himself as he went a snatch of the vagabond music of *La Bohème*. With a nod to the mechanician — a pleasant word or so of greeting to his new employee — he ran an appraising eye over the car, then clambered into the driver's seat. The other took his place beside him; and with a practised hand, an equally familiar thrust of his foot, he released the clutch, slid in the gears, and giving the engine a touch of gas, leaped away along the driveway.

He had hardly shot out of view over the crest of the rise when down the road on the curves above the lodge-gates a second car rolled rapidly into view.

The car was Harry Lester's. An hour ahead of time, the host had returned to Ferncliff. Accompanying him was a second guest — a lady; and he and she were plunged in vehement conversation. The lady was Mrs. Dewitt.

The motor halted at the door. Mrs. Dewitt was still talking vehemently; and with a look of warning, of annoyance, too, Lester touched her on the arm. Butes and Mawsby, hastening down the steps, already were beside the car.

It developed at once where Lester had been during his absence from Ferncliff. He had not been out of New York.

"Where's Mr. Hastings, Mawsby?" was his first question.

"He's out, sir," was the man's reply.

"Out?" Lester's brows contracted. "Did you give him my message?"

Mawsby said yes. He had informed the guest the host would arrive shortly before eleven, and Mr. Hastings had said he'd be on hand.

Chapter IX

AGAIN a shade of annoyance swept over Lester's brow; and, his mouth set, he took out his watch and glanced at it. The time was a few minutes after ten. "Begging pardon, sir," said Mawsby, "Mr. Hastings is in the grounds somewhere. He didn't go out, I feel certain."

Lester had alighted. "Find him," he directed sharply. "I have only a few minutes to see him. I'm returning to the city." Then he switched around to Mrs. Dewitt. She was still sitting in the car, her eyes behind her veil animated. "Come, Fanny," said Lester. Mrs. Dewitt did not move. "You're going back?" she inquired, her inflection rising.

"Yes. I have an engagement. I can't miss it, either," Lester answered.

The second-man had now appeared, and with Mawsby was removing the handbags from the car.

"Don't move those things!" Mrs. Dewitt said sharply. She rose, and stepped hurriedly from the car. "I wish to speak with you, Harry," she announced. Giving him no chance for dissent, she swept up the steps, and into the house.

Lester strolled after her. His air was light. He was smiling to himself.

The living-room at Ferncliff was a high-walled, expressionless sort of apartment, a section of the house in which the stiff ungainliness of the early '70's had persisted in the face of every subsequent effort to relieve it. That was the feature of the period's architecture, — the very ugliness they built was built to stay; it could not be altered, it could only be destroyed. The best, consequently, that had been done with the living-room at Ferncliff was to liven up its chilliness, — to put warmth, color, on the walls; to break up its blank, arid stretches of plastering with panelling, pictures, hangings; to fill in its barnlike area of floor with chairs, lounges, tables and other furnishings that were as easy and unformidable as taste and means could supply. In his despair, too, of making the place agreeable, Lester had torn down one side of the room, and built in there a huge open fireplace. This had helped most of all to make cheer. A fire of logs was blazing now on the andirons; and the window shades having been lowered half way, the light from the crackling hickory filled the room with a warm, ingratiating glow.

Mrs. Dewitt stood planted on the hearthrug.

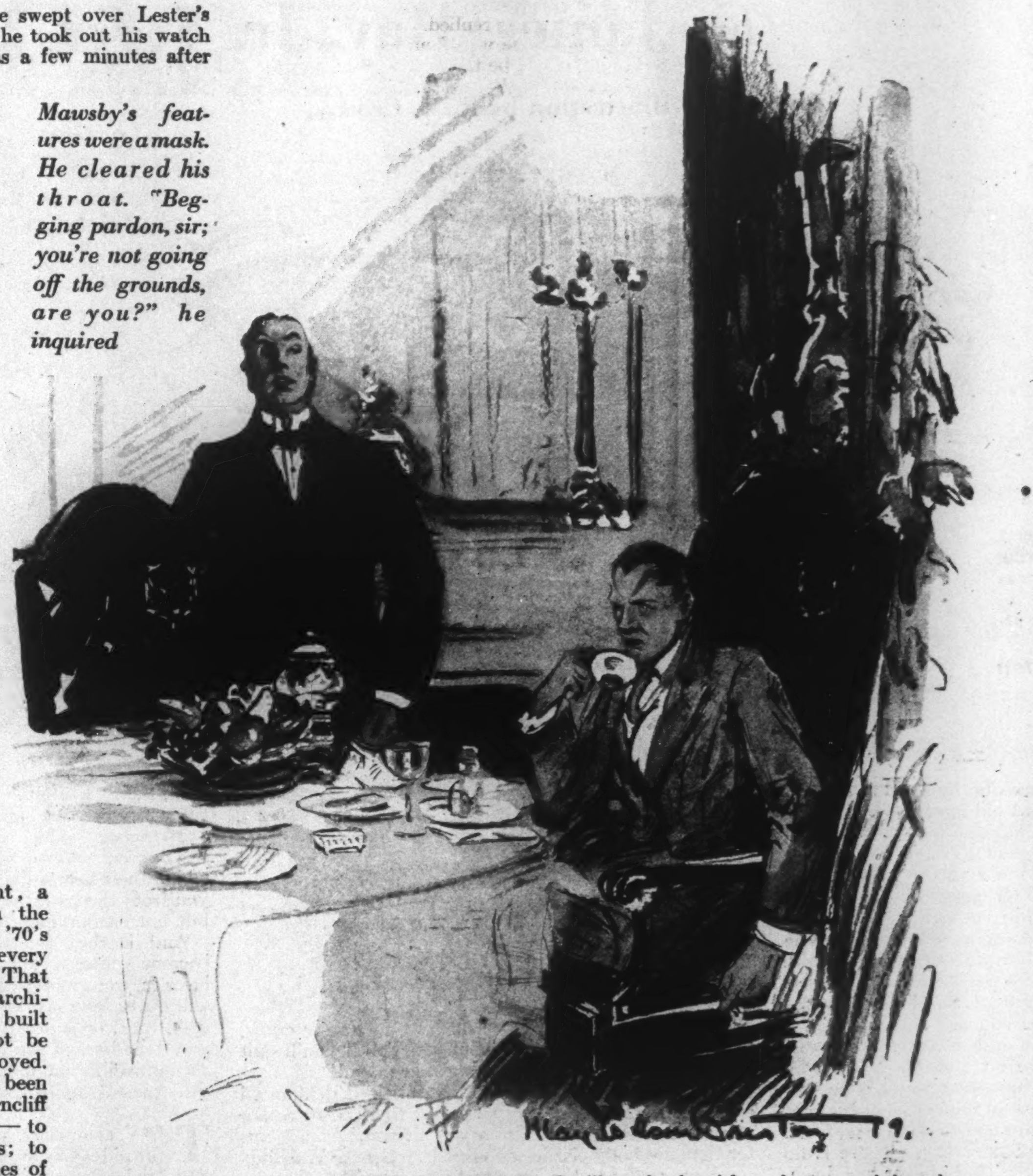
She had thrown back her motor-veil, and the gleam from the fire brought out into strong relief the tense, determined lines upon her face. A beautiful woman — an alluring one, too, it could not be denied; yet again the lady's attractiveness was submerged in her expression of restrained, frigid distaste. More than that, she looked as if, swayed by anger, anger was about to get the upper hand.

"Well?" inquired Lester.

"See here, Harry Lester," she eturned instantly, "if you intend to go off and leave me here, I give you notice I'll not remain!"

"I'm not leaving you here," responded Lester; and Mrs. Dewitt made another movement of irritation.

"I'd like to know what you mean, then! You just told your man you were going back to the city."



Mawsby's features were a mask. He cleared his throat. "Begging pardon, sir; you're not going off the grounds, are you?" he inquired

"What of it, Fanny?" Lester smiled evenly; "it isn't going to harm you to wait till I return."

Mrs. Dewitt had begun to tap the rug with a slender, neatly-booted foot. "When will that be?" she inquired; and Lester smiled again.

"I don't know, Fanny — some time this evening, I presume."

"You presume, do you?" returned Mrs. Dewitt. Then she drew her graceful shoulders together. "All I have to say is, I decline to stay here without you. If you are going back to the city, I will go back with you. When you return, I will return. I tell you now, I will not remain alone in this house with those women!"

"What women?" asked Lester quietly.

Mrs. Dewitt was rigid now. "You know who I mean, — Mrs. Steese and the girl with her."

"Her niece?"

Mrs. Dewitt had her eyes on his.

"Are you quite sure, Harry, she is her — niece?"

"Are you quite sure, Fanny," responded Lester, "that you know what you are talking about?"

His easy, smiling demeanor had not changed in the least. Mrs. Dewitt, however, long had known Lester; consequently, she long had known, too, that when Lester smiled the smile might convey anything but amiability.

"Oh, well, never mind," she murmured.

"But I do mind," said Lester quietly. "You suggest somehow a slur on Miss Raeburn. Do you know anything against her?"

"I haven't said I did," Mrs. Dewitt returned uncomfortably.

"If you do, you'd better say it," Lester suggested. "Remember, Miss Raeburn and Mrs. Steese are coming here as my guests."

"That's just it!" Mrs. Dewitt swiftly replied: "why are you bringing them to Ferncliff, Harry? I know the girl's beautiful, — she's well-bred, too, I'll admit; but that other woman — that Mrs. Steese! Even the servants stare at her. How you can have a person like that in your house I don't understand!"

Lester's smile did not alter. It was, if anything, more amiable.

"Perhaps my interest isn't in Mrs. Steese," he suggested, — "perhaps" — he paused briefly — 'perhaps it is in Miss Raeburn."

Mrs. Dewitt's figure stiffened. Her eyes widened as she paled suddenly to her very lips.

"Miss Raeburn?" she whispered hoarsely.

Lester nodded.

"Harry, you, — " Mrs. Dewitt's speech was difficult. "You mean — her? Is that— You're interested in — in that girl?"

"No, I didn't say that," responded Lester. "I said, if you remember, — perhaps."

With an effort, Mrs. Dewitt controlled her rising emotion.

"Harry, do you know anything about this young woman?" she asked, her tone pointed.

Lester nodded. "Naturally."

"You know who her people are? Who she is? Where she comes from?"

"Everything," he returned.

"I wonder," was Mrs. Dewitt's murmured response, "I wonder if you do."

The veiled note in her tone, its hint of innuendo, made Lester gaze at her closely.

"See here, Fanny," he directed, his voice low but its tone metallic; "you speak as if you'd heard something. Have you been prying into Miss Raeburn's affairs? Perhaps you'll make clear your suspicions."

"I'll say this!' Mrs. Dewitt flashed back at him, "this business is enough to rouse any one. This girl and her companion, strangers to all of us, you bring to your house in defiance of every convention. The young woman you may explain, the aunt you can't. She's loud, vulgar, common as so much clay, yet you seat her at your table, make her a guest in your father's house; and though even your servants stare and snicker, you give no hint of concern. That's not all, either, — as if it weren't enough for you to subject yourself to this, you subject your friends to it as well! I'd like to know now why you asked me here? What is the purpose of this house-party? Why did you invite me to it?"

"You didn't have to come, did you?" inquired Lester calmly; and after a glance at him, a quick, searching look, Mrs. Dewitt deeply drew in her breath.

"I came," she said slowly, "because I would do for you anything in the world! . . Oh, Harry!" exclaimed Mrs. Dewitt, the cry abrupt; "why do you pain me so? Haven't I suffered enough as it is?'

The change in Lester was instant. At her cry and the appeal that followed it, the smile fled from his lips and he stiffened rigidly. About him and the grim gravity of his look, though, was a suggestion of sudden pain.

"*You* suffer?' he said slowly.

She winced as if he had struck her.

"I know what I did, Harry, — I've learned the hurt I gave you. You're not going to blame me always, are you? — I wasn't all at fault. It was cruel, cruel, what I did; but you must see now what my bringing-up would mean. Day and night I was urged, — even by my mother, Harry. They saw only the supposed advantage — they thought it best for me, they in their one estimate of the best — worldliness. They thought Frank could better give me what [*Continued on page 73*]

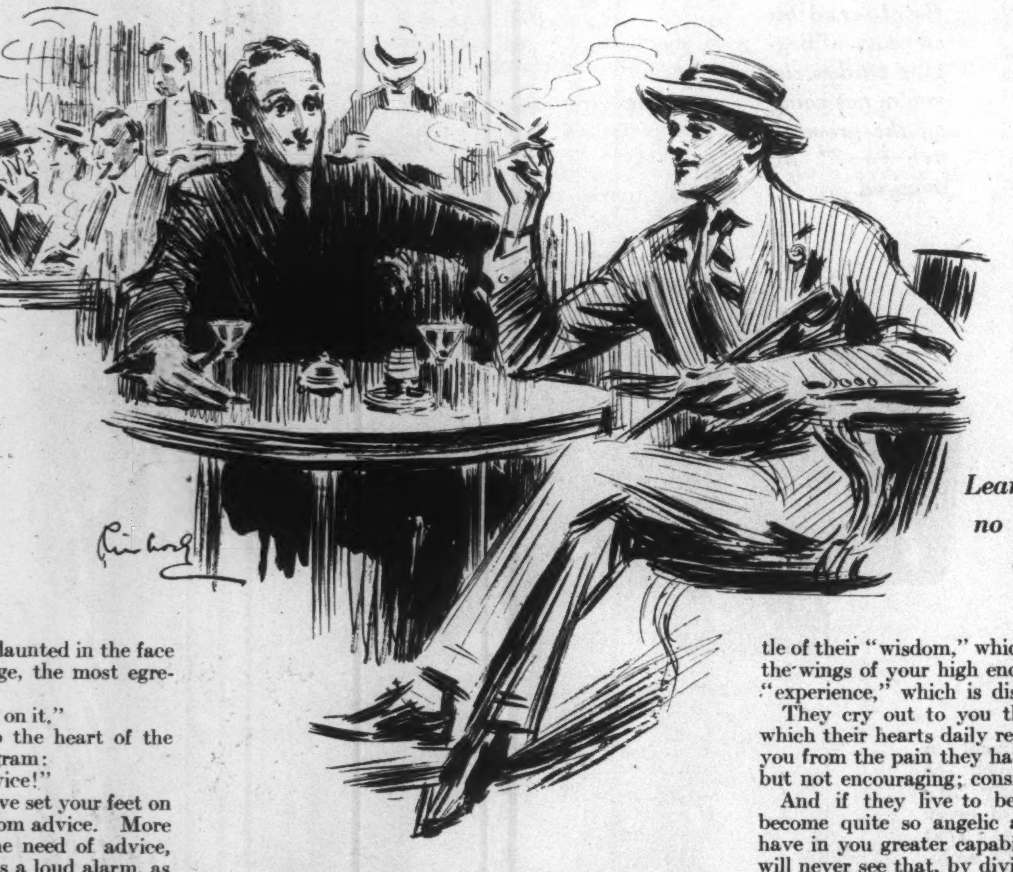
The preceding facts of this story will be found on page 79

The Vice in Advice

A Sound Little Business Talk

by James Hay, Jr.

Illustration by R. M. Crosby



Self-advice is a bigger money-maker than good advice

Lean on no man; ask no odds; steal nobody's strength

OF all the misleading maxims flaunted in the face of ambition by timid old age, the most egregious is this:

"Seek good advice and act on it."

One of our modern poets has cut to the heart of the matter with the sharp edge of his epigram:

"The oldest vice in the world—advice!"

If you are out for success, if you have set your feet on the path that leads to the top, run from advice. More than that: if you feel within you the need of advice, regard that sensation as a warning, as a loud alarm, as a stern notification that your courage is weakening.

The man who needs advice on a given situation distrusts his ability to handle that situation. He who wants somebody else to tell him what to do is he who admits to himself, consciously or subconsciously, that he does not know what to do nor how to do. He is afraid.

And he tries to lean on an unreality. There is no such thing as "good advice." There never has been.

Never yet has happiness been discovered, or a great fortune amassed, or a reform put over, or fame achieved by a man who followed a single idea that was not his own. Success can not be won by a marionette standing in the middle of the stage, ready to dart hither and thither at the call of "friends," prompt-books in hand behind the scenes.

All the hoary talk about the benefits of advice is bunk, pure and simple. The first thing to be done by the man desirous of leaving his competitors behind is to decide that, if he cannot himself map out the path that will get him to his goal ahead of all the others, he has selected the wrong goal. Injury is the best that anybody ever got out of obeying the half-baked opinions of others on the plan which was the very core of his heart.

Why advice is injury under any circumstances is a psychological fact easily explained. But first observe the records:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, unerring judge of men and their motives, was convinced of the non-existence of good advice. When it came to seeking or accepting advice, his batting average was exactly zero. His biographers go to some pains to declare that he never, in all his career, laid upon the table the cards of his life and asked anybody, man or woman, chum or cabinet official, how to play them.

If Thomas A. Edison had followed the advice so generously showered upon him when his young brain was seething with ways to benefit and amuse all civilization, he would be to-day a superannuated telegraph operator. The most helpful remark he heard was: "You're crazy, but you've got a chance to hold your job if you'll quit this foolishness and keep your wrist in shape!"

Napoleon Bonaparte was bitterly criticized, denounced and opposed because he presumed to cherish rather warmly the idea that, as his life was his own, he knew better than anybody else how to live it. George Washington was treated to the same sort of comment.

Among the twelve apostles even, there was murmuring because the Christ did not ask them more frequently for their suggestions and opinions.

All those — men and women — who have done, or are doing, great things in art, business and the professions, have laid this down as the inescapable fact: greatness consists in setting out to do a worthy thing and knowing the sure way to do it, paying no heed to either the clamor of adulation or the criticism of envy.

And right there you have a neat summing up of advice: either it is the meaningless assent of those unable to help or improve you, or it is the destructive criticism of the small and hostile.

That which the misguided call advice is a species of gossip, or old woman's tales, or at best a hit-or-miss, fly-up-the-creek verdict on the thing which you, its creator or proponent, have studied and viewed and judged from every angle. Nothing serviceable there!

Of those who practise this vice called advice, there are two great divisions: the givers and the seekers of advice. First, the givers. Most of them are old. Consider! What gross and fabulous flattery of themselves is this! "Seek advice," they say — which means: "Do as we do. Strive to become what we are. Let us tell you what to do."

Harsh and brutal as it may sound, the truth is that the vast majority of the old are failures. Not one of them has accomplished all he set out to achieve. Most of them have fallen dismally short of their youthful dreams. Naturally and inevitably, they measure you by themselves. They throw over you the cold mantle of their "wisdom," which is pessimism; they hang on the wings of your high endeavor the heaviness of their "experience," which is disappointment.

They cry out to you the "What's the use?" with which their hearts daily resound. They would protect you from the pain they have suffered! They are kind, but not encouraging; considerate, but not inspiring!

And if they live to be a million, they will never become quite so angelic as to realize that you may have in you greater capabilities than they had. They will never see that, by divine interposition, perhaps, or good luck, or superior training, or what not, you may vault the bars of the incredible, scale the mountains of the impossible and fling into the lap of humanity glorious discoveries, superb feats, dazzling benefits.

THEY also, they say, tore with bruised fingers at the sides of the rock-ribbed hills in search of new and undreamed of wealth! They, too, attacked the strongholds of poverty, pain and incompetence! They, also, spent the best of their lives seeking unsuspected splendors in arts, new purple in the lilac, new crimson in the rose. They, too, undertook the materialization of all those visions for greater efficiency, more rapid execution, greater productivity in industry, the betterment of the world!

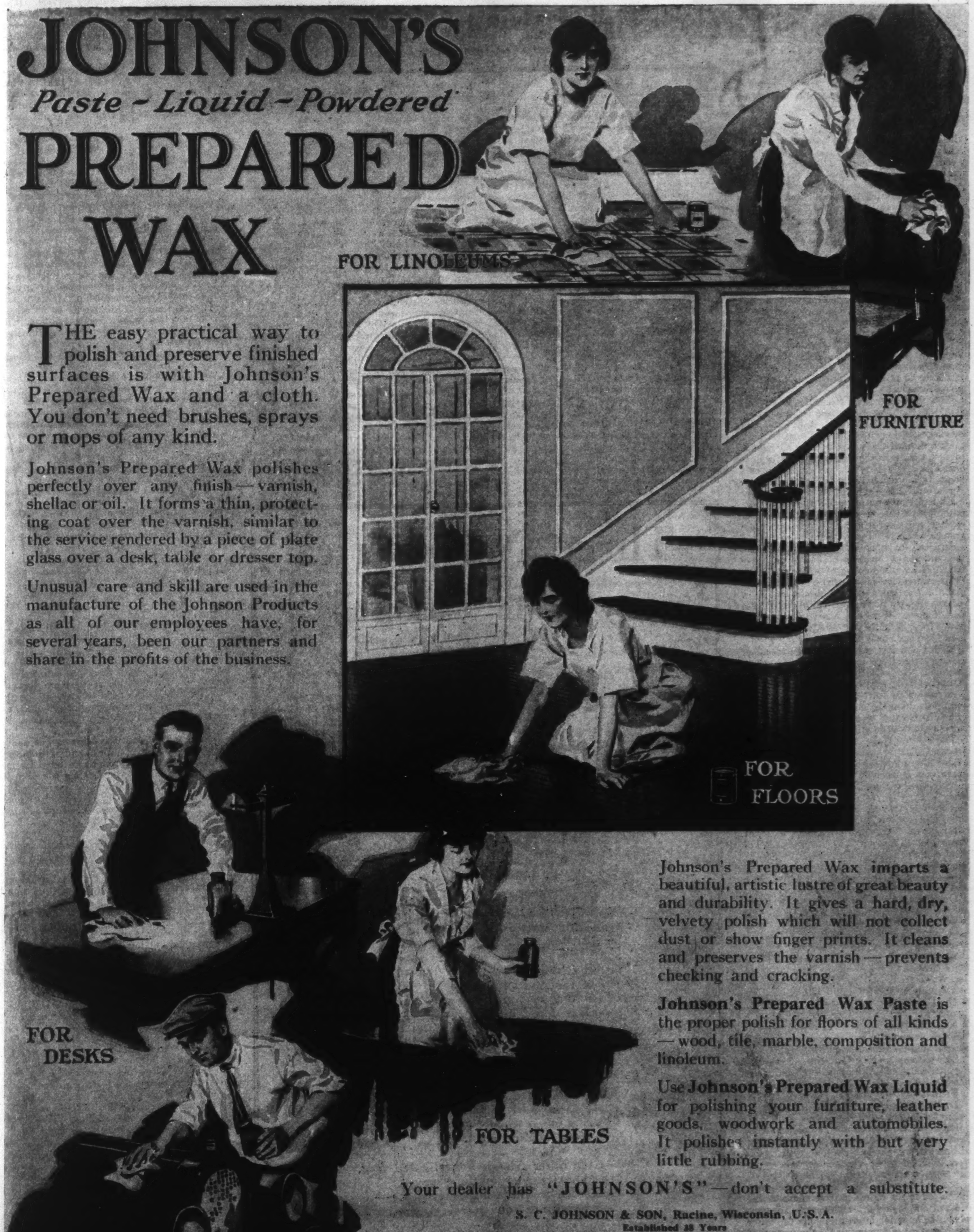
"And look at us now!" they advise in shrill treble. "Regard us as lessons. Stick to the things that have been done. You'll not live long enough to reach the end of the rainbow. Quit these journeys into the unknown. This madness of youth, this mania of ambition! Stuff and nonsense!"

What about that advice? There is no incentive in it; no spur in it; no life in it. It is a tremulous attempt to put the brakes on progress.

But it is not only the old who give advice. Pat Moran, General Pershing, Henry Cabot Lodge, the bishop of your diocese, the boss of your factory, the mayor of your city — any one of them will tell you how the "good advice" surges in upon them, by mouth and by mail, from the obscure, the discontented, the beaten and the grouch.

Why? Again the gross and fabulous flattery of self! If you have failed in your profession or on your job, you boost yourself with the pleasing reflection that you can tell somebody else how to manage his affairs in a way that will bring him wealth, fame and joy. It is a well-known psychological fact that, in order to stand up under the buffets of misfortune and the heart-break of failure, every man must have

[*Continued on page 57*]



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The Giant Hand

[*Continued from page 17*]

of railroads, ship-owning and other affairs for which it was never designed nor qualified. On top of that there is world-wide reduced production. On top of that profiteering adds to the leaping prices. On top of that labor puts up its rates. Now how do the Citizen Class persons who bear the high prices on a tax reduced income make their legitimate ends meet? They don't. If there is anything about their fix they wish to resist as an injustice, how can they resist it? They can't.

You have probably concluded that you are the goat — your Citizen Class is the goat. I have reached that conclusion. I think we need an organization — a leader — a goat-herd.

I feel ashamed of a situation in which the great overwhelming majority of Americans are unable to say the loudest "Gid-ap!" to Congress. If we can't, representative government is a failure. I suppose most of us blush when we think that for every hundred thousand of us there may be two Bolsheviki, representing one part of citizen and nine parts of foreign ignorance, degeneracy, lawlessness, and the something-for-nothing theory, who are able to scare us white. Why shouldn't we hang our heads when capital is able to profiteer us? And why shouldn't we go and hide in the long grass when it is possible for a minority — even a minor part of a minority like organized labor — when it doesn't get what it asks at once, to have the insolence to talk about putting the shutters up on America?

You probably have reached the conclusion, too, that the only reason for the victories of any small minority seeking special privileges is due to the fact of organization. Such a minority acts as one man; it has its press bureaus, its legislative agents, its generals, its strategists, its funds, its brotherhood, its educational system, its propaganda. Perhaps all this organization creates a power for a legitimate purpose, for a humane purpose, for a righteous cause, as in the case of capital acting to preserve our economic system, to keep industry going, to distribute securities, to safeguard financial stability, to avoid panics, or in the case of labor, to readjust the profit-sharing of industry, to relieve abuses, to make the world a better place for the rank and file of human beings, to enlarge opportunity. But the devil of it is that if power of an organized minority is a power for legitimate purposes, it may also be used for illegitimate purposes.

Such a power may be used by the so-called money interests to loot investors, to create monopoly, to corner resources, or on the other hand it may be used by workers in insurrection to start the fires of revolution, to impose upon the millions a theory of government accepted by only a few hundreds, or to tie up our national life.

These things are not done by political action. The menacing minority knows it is licked there before it starts. You never heard of a Bolshevist group who wanted to submit their proposition to a referendum. They know their minority is hopeless as a factor in final political decisions rendered by the whole people. That's why their political party movement is negligible. At times, of course, such a minority exercises the power of wholesale political influence to obtain a special privilege, but revolutionary or corrupt minorities long ago learned that their real power lies in "direct action."

Direct action and not political action is the only chance for a revolution in America. No one pretends that America will ever *vote* for a revolution. No one pretends that any revolution possible would be anything else than a hold-up — a bandit-with-a-gun hold-up of the Citizen Class — of the majority by an insolent minority.

That is why no mere political organization of the Citizen Class will ever be a safeguard against a minority hold-up.

National political parties are too slow in their movements to strike back fast enough when a hold-up minority pulls its weapons.

So what can we do — we, the overwhelming majority of Americans — the Citizen Class, with our idle Giant's Hand?

Use it!

Direct action, too!

Lawful action, but *direct action!*

Let's take as an example the police strike in Boston, and the threat of a general strike of firemen, telephone operators, transportation men, lighting system workers — the threat to paralyze decent civilized life.

For the moment, the Citizen Class is not interested in the representative merits of the cases of employers or employees. An overwhelming superior interest engulfs the lesser consideration of sympathy for the wrongs of any class of workers or any employer; it is the paramount interest that decency, civilization, life itself shall be kept from a wreck.

There is now only one consideration. It is to stop an infection of social disease and rottenness the moment it appears. It is to cut off the head of the chaos the moment it is raised. The Citizen Class — the majority — if it knows anything, knows that in such a case the shut-down of the policing system, of communications, of lighting and transportation is a move to reduce all men to primitive defense of selves, wives and daughters. It is a threat to make a Petrograd of an American city. It is a step toward Russia. It is a first-rate example of how a tiny minority could kick out from under us the whole structure of civilization by the process called "direct action."

How was the Citizen Class of Boston — the overwhelming majority — to protect itself? Not by a political campaign. If men walk out in a general strike of the "key" industries, or from the labors that keep an American city going, there is no way to get them back to work at once. That problem came up during the War. "What if the workers in some essential industry strike now?" asked the officials in Washington. "Can we draft them as we would soldiers? They are as necessary as soldiers were to lick Germany. Can you make a man work even at the point of a gun? You can make him stand at the bench, but is there such a thing as compulsory industrial labor?"

Most of the officials thought there was not.

If they were right, then the hold-up can be nearly complete. Legislatures can pass laws, governors can command, mayors threaten, but the paralysis will be there. Government, in plain words, is now powerless. Only the Giant Hand remains to save the day.

What could Government have done in Boston without help? Nothing. And where did it get its help? From the Citizen Class — from volunteers — volunteer soldiers and police. If there were to be a general strike in Boston the only hope of avoiding a jelly of disorder, suffering, destruction, which might spread all over the country, would be volunteer laborers from the Citizen Class, willing to run fire department, waterworks, electric lighting systems, transportation. This volunteer service would not be given because of any lack of sympathy with labor; it would be given because the presence or the absence of such sympathy had become a trivial consideration when compared to self-preservation and the preservation of American life, decency and self-respect.

The volunteer would say to himself, "Right or wrong in their cause, no minority can put the shutters up on America or its cities. Right or wrong, it cannot expose my wife nor babies to dishonor or death. Right or wrong, it cannot tip over American government and customs against the will of Americans. I'm ready. Give me orders."

That is meeting "direct action" not by compulsion, but by voluntary service. It is meeting "direct action" by "direct action." If America is ever run into a great internal emergency by a minority, it is the one way that we can save her from a smash-up.

If any minority-revolutionist reads this, he will be amused. At what? At the fact that this is a new proposal? At the fact that some will say this is impractical? During the War we learned that men could leave their desks and go into the shipyards and industries as volunteers and do the work. No! — the amusement of the minority-revolutionist will be drawn from the utter lack of organization of the Citizen Class to do this on an effective scale. It will be an enemy's amusement at our *unpreparedness.*

If the worst had come in Boston this lack of preparedness would have been felt. The leaders of community life there would have been chosen in haste to rally the volunteer forces for preserving order and keeping the essential industries going. They should have been chosen long ago by a proper selection of a proper organization of men willing to volunteer under their generalship. If the worst had come, there would have been no selection of men best fitted to serve as police; if it had come there would have been no volunteer lighting system squadron, no volunteer organization understanding the water system and ready to man it.

And why shouldn't there be in every American city a complete minute-man organization? Why not begin the organization of the Citizen Class right there? — in preparedness to keep life going — if a minority, whether with a good cause or a bad one, threatens to turn loose a period of terror by refusing to work.

If the Country can organize volunteers for purposes of War against Germany, it can organize patriots who claim no reward other than a right to serve for purposes of War against Chaos. If the War against Germany came near to a tragedy of unpreparedness, why should we not prepare for any wrecking of America from within?

The claim of right of the Citizen Class is not to adjust the rights of labor and capital nor to apply violence; it is a claim of right, however, to take *direct action* when life, decency and good order are threatened. We entrust policing, transportation, fuel, supply, communication, all our essential and necessary functions to others. There is no reason why we should not reach out with a Giant Hand and take them back temporarily when either capital or labor attempts to paralyze them. Two irresistible reasons are behind it. The first is the need to keep life going with decency, free from the horrors of rape, license, arson and robbery. The second is the need to keep life going at all.

That is why the Citizen Class may demand that the officials of cities, and if not the officials, then those chosen by an independent organization of the citizens themselves, prepare a complete program for manning by volunteers the machinery of good order and of any community necessity. That is why the Citizen Class, first in the cities and then perhaps in the Nation, may prepare its Giant Hand and guarantee America against having a sign hung out: "Closed up and wrecked by order of a minority."

We may have Citizen Plattsburgs before we are through. Twenty years from now you or I may be saying to our children, "The reason I can use climbing irons is because I took four weeks of training as an electric lighting system wireman. I was never called out but once. That was when the whole city had been put in the dark and the agents of the revolutionary forces were moving under cover of it to blow up the water-works. My service was only for four days. But I am proud of it because it helped to stop a movement that threatened the whole country."

To-day there are plenty of us — millions, I think — who would say, "Tie up America? Wreck her? Put on us a reign of terror? Do this for a few discontents or for a few adventurers with a new form of government? Or even for a few oppressed persons? Drive us to swallow their will? Expose my wife and my babies to mishandling? Not by a jugful! Give me a policeman's night stick. You say there are already enough volunteers to keep order? But not enough emergency workers to keep life going, eh? Then away with questions between capital and labor! They're buried out of sight now under something else. This is a question between the community and chaos. Work must be done. Give me overalls and a number on my hat, and put me with the gang!"

Let us have preparedness for that!

Three New Lyrics

by Edwin Markham

I

Sing, Minstrel

SING, Minstrel, music-mad:
  Let the wild chords grow madder:
Make all the glad hearts sad,
  The sad hearts gladder.

Sound yet a wilder strain —
  More than a song can capture:
Let glad hearts taste the pain,
  Sad hearts the rapture.

II

Man-Making

WE all are blind until we see
  That, in the human plan,
Nothing is worth the making, if
  It does not make the man.

Why build these cities glorious
  If man unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the world, unless
  The builder also grows.

III

Your Tears

I DARE not ask your very all;
  I only ask a part:
Bring me — when dancers leave the hall —
  Your aching heart.

Give other friends your lighted face,
  The laughter of the years:
I come to crave a greater grace —
  Bring me your tears!

Is Your Boy Getting Enough to Eat?

by Mabel Dulon Purdy

WHY not a drive — a perpetual drive, as it were — to conserve our greatest national treasure? Food, coal, oil, iron, our forests, our unequaled water power — these, with their infinite possibilities, are our great national resources. But greater than any of these, greater than all, is your boy, the other boy, any boy — good, bad, indifferent — just plain American Boy. In the work of conservation in every important field of production and use since the War, have we thought enough, or very consistently, of this boy in the light of a great practical asset, his energy to be increased and conserved, put to the best possible use, just as we have been increasing and conserving our food supply and other material resources?

"The most valuable resource of any country is its fund of human energy — the working power, both mental and physical, of its people." And this energy can only come from the food we eat. The boy of to-day, your boy, with his big hands and feet, his changing voice, his unexpected actions, his appetite — ravenous, insatiable, precarious — is the thinking, acting man of to-morrow. If we want national strength, wealth, stability, we must coal the fires of youth. If we want that power organized, wisely directed, we must give this boy not only enough to eat, but enough of the right kind of food. We must, in other words, create as large a fund of youthful human energy as we can, and we must conserve that energy for the best possible future use.

WHILE the matter of adequate food for the American boy has not been neglected entirely, our schools and welfare organizations doing good work in character-building and preparation for useful citizenship through physical care, and insistence on better feeding, yet the full force of organized effort in child improvement activities has been directed largely toward infants, young children, and special cases. Even the illiterate foreign-born man is being reclaimed as part of our general policy of conservation. Even the latent power of our coal output for a year has been jealously computed. But the average American boy, in the average American home — your own boisterous, noisy, happy boy — are we not taking his energy value as a national asset a little too much for granted; letting him shift pretty much for himself; feeling that if he gets three meals a day he is getting all that is coming to him — in the food line, at least? How much food he eats, or should eat, or the nature of that food, or the effect of it — immediate and future — on the boy, for his own good and the good of the country, is still regarded too lightly.

Much more should be done, much more must be done, by the average American home in the matter of consistent, proper feeding for the boy from twelve to twenty. The brain of an under-nourished body cannot develop in a way that leads to clear thinking; the moral fibre that hunger cultivates is not strong enough to stand the test of many temptations. Give your boy enough to eat, watch every meal he takes as carefully as you can, until he is at least eighteen, or, better, twenty-one, and no finer work to spur and steady our country can possibly be done.

In the past three or four years, as a more or less direct war issue, when human values had to be counted like money or munitions, food scientists have been delving very determinedly into the mysteries of the modern boy. How much food does he need? Why? How much food does he eat? Is he getting enough? Too much? Does he need as much or more than his father? Is his proverbial ravenous appetite justified? Why? And, most important, is it being properly satisfied?

RESULTS available tend to show that the average boy, because of greater cell activity and increased production of animal heat during the period of intense development, requires as much or, in cases, even more than the average man; that this requirement is particularly urgent between the ages of twelve and sixteen years; and that his proverbial appetite is justified not only because of this now clearly defined need arising from within the body, but also because of the active, athletic life the usual boy leads, and in which his energies are, in turn, freely spent. Moreover, it is believed that possibly a boy's "muscular efficiency is on a lower plane" than that of an adult; that, for example, he may require more energy to walk a given distance, or move or lift the same weight as a man, another theory that if proven would explain and further justify his greater food need.

Too common lack of appreciation in the home of the far-reaching importance of these facts in the daily feeding and care of boys is responsible for much under-nourishment. We do not want to over-feed a boy, but his food need, greater in many homes than that of any other member of the family, must be taken seriously.

For a complete chart see "The Nutrition of Adolescence," standards of Child Welfare. A report of the Children's Bureau Conferences.

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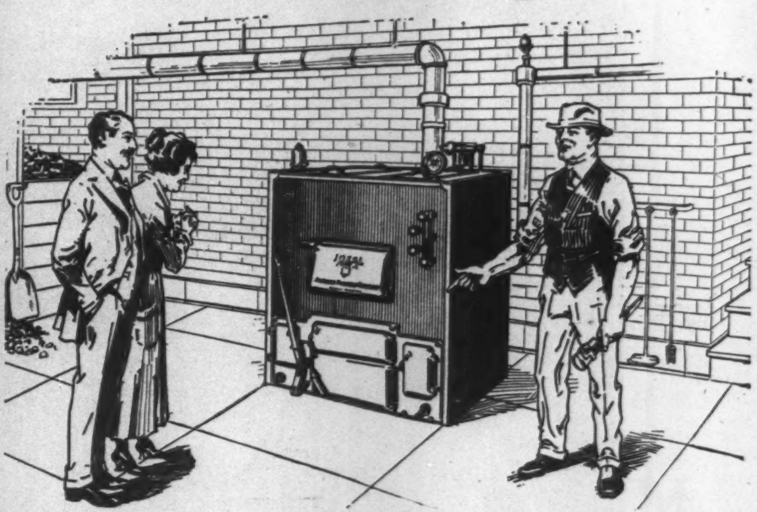

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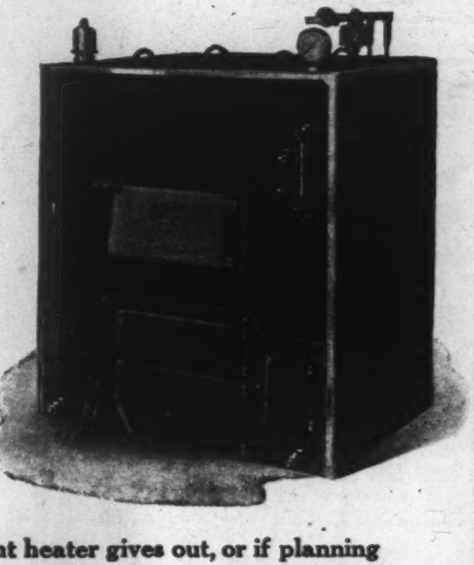

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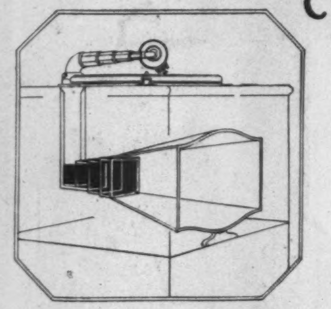

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Is Your Boy Getting Enough to Eat?

[*Continued from page 37*]

The Inter-Allied Food Commission recommends the following food requirement for boys from ten to sixteen years; it may serve as a guide to many uncertain parents:

10 to 14 years - - - - -	2,500 calories
14 to 16 years - - - - -	3,000 calories

A very quiet boy would not require as much food, while the very active boy might require an increase of as much as 1,000 calories over the above figures.

But the real cause of inadequate feeding is not, perhaps, so much failure to recognize the special food need of a boy, as it is failure on the part of those who must provide the food, to apply, in the daily planning of meals and marketing, what is commonly known, or should be known, regarding the nature of food, and to supply those foods, in the right quantities and proportions, that are of most value to a growing boy. When we go marketing, we go for the purpose of getting something to eat, of course, but do we always consider the nourishment and energy represented in the food which we purchase, or that some foods for equal or less money may be of greater nutritive value than others. We do not; and because we do not, our boys and girls must pay. Herein lies the essential weakness, on the part of the home, as far as the feeding of our children is concerned. A weakness, with all the harm that may result at any time, now emphasized by present high and erratic food prices. Most of us must pay, and pay very high at the present time, for the privilege of living. Let us, at least, know what we are getting for our money.

IN spite of all that has been taught so recently concerning food values, it is easy to forget. The next great forward step in food education, and one already urged, would be to have our staple foods sold with a label or statement indicating their food value. The energy or fuel value of foods, as well as the nutritive and physiological value in body building and regulation, should be commonly understood, and associated with market values. Are we buying 100 or 500 or 1,000 calories or energy units for our ten cent piece or dollar bill? Must we buy fuel, or repair, or regulating material? With these questions in mind, and a ready knowledge of what foods will best give us what we need—that is the way to market.

There is a great deal more to proper feeding than the knowledge of the caloric value of foods, and the proper number an individual may require in a day, yet, even common, confident knowledge of this one point alone would be of great help in adequate feeding. Tables giving the caloric or energy value of our every-day foods are now easily available, but it would be a still greater help if certain foods, our packaged foods for example, might be sold with a statement on the label giving the caloric value of the contents.

All the children of America will not be well fed until all the fathers and mothers of America know, with confidence, how to buy *food*, instead of merely "*something to eat,*" and apply this knowledge consistently, intelligently. The best way to build up a country is to build up every child in the country. Individual physical health, clean vitality, personal integrity — if we have these, we need not worry about the state. The making of a great America, the producing and conserving of that boundless fund of human energy that will make us prosper in spite of hardship, means feeding your boy right to-day.

Joseph Mghkzt

— *Continued from page 27*

to me. Her dream had told a hidden truth. When she dreamed she kissed me and my face turned green and then red and the kiss burned, it meant she was kissing a pepper — subconsciously. Ralph Pepper, of course. So I quit her. I did not want to risk my happiness marrying a girl whose dream-happiness was kissing any Ralph Pepper. I suppose," he said grimly, "she'll soon be telling her husband she has had such an odd dream of an apple-tree clasping her in its branches."

His name is Apfelbaum — which means Apple-tree.

You will see why I took Betty's ouija so seriously. For Betty to sit down with the ouija-board and have it obey her subconscious impulse and write about Joseph Mghkzt and divorce and second marriages might well mean something deeply Freudian and disturbing, if I got to the bottom of it, for she might as well have made ouija write about recipes for plum preserves or the price of ice or other things on her mind. I feared Betty's ouija communications might be deeply significant of some hidden, if not criminal, longing.

When one stops to think of it one knows very little of what passes in the mind of one's wife, especially in her subconscious mind. Wife may not know that deep within her subconsciousness she has a guilty passion for Joseph Mghkzt and a desire to be rid of her Mortimer, but it may be there all the while and, sometime, the subconscious may upheave and oveflow the conscious and there will be the dickens to pay.

As I got into my going-calling-in-the-evening clothes all this was on my mind. I had been so sure of Betty, and it hurt me to think that at the first opportunity what was probably a subconscious desire should manifest itself and cry for divorce from me and union with Joseph Mghkzt. I would have asked her to show me some of her old snapshots but, unfortunately, I had told her about Arthur Apfelbaum and she would have suspected something. I did resolve, however, to look up Arthur Apfelbaum and ask him to tell me what he thought — Freudishly — Joseph Mghkzt meant. Especially Mghkzt.

Mrs. Spargow was delighted to see us, and said so. Especially me.

"Dear Betty is so interested," she said, "and it is so delightful to know that you are not withholding your approval. We think dear Betty will soon be receiving messages from the planes."

"Mrs. Spargow is wonderful," said Betty.

Mrs. Spargow is one of those intense women who wear feather boas and wide, floppy hats, and give you a feeling it might be just as well not to call before noon. Mr. Spargow is dead and, I judge, very entirely dead. He is never mentioned. Oddly enough, too, he has never uttered a peep through ouija, although Mrs. Spargow received quite voluminous communications from spiritland, particularly from the more notable gentlemen and ladies of the spiritland's "Who's Who" list. No doubt Mr. Spargow, upon deceasing, passed to a mute plane, or he may have been given a job on the ouija exchange, like a telephone "central," and have been kept too busy connecting up Julius Caesar and Methusela and George Washington with the ouija pushers to have any time to talk for himself.

During the half hour after our arrival at Mrs. Spargow's there were several other arrivals. The Cloustons came in, and Miss Minch, and the Beverly-Hares and Jack Spooner, and one or two others. I soon learned that Mrs. Spargow was by no means a trifling beginner. She was now taking ouija dictation from a talented individual in spiritland, a man of immense importance there, named Crooked Horse.

It seems that Crooked Horse was, when on earth, a Flea-bit Snake, the Snakes being a miserably poor and down-trodden tribe of Indians on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. Mrs. Spargow told me that the poor Snakes were always being massacred and robbed by the Blackfeet and were often in the lowest depths of poverty and misery.

"Crooked Horse told me," said Mrs. Spargow, "that for whole seasons at a time the Flea-bit Snakes had nothing whatever to eat."

"They must have starved to death," I ventured.

"They did, poor things," she said. "Frequently."

I would like it understood that Mrs. Spargow was entirely sincere in her belief in ouija and Crooked Horse. She considered it a great honor that she had been chosen to be the mouthpiece of the immensely impor-

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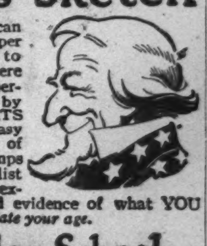

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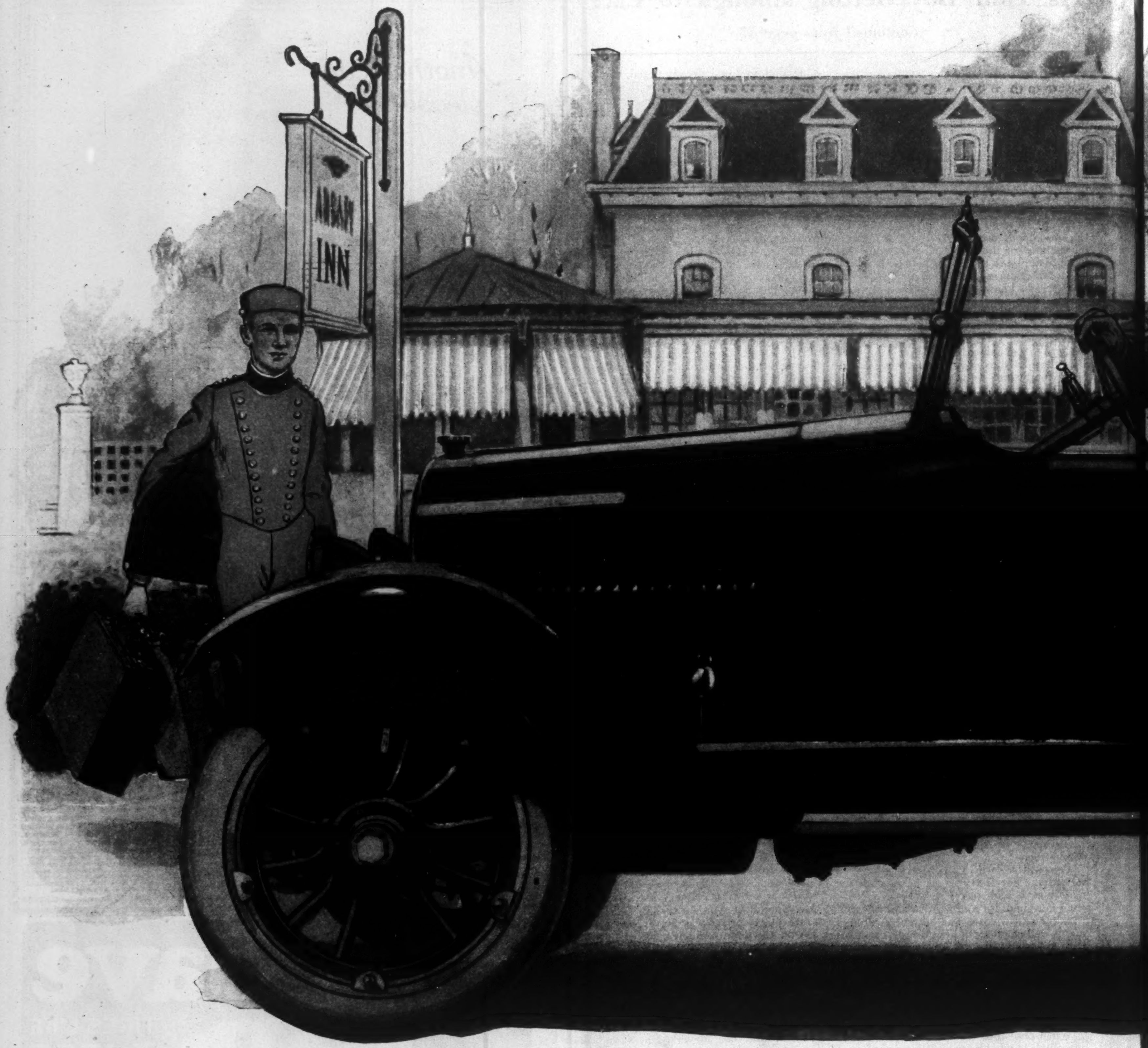

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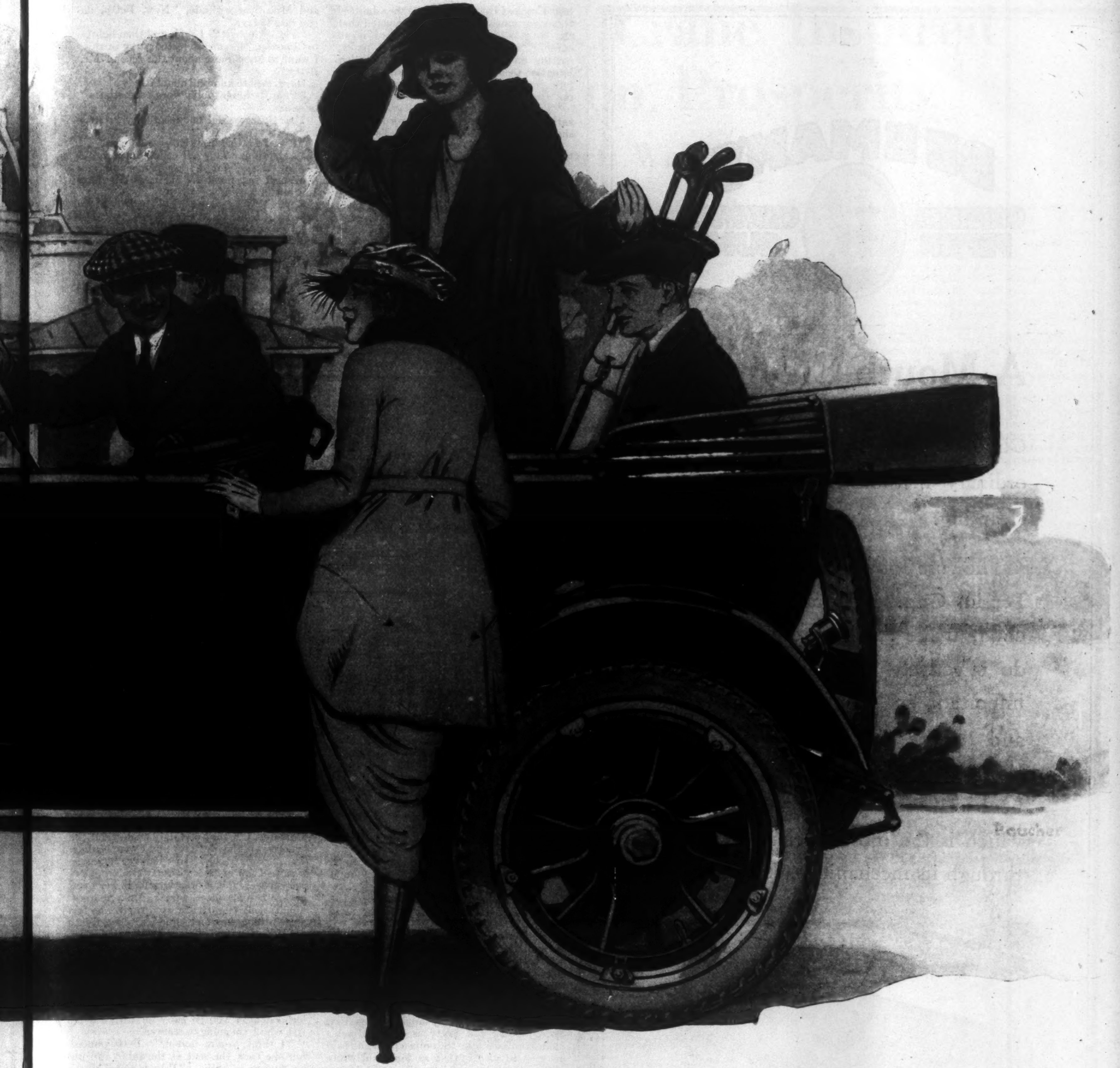

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tant Crooked Horse and, while she admitted there was much that he communicated that she did not understand, she copied it all carefully on 8½x11 unruled linen paper, writing on one side only, and it was her intention to have it all published in book form, even if at her own expense, which to me seemed likely to be the case.

"There is so much I do not grasp — not entirely — but I consider every word sacred," she told me.

It seemed that Crooked Horse, who had been the poorest and most miserably flea-bit of the Flea-bit Snakes, so that he doubtless starved to death several times a year, had become, in spiritland, the occupant of the eighth angle of the eighth billionth octagon of the eighth plane. You know what that means, of course. I am not just sure that I do but, as nearly as I could make it out from what Mrs. Spargow told me, it seems that the eight planes stick through space at different slants — "like tangents from a transparent sphere," Mrs. Spargow said — and all the planes are jammed through with octagons. Every once in a while the whole business gets a shaking up, like a kaleidoscope, and all the planes and octagons slosh around into different positions. The time between shakings is an eon, and does not correspond with our method of reckoning time. An eon may be a tenth of a second or eighty billion years, but an eon is always an eon. A short one is just as long as a long one.

"It is, in effect," Mrs. Spargow explained, "a cosmic era."

At any rate, when the latest cosmic shake-up took place the angle of the octagon this poor old Flea-bit Snake had lodged in had happened to stick up like a sore thumb at the very top of the eighth plane, which happened to be the highest plane just then, and there Crooked Horse was — elevated — with nothing above him but Cosmic Intelligence. He could cross his legs and light his old cutty pipe and observe all the sixty-four billion octagons of the eight planes and see the wheels go round. He was able to look into the Heart of Things and tell what ought to be done about it. And he had chosen Mrs. Spargow as his amanuensis. No wonder she was set up and a little cocky, and frizzed her hair more ferociously than ever!

"Would you like to try it?" she asked me. "We always let the tyros try it first, because when Crooked Horse begins dictating to me he does not like to be interrupted. He fears the eon is nearing its close and wishes to make haste while vision is granted to him."

"Sometimes, after we go," Miss Minch said with awe, "Mrs. Spargow takes ouija from Horse for hours and hours."

"Often I fall asleep as the dawn tinges the East," said Mrs. Spargow, "with my hand on ouija."

I said I would try it, and did, but nothing came of it. Then Jack Spooner tried and had better success. After a short wait ouija began to move under his fingers. It wrote "Lek" quite plainly and then seemed to pause and pant for breath and tried again. This time it wrote "Let" and paused and then wrote "ty." Everybody laughed, even Mrs. Spargow, because Letty is Miss Minch's name, and Jack gave the ouija a push and said he was satisfied — that as long as it wrote nice things he would let well enough alone.

Clouston would not try it, but Mrs. Clouston did, and ouija started writing rapidly the moment she put her fingers on it.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed with some petulance, "it always does that for me! It never writes sense."

I cannot remember just what ouija wrote for her, but it was something like "ororyo more had no britches toto foot tootle te tootle — rye — rye — and for gentle Annie — Ann — Annie Lau — Laurel."

She wrote a great deal of the same sort and then gave up ouija with a disappointed laugh.

"Isn't it mean!" she exclaimed. "But, anyway ——"

"She means it did not swear this time," Clouston explained. "Usually it does. Like a pirate."

"Captain Kidd may be her control," I said, for I was beginning to be familiar with the terms they used.

"Or a debased parrot," laughed Clouston, and Mrs. Spargow said, "Now, Betty, do you care to try?"

"Yes. Go to it!" I said, and then lightly to Clouston, "I'm an interested party in this. I want to know more about this second Mr. Betty."

He seemed to know all about it.

"Funny things ouija does, sometimes," he said.

Mrs. Spargow did not seem very keen to have Betty try.

"If you'd rather have Horse talk to me —" she suggested. They all called the wise old Snake "Horse" for short, not meaning any disrespect but much as one calls Abraham Lincoln "Lincoln."

"Why? Why shouldn't I try?" Betty asked a little defiantly.

"Well, of course —" said Mrs. Spargow indefinitely, but I knew what she meant. It was quite possible that ouija might say something that would be uncomfortable for me to hear.

"Go ahead!" I said broadly. "It is all nonsense anyhow."

I saw Mrs. Spargow's eyes harden.

"I don't think it is *all* nonsense," she said quietly.

"Not Horse," Betty interjected. "Mort did not mean Horse. That's serious, of course. He meant this silly Joseph thing of mine."

Mrs. Spargow smiled. It was a confoundedly unpleasant — a meaning smile for a woman to smile in front of a woman's husband. I did not like it. It meant that she was sorry for us poor innocents but that she knew ouija too well to think its communications were to be taken lightly. I saw in an instant that Mrs. Spargow believed ouija, and believed that Betty and I were doomed — yes, doomed — to be parted. When a woman gets such a belief, she is dangerous. She is too apt to try, consciously or unconsciously, to bring about the event she believes is tocome to pass.

Especially a woman like Mrs. Spargow, who had no husband and, hence, no proprietary rights — if I may use the term — in home life. With her infatuation for her Crooked Horse revelations and her eagerness to have them accepted as genuine she was only too sure to wish to have all ouija's revelations prove truthful, and a woman who mischievously puts a meddling finger in a family pie can always — or nearly always — make trouble. I don't mean that I thought Mrs. Spargow and ouija could actually bring about a divorce; but they certainly could taint the sweetness of the life Betty and I were leading. This Joseph Mghkzt, or whatever his name was, had not come into Betty's mind out of pure space; he had been lurking in her mind or heart somewhere, and a Mrs. Spargow might easily enough stir up a vague and forgotten liking for some child-love Joseph into an irritating and very real dissatisfaction with a placid one-husband existence. I meant to settle this Joseph Mghkzt business right then and there. If I could!

"Go to it, Betty!" I said, jokingly. "I'm as much interested in this as you are. You don't expect me to sit around in stupid bachelorhood after you go gaily off with Joseph. Ask who I am going to marry."

"I think you're horrid," Betty pouted; but she took the seat at the table and put her fingers on ouija. "Who is to be Mort's second wife?" She asked, with a nervous little laugh. Ouija began to move.

"J," it wrote, and hesitated. Then it went on: "Jane Spargow."

"Oh!" Betty cried. "How—how horrid!"

I saw Mrs. Spargow's eyebrows rise. She pened her mouth, and then closed it again, deciding to say nothing.

"That *is* a joke!" I exclaimed.

I have, of course, been friendly with Mrs. Spargow, being a neighbor, but not nearly so friendly as Betty has been. I have never flirted with her. I can honestly say that, if anything happened to Betty, Jane Spargow would be one of the last women to enter my mind as her successor — if I ever chose one. But I did not like the calm silence with which Mrs. Spargow received ouija's announcement. I did not like the vague feeling that, deep in her heart somewhere, Betty must feel a tinge of fear that I admired Mrs. Spargow. The others — the

A Moment Immortal

By **Edwin Markham**

IN the falling twilight, soft and still,
A plowman trudges over the hill.
While down the glory in the west
A crane swings swiftly to her nest.
The trees upon the fading height
Are listening for the coming night.
Two lovers are straying down the walk,
Their heads bent close in tender talk.

This is the picture: it will stay
As long as there is night and day.

How Dr. Frank Crane Inspired My Newly Won Prosperity

By Robert Walker

THE other day was the third time that I have heard myself referred to as a self-made man. I admit it has made me feel a little proud. While in a way I suppose I do merit that reference, still I know that it is not wholly accurate. For the first time I have decided to tell the little secret I have long kept to myself—to give credit in print to the man who inspired me to become what a few of my friends are good enough to call a self-made man. First I will go back five years.

At that time I held a comfortable position in a small but growing business, and managed to support my wife and child on a small salary. I had hopes of becoming the office manager some day, but it was a big stretch for my imagination. And here I am today—but that is getting ahead of my story.

One day I heard that the office manager had resigned. I was not long confirming the rumor, for I felt that at last my opportunity had arrived. I expected any minute to be told to take the place. Several days passed, and the anticipated order did not come. Instead a new man was brought in from the outside a week later, and I confess I felt resentment in being called upon to help install him in the position that I felt should have been mine.

At first I felt like throwing up my job. I was bitter at the injustice of the thing. Why did the firm have to go outside of the organization to get a new man when I could have filled the position? I felt I had a just grievance, so I went straight into the front office and asked frankly why I had been overlooked.

That interview was something of a shock to me, because I learned that I had not even been considered for the position. I was told in all friendliness that I was standing still. To use the exact words: "Hitched to a post," and when I countered in self-defense that I knew the business thoroughly, I was told "Yes, you know all the details of the business and it would be hard on that account to replace you, but you are not growing with the business. It is not because you are lacking in ability or willingness to work, but you don't seem to think above your work or outside of your department, and an executive must have a broader viewpoint. He must be able to think clearly and decide constructively." That most uncomfortable five minutes' interview was filled with a lot of helpful suggestions, but the only other important thing which I remember was the parting shot,

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To France.
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The Prayer of the Outside Sheep.
Idleness the Mother of Progress.
The Great Silences.
Green Fire.
The Healing Power of Housekeeping.
The Art of Making Mistakes.
The Watch, the Clock, and the Drum.
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LAW.
The Sunny Side of the Hill.
How to Go to Sleep.
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I needed just that sort of a jolt to set me on the right track. But I was puzzled to know how I could cultivate the habit of right thinking. How could I get the bigger, broader viewpoint? But that came later.

I began to study men who held important positions. I discovered that without exception they were men of broad vision.

I familiarized myself with the opinions of authorities. I listened to speeches of men notable in politics and business. They all seemed to have the thing I wanted, but somehow I could not grasp how they got it.

Then one day I discovered Dr. Frank Crane. I made his acquaintance through one of the leading magazines and later learned that he contributed daily a FOUR-MINUTE ESSAY to some fifty metropolitan newspapers in the United States and Canada. I began reading him religiously, and he soon gave me the key I needed and the rest was easy. Since then there has hardly been a day that I have not read one of Dr. Crane's FOUR-MINUTE ESSAYS. And, that is not all, my wife reads and enjoys Dr. Crane just as much as I do.

I read Dr. Crane for a mental tonic. He stimulated and inspired me. His swift, keen penetration; his clear and logical analysis; his understandable conclusions were a revelation to me. I particularly liked the way he tackled everyday problems and questions. His optimism put me in good humor, and his kindliness solaced and soothed me. He saw things in a big, clear, straightforward way and his knowledge opened wide the door to me to the great minds of all ages.

It was Dr. Crane who helped me to become what I am. Without his help I might have climbed a little way up the ladder, but to my present position NEVER. Most all the good things life has given me these last five years I can trace back directly to his inspirational influence.

He taught me how to think RIGHT. He helped me to use more forceful English. He helped me to win poise, self-control, determination, concentration, and will power. He made me more efficient in my business. And so I could go on giving tribute to the great good Dr. Crane has done for me. And, what is still more, I have met a lot of big men in the past five years who feel just as I do about Dr. Crane.

As I look back now to the time when the office managership seemed to me the pinnacle of success, I realize how tremendously Dr. Crane has widened my horizon; how infinitely more difficult success would have been without his help, and I am glad of this opportunity of publicly thanking Dr. Crane for what he has done for me.

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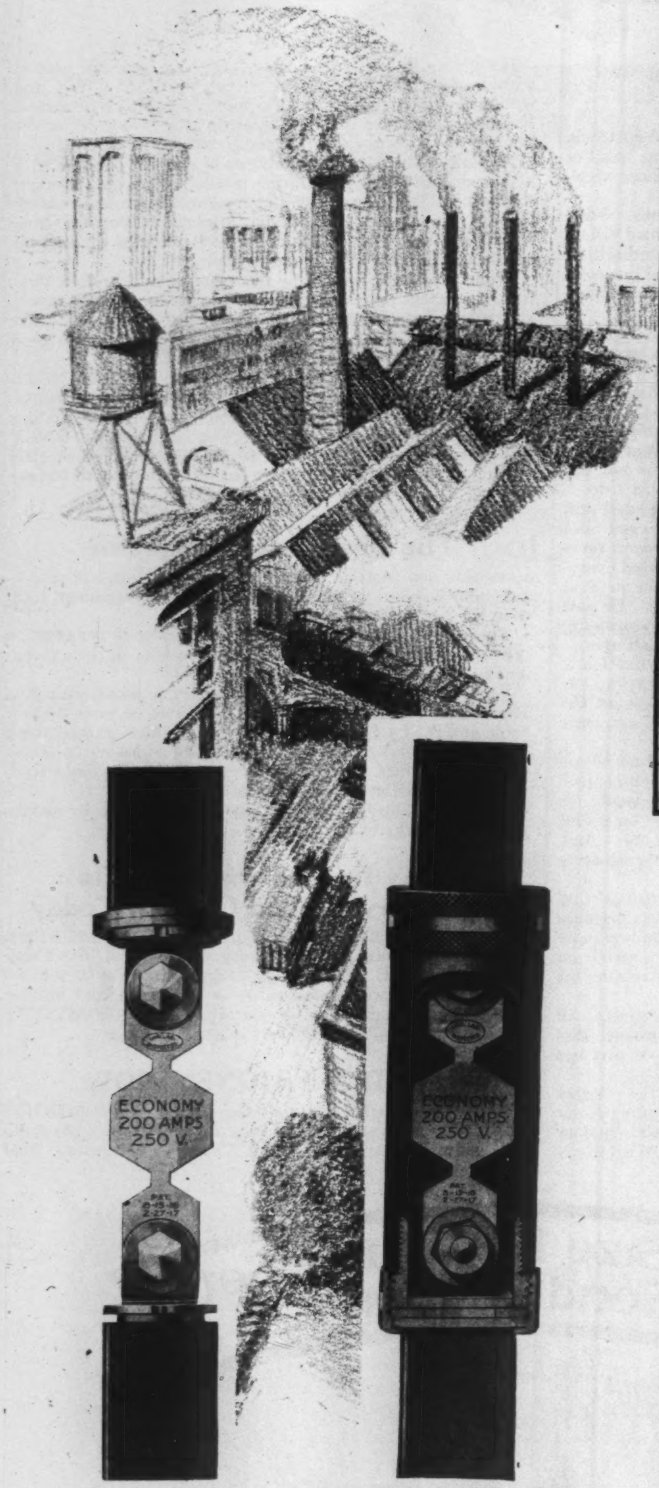

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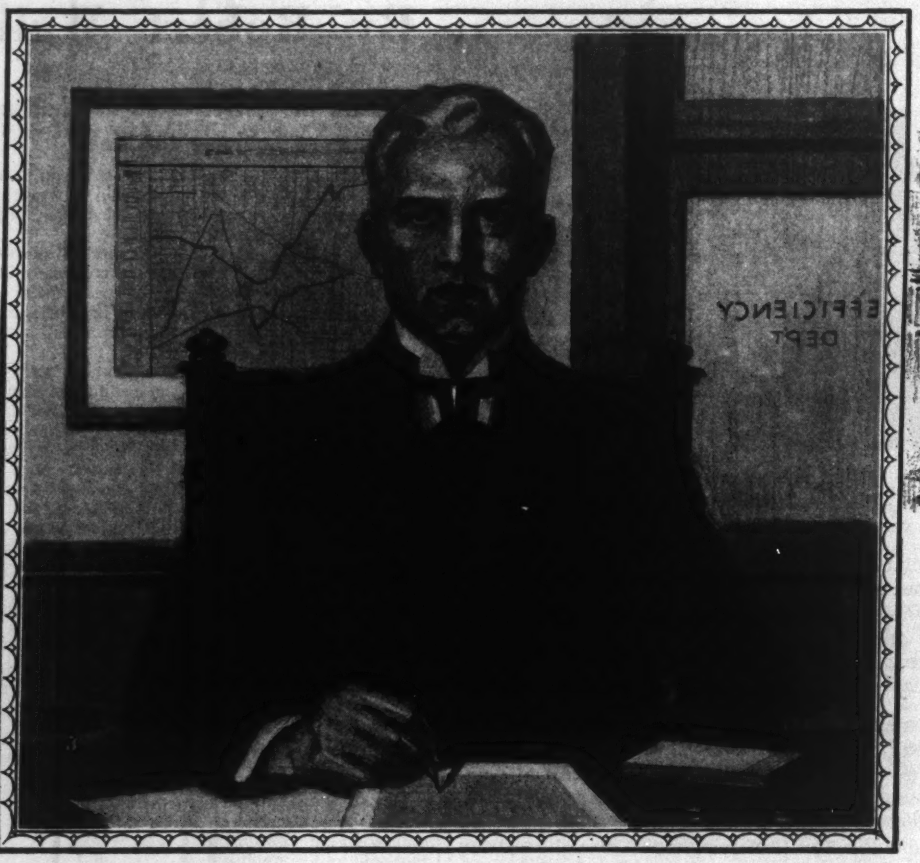

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Cloustons and Miss Minch and Jack Spooner — were so infernally quiet and sober about it, too. I caught Clouston giving his wife a half smile, as if to say, "What ho! This is something we never suspected."

"Well, go ahead with it," I said. "I want the gruesome details. When is this divorce coming off?"

"June," ouija wrote.

That meant less than a year. I saw Betty cast an awed glance at me.

"I don't believe it, Mort," she said. "I don't believe any of it. It's silly — the whole thing is. It's all nonsense — utterly! Please don't let's try it any more."

She pushed back her chair.

"There isn't anything occult about it!" she declared. "We do it ourselves. Pushing it with our fingers, but so gently we don't know it ——"

That did not make it any better for me. If she was sending her own messages through her finger-tips the fact remained that she had thought of divorce and of Joseph Mghkzt and of Jane Spargow and of June. And Mrs. Spargow was glaring. Betty had insulted her, of course, by saying it was all nonsense. It does not do to make light of a hostess's beliefs, even if they are beliefs in Crooked Horses and a ouija toy.

"Betty does not, I'm sure, mean that your revelations from Crooked Horse are nonsense," I said to Mrs. Spargow. I supposed Betty would say, "Of course I don't mean that," or some polite phrase of the sort, but, instead, she flared instantly and burst into tears.

"There!" she cried. "You see! You see, Mort. You're siding with her against me already! Oh, I'm so — so miserable!"

She threw her arms over her face and sobbed. I was ashamed and sorry. I put my hand on her, saying something comforting, as I thought, but she shook off the hand petulantly. Miss Minch and Mrs. Clouston, saying soothing phrases, got her into the hall and her wraps on, and said they quite understood but I had better take her home. They would apologize to Mrs. Spargow for me.

Betty kept away from me at first, crying softly. Then she giggled and I thought she was going to be hysterical, but she giggled again and wiped her eyes on her silly little handkerchief.

"I'm such a little fool," she said. "I don't know what you'll think of me, Mort."

"That's all right, Betty," I said.

"It's the atmosphere, when that Spargow woman gets so intense," she said, giggling again. "And she bleaches her mussy hair. The silly old thing!"

She had come close to me and was clinging to my arm, pressing it.

"You don't care for her, do you?" she said. "You don't believe in her silly ouija, do you?"

"Not a bit," I said, answering both her questions. I suppose we both should have been happy then, but I was not. "Joseph Mghkzt; what about Joseph Mghkzt?" my mind kept saying. And the divorce? And June?

Betty seemed to consider the whole affair a closed page. She entered the house humming some cheerful bit and I marveled again at woman who can burst into tears one moment and into song the next. Men are different. Men — this man, at least — meant to consult Arthur Apfelbaum and satisfy himself regarding the probable subconscious motivation of ——

"There!" said Betty. "I told Ludowika to snap on the light in the hall the moment it got dark. Really, Mort, she gets worse and worse."

She snapped on the light herself and went into the living-room and snapped on the lights there. Almost immediately Ludowika appeared in the doorway.

"Excoose, missus!" she said meekly. "Excoose! I forget!"

"All right, Ludowika," Betty said patiently.

"Missus," said Ludowika, hesitantly yet boldly withal, "Saturday I quit job."

"For glory's sake!" Betty exclaimed. "Is that sister of yours having another baby?"

'No, missus,'' said Ludowika, "dis time I get married."

"Married!" cried Betty. "You told me you would not be married until June."

Ludowika looked properly contrite.

"Excoose, missus," she pleaded meekly, "when I say choon I no mean Joseph Mghkzt get a divorce so quick. Please excoose!"

Betty gave one shriek of hilarious joy and Ludowika looked offended until I said:

"Go in peace, and marry, Ludowika, and I'll give you a twenty-dollar wedding present."

It was some minutes later, when we were cozily seated by the table at either side of the drop light, that Betty giggled. I knew what she was thinking of. I myself had been thinking of subconscious cerebration acting as motivation for ouija revelations.

"Betty," I said, "frankly, now, what is the deepest hidden longing nestling in the inmost recess of your heart? Of what do you dream in your most frequent dreams?"

"Oh, Mort!" she said, clasping her hands in her lap. "You ought to know that. If I could only find a Ludowika who could wait on the table as properly as this Ludowika and who would not go getting married all the time!"

What Is the Matter With the Churches?

[*Continued from page 22*]

Bible school at noon, and the community singing at four o'clock, and the forum for the discussion of national problems by national leaders on Sunday evenings. To-day literally hundreds of architects are working on plans for these "Liberty Halls." There are only a few great cities in the United States, but there are thousands of villages and towns, and everywhere the "Liberty Hall," built by all the community, a monument to the noble dead who died for the beloved society, is irresistibly drawing men's minds toward the Community Church. Multitudes of men in these towns do not realize how the sentiment of the community is being transformed. Incidentally, the "Liberty Hall" of to-day will be the home of the Union Community Church on the morrow, and there all the forces that make for morals will have their glowing and their glorious center.

It may be true that there are ten thousand men engaged in withdrawing from the ministry, but that number will soon become twenty thousand, not because they are losing their interest in Christianity, but because they are choosing other forms of service where they can be more useful! Ecclesiasticism is waning because the Christian religion is waxing.

Another reason why multitudes of ministers are leaving the church is that the success of the preaching of yesterday increases the difficulty of the task that belongs to to-day. Should the physicians succeed in conquering all the diseases, the doctors would starve to death. In the realm of medicine, not one person is ill in our generation, where two were sick a century ago. The minister, like the physician, the teacher and the lawyer, is engaged in making himself unnecessary. In his vision of the Golden Age, John saw no temple in the beautiful City of God. To that ideal world came all the music and the wisdom, all cool streams and fruitful trees, with all the sons of genius through art and learning, through service and martyrdom, and yet there was no temple there. The reason was very simple! Christianity has been successful and has become automatic in the thought and life. And to-day, the victories of the ministry and the churches have multiplied its difficulties; obedience has become automatic; men outside the churches obey the principles of right and wrong. Christianity has changed the world's atmosphere, and the fruits of righteousness unfold everywhere. When summer comes the flowers bloom out in the lane as well as in the walled garden. When the sun lifts up the tree and thickens the foliage, the rich boughs shade the ground, and keep the sun from shining. Thus, the greater the success of the church and minister the more difficult the task. President Hopkins once told the students of Williams College that "when a man ceases to bend his knees in prayer, he will soon cease to bend his mind in his heart." At the end of a long career, Robert Collier said that "those men who find their temple in the fields, and ask nature to be their priest, have ended by losing all sense of worship until they worship less truly than do the very beasts of the field."

The Difficulties of Preaching

ONE reason why young men choose other professions or business, passing by the

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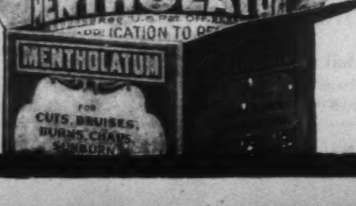


ministry, has to do with physical strain and the intellectual demands made upon a preacher. Robertson of Brighton, William Ellery Channing and Horace Bushnell were all men of genius, but the task of preparing and delivering two sermons on Sunday, threw them into a state of nervous collapse, and all gave up the pulpit, when the life course was only half run. To-day, highly educated men are in all the pews, and, therefore, the minister must study history, politics, the rise of free institutions, the history of art and philosophy. To keep up with his task, he must read many monthly reviews; and be informed upon finance, reform, labor, education, and all public events. In addition to all this, he must go through at least one hundred volumes once every year, simply to keep up with his own people. There are a thousand public duties and demands that must be considered. One morning brings a funeral in a poor man's house, with little children that must be looked after. The afternoon brings some youth, a stranger in the great city, who must have immediate help, and when the night falls there come the stress and strain of the lecture and the public address. The result is that only now and then is there a youth who has back of him generations of healthy fathers, who bequeathed nerves of steel and muscles of silk and iron, so that the man can drive his brain at high-pressure action, fifteen hours out of every twenty-four. Therefore, a young man in a theological seminary, who has not flawless health, enthusiasm for his fellows, a swift and hungry mind, should think twice before he enters the ministry, lest he find himself a nervous wreck at the very beginning of his career.

Inquiry of the young men who are entering our colleges as to the reasons why they have not entered the ministry develops the fact that they have been troubled by the small salary given for this mental equipment. At the close of his life, James Russell Lowell expressed regret that he had not been a preacher, and he gave as the reason that he had always believed that no man should enter the ministry unless he had his own private fortune. From one viewpoint Lowell was quite right. In the nature of the case, the minister, in lifting up the higher ideals, hurts men's feelings, wounds their hearts, as he reproves them, rebukes, corrects, oftentimes flogs and scourges, and at length transforms their lives and characters. No Herod ever loved a John the Baptist. No man who has robbed the widow and the orphan ever hired a pew and paid money to hear Jesus call him "a viper and a whited sepulchre." Many a preacher, in the autumn of 1914, lost a hundred pro-Germans as members or pewholders, and while they later, for financial reasons, climbed on a housetop and published their love for America, their greater love for Germany has permitted few of them to return to the church whose minister put their beloved Germany second, and the United States first. And this is an illustration of many events in the church, Any man who speaks soft words and tries to avoid hurting any one's feelings, and never lost a single German at the beginning of the War, and never alienates the greedy man, the selfish, the liar, the profligate, nor the hypocrite — any minister who dies good friends with everybody in this city, will find no welcome into heaven. In heaven, every one should be the minister's friend; in hell, everybody should be the minister's enemy, and in the average American town all good men should be with the minister, and all bad men should be against him. No minister can serve God and Mammon.

Pay of Ministers in the United States

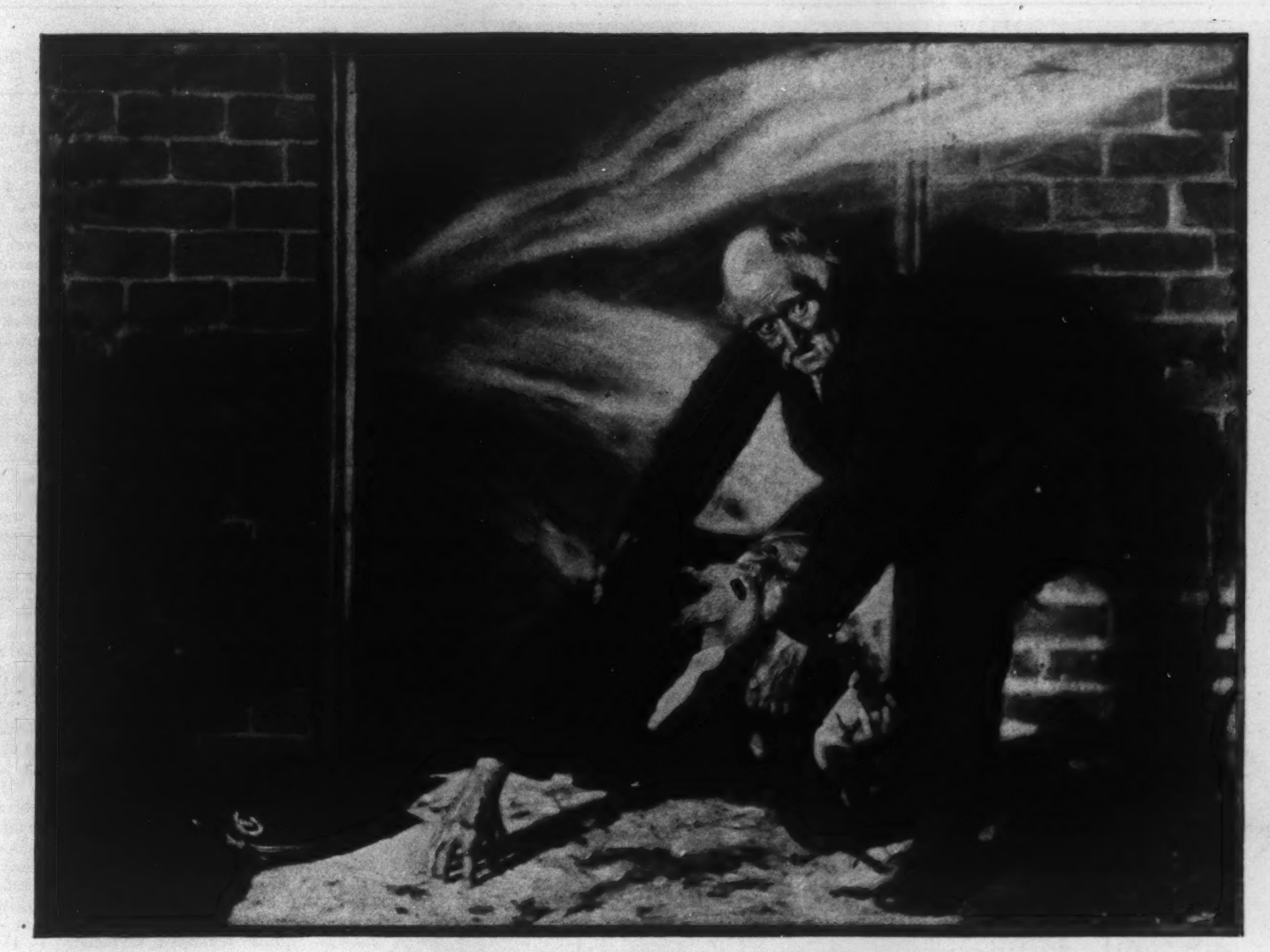
OF all the professions the ministry is the poorest paid. There are six hundred and eighty Congregational churches in the United States, and only two hundred and twenty pay three thousand dollars or more. In the State of New York there are three hundred and eight Congregational churches, and only seventeen pay three thousand dollars or more, and one hundred and eighty-four pay less than one thousand dollars. But the ministry is still the one highly educated profession, and it has become practically impossible for a man to secure admission to the ministry without bringing a diploma from his university. To keep up with his profession, a minister should have at least one thousand dollars a year for his magazines, his new books, his summer travel, as instruments for his work. When it is said that the average preacher receives only one thousand dollars a year, it must be remembered that this minister has to earn a second thousand by writing, lecturing, and other outside work, so that he contributes as much to the community as all the other families in his church-together. The simple fact is that three-fourths of the churches in the United States are paupers, living on the generosity of the minister who preaches in them. The average American church has to-day become a common parasite, living upon its pastor, for one half of its support. Some paupers are plebeian, living in poorhouses, — some rich men's sons are paupers patrician, living on the ancestral estate; but a church that pays its minister one half of his living expenses — say a thousand dollars a year — and expects this man to earn a second thousand and contribute it, in order to do his work for them, — that church is a pauper unworthy of classification with the ordinary plebeian paupers who live in poorhouses! And yet these ministers in the ordinary American village and town of one or two thousand people, are oftentimes the very heart of the intellectual, social and patriotic life of that town and county. It is the minister in the smaller community who receives the confidences of the poor boy, and helps him on his way to school and college. It is the minister who sends the youth to some friend in the great city. It is the country minister who raises money for the widow and the orphan, and many a pastor in a great city, rich in his friends, with an abundant salary, down in his heart cherishes such admiration and love that often he feels that he is not worthy to stoop down and unfasten the shoe latchets of these noble men, living in small towns, who are, in reality, the builders of the State.

The Education of Rulers

THIS withdrawal of thousands of men from the ministry is the more ominous for the people and institutions of the Republic because of the fact that ours is a government of law. In an autocracy, or a limited monarchy, it is comparatively easy to educate the rulers, but when there are one hundred million rulers, then the task of educating these rulers in morals is very difficult. Our fathers thought one golden day was sufficient for training against moral illiteracy, but now there are probably fifty millions of people in the United States who never cross the threshold of a church. The people in our great cities are money-mad, labor-worn, care-ridden, and stone-blind, both as to vice and virtue. A careless reading of the morning newspapers, with the three hundred strikes now in progress, the arrests of alien enemies, the indictment of public officials, the innumerable divorces, furnishes proof that our reputation as hoodlums, rioters, Bolsheviki, Sunday theatre-goers, and prize-fighters and lawbreakers, is at last a reputation that is fully established. "I find," said Oliver Wendell Holmes, "that there is in the garden of my soul a little plant named Reverence, whose flower must be watered at least once each week." Holmes believed, with Daniel Webster, that when the American Sunday, the American church and minister pass, that "the liberties of the Republic will not survive their passing a single century."

During a part of his life, Ruskin was in a state of warfare against some of the established institutions of society. But during his mature years Ruskin came to believe that the only hope of recovering England from her materialism, and ushering in a new school of poetry, painting and literature, was to quicken the spirtual life within, that there might be a more beautiful civilization without. He said that the most precious single day for a cultivated nation was that golden day named Sunday, the soul's library day, the soul's college day, the soul's gallery day, the soul's day for the imagination, as well as for hope and love.

And the world's greatest singers, — Dante and Milton, Shakespeare and Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning; its supreme statesmen, Cavour and Burke; Webster and Lincoln, its greatest patriots and heroes, have all believed that society would suffer an immeasurable loss with the decay of the pulpit and the decline of the church. For it is the church that has been a college for the ignorant, a hospital for hurt hearts, an armory from which men may receive weapons for their battles, the shadow of a great rock in life's weary land. And so long as human life is full of strife and conflict; so long as men are the children of misfortune, adversity and defeat; so long as troubles roll over the earth like sheeted storms; so long as dark minds need light and inspiration, and the pilgrim band, floundering through the wilderness, needs a leader, with a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night; just so long will the pulpit remain the guide, the hope, the friend and support of the American people.



If the old veteran had not saved this man, forgotten in the excitement of the fire, who would have done it! Yet thoughtless citizens still think all that is humanly possible is done to protect dependents in such homes.

Once a Hero –

ONE old Civil War veteran rescued a bedridden comrade while fire was sweeping through the upper floors of the big picturesque Soldiers' Home.

How the town praised him!

"It was what you might expect of the old boy," they said heartily to each other. "Once a hero, always a hero!"

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First Hate

—Continued from page 23

fishing was over on the Atlantic side, I took a run back to Vancouver and fished there for a bit. I went up the Campbell River and had some rattling sport. Then I grew tired of the rod and decided to go after wapiti for a change. I came back to Victoria and decided finally to go up the west coast of the Island. By luck I happened to pick up a good guide, and we started off together.

"Outfitting two days later at a small place the steamer stopped at, the guide said we needed another man to help, pack our kit over portages and so forth, but the only fellow available was a Siwash of whom he disapproved. He was lazy, a drunkard, a liar, and even worse. We preferred to go without the Siwash, and off we started.

"At first our luck was bad. Only after a fortnight's hunting, did I manage to get a decent head.

"We were then near the head waters of a little river that ran down into the Inlet; heavy rains had made the river rise; running down stream was a risky job, what with old log-jams shifting and new ones forming; and, after many narrow escapes, we upset one afternoon and had the misfortune to lose a lot of our kit, amongst it most of our cartridges. We could only muster a few between us. The guide had a dozen; I had two, just enough, we considered, to take us out all right. Still, it was an infernal nuisance. We camped at once to dry out our soaked things in front of a big fire. The guide suggested my filling in the time by taking a look at the next little valley, which ran parallel to ours. He had seen some good heads over there a few weeks ago. I started at once, taking my two cartridges with me.

"Signs of wapiti were plentiful, though I never came up with a single beast all the afternoon. Blacktail deer were everywhere, but the wapiti remained invisible. Providence, or whatever you like to call that fate which there is no escaping in our lives, made me save my two cartridges."

Ericssen stopped a minute then. It was not to light his pipe nor sip his whiskey. Nor was it because the remainder of his story failed in the recollection of any vivid detail.

"Tell us the lot," pleaded Lawson.

ERICSSEN looked up. His friend's remark had helped him to make up his mind.

"Right," he said. "I'll tell you everything. I'm not imaginative, as you know, and my amount of superstition, I should judge, is microscopic. But as I stood there, in that lonely valley, where only the noises of wind and water were audible, and no human being within reach, except my guide, some miles away, a curious feeling came over me that I find difficult to describe. I felt"— he made an effort to get the word out—"I felt creepy."

"You!" murmured Lawson with an incredulous smile. "You—creepy!"

"I felt creepy and afraid," continued the other with conviction. "I had the sensation of being seen by some one. It was so unlikely that any one was near me in that god-forsaken bit of wilderness, that I simply couldn't believe it at first. But the feeling persisted. I felt absolutely positive that somebody was not far away among the red maples, behind a boulder, across the little stream perhaps. It was not an animal. It was human. Also it was hostile. I was in danger.

"You may laugh, both of you, but I assure you the feeling was so positive that I crouched down instinctively to hide myself behind a rock. My first thought, that the guide had followed me, I at once discarded. It was not the guide. It was an enemy.

"No, no, I thought of no one in particular. No name, no face occurred to me. Merely that an enemy was on my trail, that he saw me and I did not see him, and that he was near enough to me to—well, to take instant action.

"Another curious detail I must also mention. About half an hour before, having given up all hope of seeing wapiti, I had decided to kill a blacktail deer for meat. A good shot offered itself, not thirty yards away. I aimed. But just as I was going to pull the trigger, a queer emotion touched me, and I lowered the rifle. It was exactly as though a voice said 'Don't!' I heard no voice, mind you; it was an emotion only, a feeling, a warning, if you like. I didn't fire, anyhow.

"But now, as I crouched behind that rock, I remembered this curious little incident, and was glad I had not used up my last two cartridges. More than that I cannot tell you. Things of that kind are new to me. They're difficult to explain. But they were *real*.

"I crouched there, wondering what on earth was happening to me, and feeling a bit of a fool, if you want to know, when, suddenly, over the top of the boulder, I saw something moving. It was a man's hat. I peered cautiously. Some sixty yards away the bushes parted and two men came out on to the river's bank. And I knew them both. One was the Siwash. The other was Hazel. Before I had time to think, I cocked my rifle."

"Hazel! Good Lord!" exclaimed the two listeners.

"For a moment I was too surprised to do anything but cock that rifle. I waited. For what puzzled me was that, after all, Hazel had *not* seen me. It was only the feeling of his beastly proximity that had made me feel I was seen and watched by him. There was something else, too, that made me pause before—er—doing anything. Two other things, in fact. One was that I was so intensely interested in watching the fellow's actions. Obviously, he had the same uneasy sensation that I had. His rifle, I saw, was cocked and ready; he kept looking behind him, peering this way and that, and sometimes addressing a remark to the Siwash at his side."

"And the other thing that stopped you?" urged Lawson, impatiently interrupting.

Ericssen turned with a look of grim humor on his face.

"Some confounded or perverted sense of chivalry in me, I suppose," he said, "that made it impossible to shoot him down in cold blood, or, rather, without letting him have a chance. For my blood was far from cold at that moment. Perhaps, too, I wanted the satisfaction of letting him know who fired the shot that was to end his vile existence."

He laughed again. "It was rat and ferret in the human kingdom," he went on, "but I wanted my rat to have a chance, I suppose. Anyhow, though I had perfect shot in front of me at easy distance, I did not fire. Instead I got up, holding my cocked rifle ready, finger on trigger, and came out of my hiding place. I called to him. 'Hazel, you beast! So there you are—at last!'

"He turned, but turned away from me, offering his horrid back. The direction of the voice he misjudged. He pointed downstream, and the Siwash turned to look. Neither of them had seen me yet. There was a big log-jam below them. The roar of the water in their ears concealed my footsteps. I was, perhaps, twenty paces from them when Hazel, with a jerk of his whole body, abruptly turned clean round and faced me.

"The amazement on his face changed instantly to hatred and resolve. He acted with incredible rapidity. I think the unexpected suddenness of his turn made me lose a precious second or two. Anyhow he was ahead of me. He flung his rifle to his shoulder. 'You devil!' I heard his voice. 'I've got you at last!' His rifle cracked. The hair stirred just above my ear.

"He had missed!

"Before he could draw back his bolt for another shot I had acted.

"'You're not fit to live!' I shouted, as my bullet crashed into his temples. I had the satisfaction, too, of knowing that he heard my words; I saw the swift expression of frustrated loathing in his eyes.

"He fell like an ox, his face splashing in the stream. . . . . I shoved the body out. I saw it sucked beneath the log-jam instantly. It disappeared. There could be no inquest on him, I reflected comfortably. Hazel was gone; gone from this earth, from my life, our mutual hatred over at last!"

The speaker paused a moment.

"Odd," he continued presently, "very odd indeed." He turned to the others. "I felt quite sorry for him suddenly. I suppose the philosophers are right when they gas about hate being very close to love . . . . "

His friends contributed no remark.

"Then I came away," he resumed shortly. "My wife—well, you know the rest, don't you? I told her the whole thing. She—she said nothing. But she married me, you see."

There was a moment's silence. Baynes was the first to break it.

"But—the Siwash?" he asked.

Lawson turned upon him with something of contemptuous impatience.

"He told you he had *two* cartridges. Didn't you hear him?"

Ericssen, smiling grimly, said nothing.

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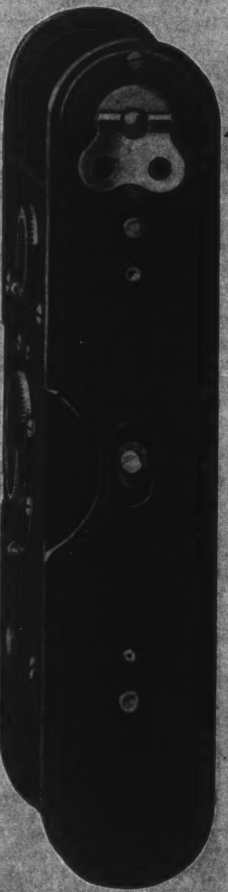

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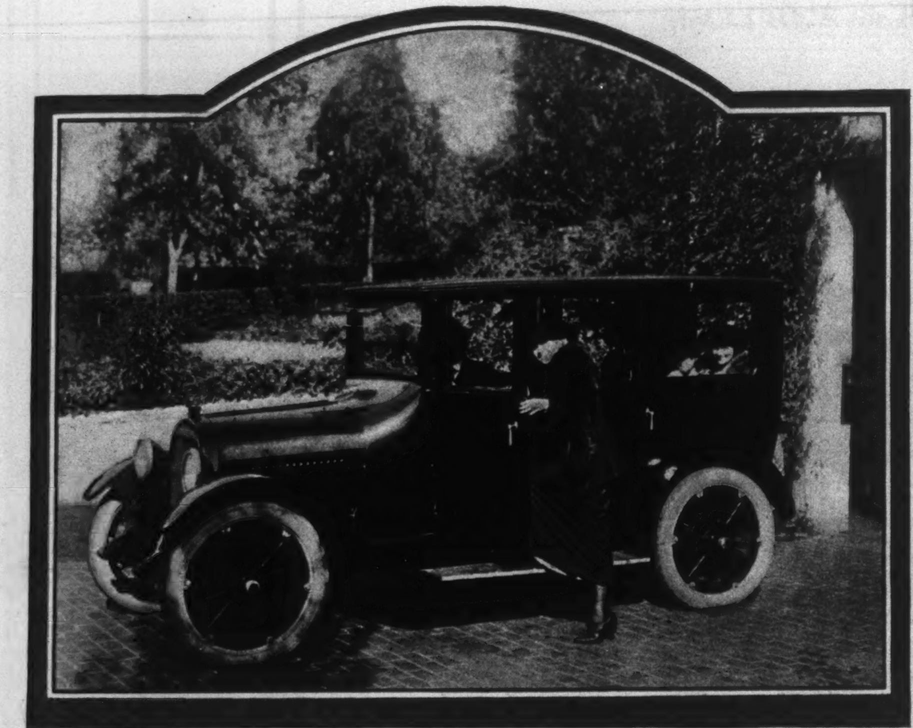

The Ready-to-Wear Car

by S Ward Seeley

Written especially for

McClure's Automobile Department

Edited by Waldemar Kaempffert

Editor of the Popular Science Monthly

THE specially-built custom automobile body in which a wealthy woman rides Fifth Avenue or Michigan Boulevard to-day is yours and mine to-morrow for a tenth of the price.

Do you doubt it? Think back ten years for a more startling contrast, to the days when for $3,000 one could buy a fairly good car with a body that seems to us now like a peculiar perversion of a horse-drawn carriage. At that time this same wealthy woman was riding in a little better car that cost $8,000 and aroused envy whenever the $3,000 car user saw it. He didn't realize that expensive experimentation was being done on it for his benefit and ours. To-day, both machines seem so far behind that just to show their pictures is to arouse a laugh. To-day, any one with $1,500 can have a better car, and a better-looking car, than our millionaires could have had then at any price.

All will say that the cause of the progress has been natural competition, but few realize that the medium of progress in automobile body building has been the custom job, the special body built for a single customer. This special body business as carried on in the great manufacturing cities of America and Europe has been the foundation from which have been evolved the various types of "stock" bodies that can be had in their perfection of to-day on a hundred different makes of automobiles.

In fact, in the first years of the automobile industry there was no such thing as a stock body, as it is now known. In 1900 and even in 1905 most of the automobile bodies came, not from the automobile factories, but from the carriage makers, many from the very same makers whose names are still famous among the rich. These bodies were the first that the automobile industry had, and it was from them that the growing automobile manufacturers took their models when they were able to install body departments within their own plants.

Of course, the problems were simple enough in the beginning; nearly everybody wanted an open car, a touring car, simply because most carriages were open. So one or two carriage seats on a frame were all that were thought necessary. Not much style was needed, very little was possible, and, to admit the truth that causes so many laughs in the pictures of fifteen years ago, no beauty was achieved. The car of those days was made in three bumps, one a plateau for the engine, the second a craggy mountain range that was the front seat, and the third a duplicate of the first but a little worse in riding experience, if anything.

Presently, doors came to connect the two mountain ranges, to raise the floor of the valley between, and finally, after a great struggle in 1911, the automobile makers and the body makers and the public finally admitted that the front seat was entitled to have doors, too. Then the sharp seat backs began to soften and to drop. Somebody of an artistic turn of mind stuck a band of white paint around a body whose "corporation" had offended his eye, and the straight-line idea of to-day was accepted as the ultimate working basis, expression of the motion of the car itself being achieved.

All this, it should be firmly remembered, went on first in the special shops, shops that had been making carriage bodies for several generations, shops where the senior workmen knew no mathematics nor engineering but instead selected their materials of wood and iron and leather and paint and varnish by instinct and experience. The automobile bodies of 1920 are made in factories that are run on a scientific basis, where detailed drawings and specifications make their tasks easy for the workmen, who can be trained quickly for their work, and who can produce individually many times what the old cut-and-try expert did.

This quantity production that has been such a marvelous feature of the automobile industry is so often commented upon purely from the mechanical side of so many chassis assembled in so many hours that it is frequently forgotten that the body is subject to the same process, and reaps the same benefits. At this very moment there are being produced in Detroit, in any automobile center, better bodies at a cost to the manufacturer of $300 each than could have been bought five years ago for $3,000. And more important to the automobile users of America, those bodies sold with the car, over the counter, so to speak, are as suitable to the average owner as any he could have built to his special order for $3,000 to-day.

No matter what type of car a buyer wants he can find it in a stock model turned out by several manufacturers. Only the person who wants the unusual, the tailor-made, who has particular ideas of his own as to what his car should be, cannot be satisfied quickly in an hour's tour of Automobile Row in his home town. These par-

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The development of this GMC model is a story of absorbing interest.

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So well did this truck perform that it attracted the attention of the United States Government.

When trouble broke out on the Mexican border it was put into strenuous ambulance service. When the United States joined the Allies in the World War the GMC ¾ Ton Model was put into active service both here and overseas with high credit.

When the War Department sought to classify the various motor trucks according to a fixed number of standard models this GMC ¾ ton truck was picked as it stood for class AA in place of a design developed by Government engineers.

Again the GMC ¾ Ton Model had measured up to the need—it had done more, for its great margin of safety justified Government engineers in adopting it for both the ¾ ton and 1 ton classification.

GMC Model 16 has speed and flexibility for the greatest range of action over roads of the most extreme character. It possessed the super-strength of chassis and developed motive power that enabled it to qualify in the one ton class.

The success of Model 16 is the outcome of very definite principles in Motor Truck engineering—the principle that a truck will yield in service only according to the quality in its construction.

But there is more than high quality of material in Model 16 GMC. There is plain horse sense in the general balance of units, to the end that the greatest range of usefulness may be covered by a single truck model.

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GMC Trucks are made by the General Motors Truck Company, the exclusive truck making unit of the General Motors Corporation. Behind GMC Trucks, then, is the backing of the strongest and most important organization in the automotive industry.

What the Government Did

Adopted GMC Model 16 just as it stood as the AA standard for all military purposes in both the ¾ ton and 1 ton classes. Its record can be told by any returned soldier.

What Big Business Is Doing

Selecting GMC Model 16 in larger and larger numbers for both ¾ ton and 1 ton requirements, in fleets and for single truck service.

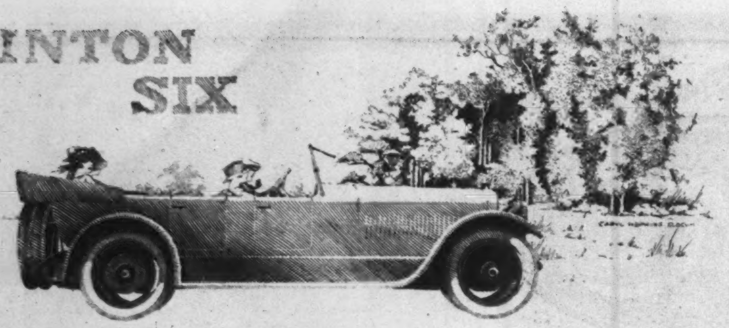
Proving by experience the correctness of the Government's judgment through the economy, durability, flexibility and wide range of performance of this—America's Standard All-Purpose Truck.

General Motors Trucks

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY
Pontiac, Michigan

(592)

WINTON
SIX



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ticular people are not numerous, but they are powerful. Some years ago one of them experimented with an electric lighting system on his car that used oil and acetylene. An agile manufacturer caught the idea, and to-day we all have electric-lighted cars. The electric starter went through the same process. When electric current became available for lighting, somebody had a little fixture designed to hold a small lamp in the inside of his limousine. It probably cost him $125 to have that done the way he wanted it. To-day thousands of such fixtures are turned out at $5 each and even less. You will find them in stock models, even in taxicabs. Quantity production of a good idea brought it within reach of all.

That is how the closed car has been able to swing so strongly to the front. It originated in the city, where society demanded it as the successor to the cab. It grew in size, in window space, it followed the various limousine-landaulet modifications, and before the industry really was aware it was being run all over the country. For at least three years there have been two kinds of touring in America — open car and closed car; open for summer and closed for winter. And the doctor runs out every day in the year, in every county in every state, in his two-passenger coupé, a style that some one in Paris adapted from a horse-drawn body, which some one in America copied, and which automobile makers soon put into quantity production for us all to buy and ride in.

It is the same body in lines and essential fittings that has been turned out at many times its cost, that is still being so made for individual buyers. The only things that the man with the large pocketbook can get in his special order automobile are the things that do not count to any one but him. If he wants the door and roof panels inlaid with rare exotic woods from the Orient, with mother of pearl, and with designs worked in gold, he can have it all for a price. If he wants the upholstery done in silk, woven with his monogram or crest, he can have it, he can have arm chairs of carved black walnut; he can have a Chinese rug on the floor. But the essentials that bear all these things are yours and mine for a fraction of the price and time and none of the trouble except that of writing a check.

Do you want a limousine? a sedan? a coupé? You can have one for $1,200; or for $3,000, which is a fair average price for a closed body; or you can pay any amount you wish; but after reaching a certain amount, perhaps all that you pay above it is for an imported name and the pleasure of having "something different." Yet this sometimes adds so much weight to the car that tires are worn out quickly and the gasoline bill grows beyond all reason. And, too, after a customer has purchased a special body or car, he is often much dissatisfied with it, for it may not be exactly what he has wanted or expected.

Before production is started even on a model that seems to have proved itself, most automobile factories and those body factories that produce in quantity construct full size models of wax placed over a foundation of timbers. The designer then models the wax to get exactly the right outlines, a replica of the exterior is made by hand in metal sheets that are fastened over the timbers after the wax is removed, and the body is then ready for the development of its interior. Then it undergoes long testing in actual use before it is finally adopted and made in quantity for users everywhere.

The Maternal Feminine

[*Continued from page 20*]

rather foreign looking.

The boy, Eugene, had the beauty which should have been the girl's. Very tall, very blond, with the straight nose and wistful eyes of the Flora of twenty years ago. "If only Adele could have had his looks," his mother used to say. "They're wasted on a man. He doesn't need them but a girl does. Adele will have to be well-dressed and interesting. And that's such hard work."

Flora said she worshiped her children. And she actually sometimes still coquetted heavily with her husband. At twenty she had been addicted to baby talk when endeavoring to coax something out of some one. Her admirers had found it irresistible. At forty it was awful. Her selfishness was colossal. She affected a semi-invalidism and for fifteen years had spent one day a week in bed. She took no exercise and a great deal of baking soda and tried to fight her fat with baths. Fifteen or twenty years had worked a startling change in the two sisters, Flora the beautiful, and Sophy the plain. It was more than a mere physical change. It was a spiritual thing, though neither knew or marked it. Each had taken on weight, the one solidly, comfortably; the other flabbily, unhealthily. With the encroaching fat Flora's small, delicate features seemed, somehow, to disappear in her face, so that you saw it as a large white surface bearing indentations, ridges and hollows like one of those enlarged photographs of the moon's surface as seen through a telescope. A self-centered face, and misleadingly placid. Aunt Sophy's large plain features, plumply padded now, impressed you as indicating strength, courage and a great human understanding.

From her husband and her children Flora exacted service that would have chafed a galley slave to rebellion. She loved to lie in bed, in a lavender bed-jacket with ribbons, and be read to by Adele or Eugene, or her husband. They all hated it.

"She just wants to be waited on, and petted, and admired," Adele had stormed one day, in open rebellion, to her Aunt Sophy. "She uses it as an excuse for everything and has, ever since 'Gene and I were children. She's as strong as an ox." Not a very lady-like or daughterly speech, but shockingly true.

Years before, a generous but misguided woman friend, coming in to call, had been ushered in to where Mrs. Baldwin lay propped up in a nest of pillows.

"Well, I don't blame you," the caller had gushed. "If I looked the way you do in bed I'd stay there forever. Don't tell me you're sick, with all that lovely color!"

Flora Baldwin had rolled her eyes ceilingward. "Nobody ever gives me credit for all my suffering and ill-health. And just because all my blood is in my cheeks."

Flora was ambitious, socially, but too lazy to make the effort necessary for success in that direction.

"I love my family," she would say. "They fill my life. After all, that's a profession in itself — being a wife and mother."

She showed her devotion by taking no interest whatever in her husband's land schemes; by forbidding Eugene to play football at school for fear he might be injured; by impressing Adele with the necessity for vivacity and modishness because of what she called her unfortunate lack of beauty.

"I don't understand it," she used to say in the child's very presence. "Her father's handsome enough, goodness knows; and I wasn't such a fright when I was a girl. And look at her. Little dark skinny thing."

The boy, Eugene grew up a very silent, handsome, rather shy young fellow. The girl dark, voluble, and rather interesting. The husband was more and more immersed in his business; absent from home for long periods. Irritable after some of these home-comings; boisterously high-spirited following other trips. Now growling about household expenses and unpaid bills; now urging the purchase of some almost prohibitive luxury. Any one but a nagging, self-absorbed and vain woman such as Flora would have marked these unmistakable signs. But Flora was a taker, not a giver. She thought herself affectionate because she craved affection unduly. She thought herself a fond mother because she insisted on having her children with her, under her thumb, marking their devotion as a prisoner marks time with his feet, stupidly, shufflingly, advancing not a step.

Sometimes Sophy, the clear-eyed and level-headed, seeing this state of affairs, tried to stop it.

"You expect too much of your husband and children," she said one day, bluntly, to her sister.

"I!" Flora's dimpled hands had flown to her breast like a wounded thing. "I! You're

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crazy! There isn't a more devoted wife and mother in the world. That's the trouble. I love them too much."

"Well, then," grimly, "stop it for a change. That's half Eugene's nervousness — your fussing over him. He's eighteen. Give him a chance. You're weakening him. And stop dinning that society stuff into Adele's ears. She's got brains, that child. Why, just yesterday, in the workroom, she got hold of some satin and a shape and turned out a little turban that Angie Hatton —"

"Do you mean to tell me that Angie Hatton saw my Adele working in your shop! Now, look here, Sophy. You're earning your living, and it's to your credit. You're my sister. But I won't have Adele associated in the minds of my friends with your hat store, understand. I won't have it. That isn't what I sent her away to an expensive school for. To have her come back and sit around a millinery workshop with a lot of little cheap shoddy sewing girls. Now understand, I won't have it! You don't know what it is to be a mother. You don't know what it is to have suffered. If you had brought two children into the world —"

So then, it had come about, during the years between their childhood and their youth, that Aunt Sophy received the burden of their confidences, their griefs, their perplexities. She seemed, somehow, to understand in some miraculous way, and to make the burden a welcome one.

"Well, now, you tell Aunt Sophy all about it. Stop crying, Della. How can Aunt Sophy hear when you're crying! That's my baby. Now, then."

This when they were children. But with the years the habit clung and became fixed. There was something about Aunt Sophy's house — the old frame house with the warty stucco porch. For that matter, there was something about the very shop downtown, with its workroom in the rear, that had a cosy, homelike quality never possessed by the big Baldwin house. H. Charnsworth Baldwin had built a large brick mansion, in the Tudor style, on a bluff overlooking the Fox River, in the best residence section of Chippewa. It was expensively and correctly furnished. The hall console alone was enough to strike a preliminary chill to your heart.

The millinery workroom, winter days, was always bright and warm and snug. The air was a little close, perhaps, and stuffy, but with a not unpleasant smell of dyes, and stuffs, and velvet, and glue, and steam, and flatiron, and a certain heady scent that Julia Gold, the head trimmer, always used. There was a sociable cat, white, with a dark gray patch on his throat and a swipe of it across one flank that spoiled him for style and beauty but made him a comfortable looking cat to have around. Sometimes, on very cold days, or in the rush season, the girls would not go home to dinner or supper, but would bring their lunches and cook coffee over a little gas heater in the corner. Julia Gold, especially, drank quantities of coffee. Aunt Sophy had hired her from Chicago. She had been with her for five years. She said Julia was the best trimmer she had ever had. Aunt Sophy often took her to New York or Chicago on her buying trips. Julia had not much genius for original design, or she would never have been content to be head milliner in a small town shop. But she could copy a fifty-dollar model from memory, down to the last detail of crown and brim. It was a gift that made her invaluable.

The boy, Eugene, used to like to look at Julia Gold. Her hair was very black and her face was very white, and her eyebrows met in a thick dark line. Her face, as she bent over her work, was sullen and brooding, but when she lifted her head suddenly, in conversation, you were startled by a vivid flash of teeth, and eyes and smile. Her voice was deep and low. She made you a little uncomfortable. Her eyes seemed always to be asking something. Around the work-table, mornings, she used to relate the dream she had had the night before. In these dreams she was always being pursued by a lover. "And then I woke up, screaming." Neither she nor the sewing girls knew what she was revealing in these confidences of hers. But Aunt Sophy, the shrewd, somehow sensed it.

"You're alone too much, evenings. That's what comes of living in a boarding-house. You come over to me for a week. The change will do you good, and it'll be nice for me, too, having somebody to keep me company."

Julia often came for a week or ten days at a time. Julia, about the house after supper, was given to those vivid splashy kimonos with big flowers embroidered on them. They made her hair look blacker and her skin whiter, by contrast. Sometimes Eugene or Adele or both would drop in and the four would play bridge. Aunt Sophy played a shrewd and canny game, Adele a rather brilliant one, Julia a wild and disastrous hand, always, and Eugene so badly that only Julia would take him on as a partner. Mrs. Baldwin never knew about these evenings.

It was on one of these occasions that Aunt Sophy, coming unexpectedly into the living-room from the kitchen where she and Adele were foraging for refreshments after the game, beheld Julia Gold and Eugene, arms clasped about each other, cheek to cheek. They started up as she came in and faced her, the woman defiantly, the boy bravely. Julia Gold was thirty (with reservations) at that time, and the boy not quite twenty-one.

"How long?" said Aunt Sophy, quietly. She had a mayonnaise spoon and a leaf of lettuce in her hand at the time, and still she did not look comic.

"I'm crazy about her," said Eugene. "We're crazy about each other. We're going to be married."

Aunt Sophy listened for the reassuring sound of Adele's spoons and plates in the kitchen. She came forward. "Now listen — " she began.

"I love him," said Julia Gold, dramatically. "I love him!"

Except that it was very white and, somehow, old looking, Aunt Sophy's face was as benign as always. "Now look here, Julia my girl. That isn't love and you know it. I'm an old maid but I know what love is when I see it. I'm ashamed of you, Julia. Sensible woman like you. Hugging and kissing a boy like that, and old enough to be his mother, pretty near."

"Now look here, Aunt Soph! I'm fond of you but if you're going to talk that way— Why, she's wonderful. She's taught me what it means to really —"

"Oh, my land!" Aunt Soph sat down, looking, suddenly, very sick and old.

And then, from the kitchen, Adele's clear young voice. "Heh! What's the idea! I'm not going to do all the work. Where's everybody?"

Aunt Soph started up again. She came up to them and put a hand — a capable, firm, steadying hand on the arm of each. The woman drew back but the boy did not.

"Will you promise me not to do anything for a week? Just a week! Will you promise me? Will you?"

"Are you going to tell father?"

"Not for a week if you'll promise not to see each other in that week. No, I don't want to send you away, Julia. I don't want to — You're not a bad girl. It's just —. He's never had — at home they never gave him a chance. Just a week, Julia. Just a week, Eugene. We can talk things over then."

Adele's footsteps coming from the kitchen.

"Quick!"

"I promise," said Eugene.

Julia said nothing.

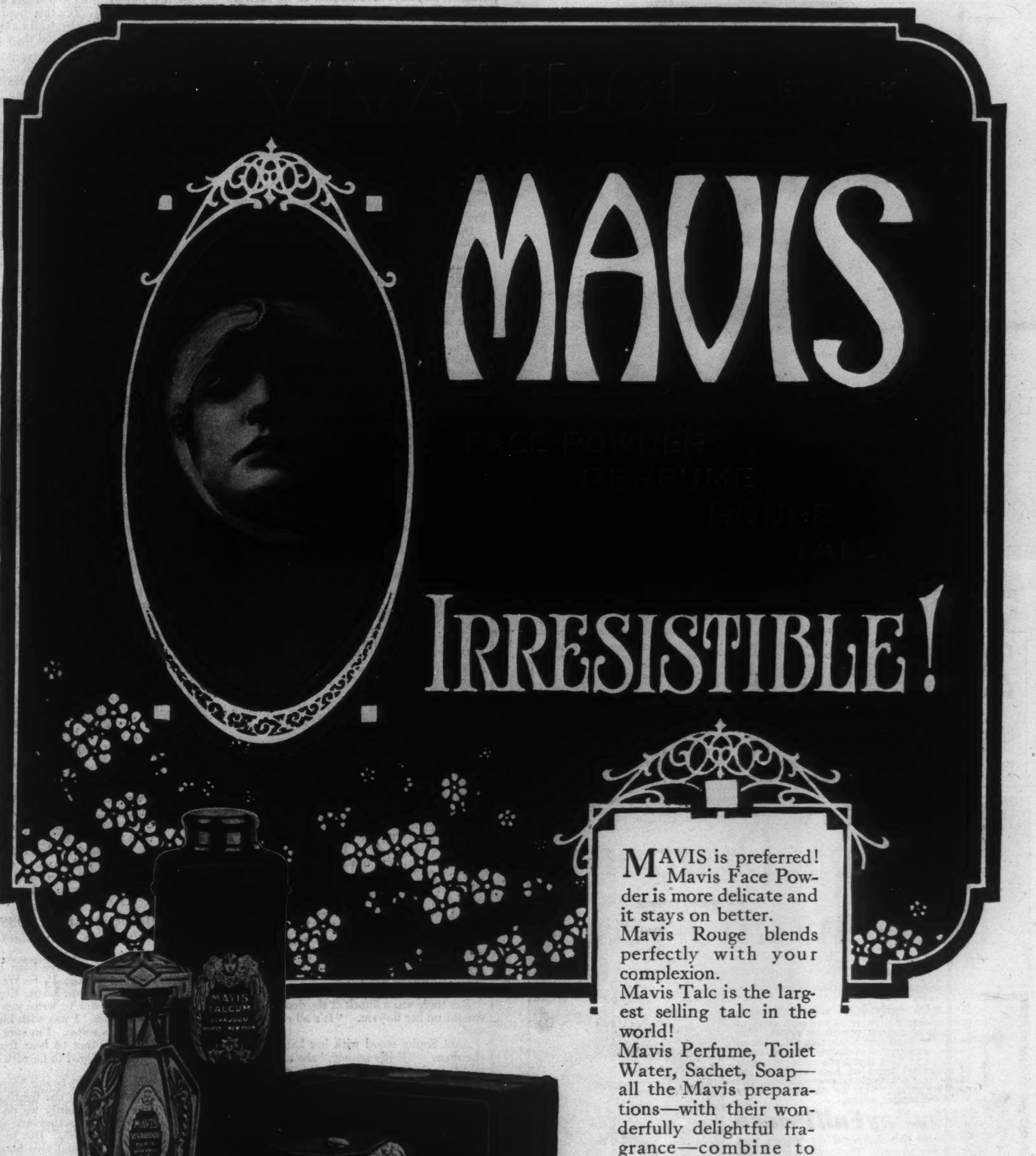
"Well, really," said Adele, from the doorway, "you're a nervy lot, sitting around while I slave in the kitchen. 'Gene, see if you can open the olives with this fool can-opener. I tried."

There is no knowing what she expected to do in that week, Aunt Sophy; what miracle she meant to perform. She had no plan in her mind. Just hope. She looked strangely shrunken and old, suddenly. But when, three days later, the news came that America was to go into the War she knew that her prayers were answered.

Flora was beside herself. "Eugene won't have to go. He isn't quite twenty-one, thank God! And by the time he is it will be over. Surely." She was almost hysterical.

Eugene was in the room. Aunt Sophy looked at him and he looked at Sophy. In her eyes was a question. In his was the answer. They said nothing. The next day Eugene enlisted. In three days he was gone. Flora took to her bed. Next day Adele, a faint unwonted color marking her cheeks, walked into her mother's bedroom and stood at the side of the recumbent figure. Her father, his hands clasped behind him, was pacing up and down, now and then kicking a cushion that had fallen to the floor. He was chewing a dead cigar, one side of his face twisted curiously over the cylinder in his mouth so that he had a sinister and crafty look.

"Charnsworth, won't you please stop ramping up and down like that! My nerves are killing me. I can't help it if the War has done something or other to your business. I'm sure no wife could have been more economical than I have. Nothing matters but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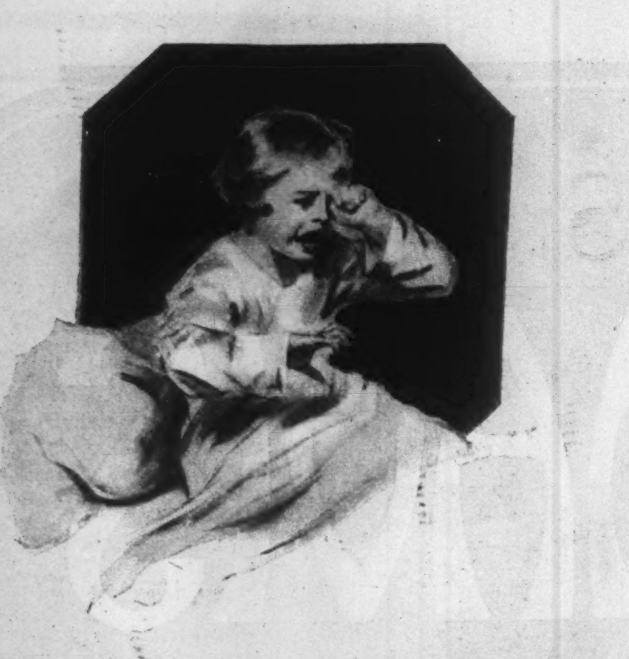

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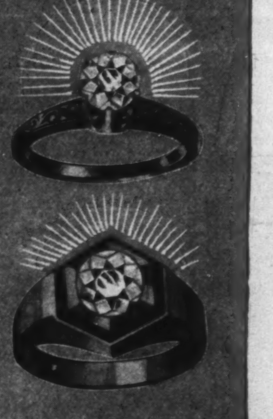

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Eugene, anyway. How could he do such a thing! I've given my whole life to my children ——"

H. Charnsworth kicked the cushion again so that it struck the wall at the opposite side of the room. Flora drew her breath in between her teeth as though a knife had entered her heart.

Adele still stood at the side of the bed, looking at her mother. Her hands were clasped behind her, too. In that moment, as she stood there, she resembled her mother and her father so startlingly and simultaneously that the two, had they been less absorbed in their own affairs, must have marked it.

The girl's head came up, stiffly. "Listen. I'm going to marry Daniel Oakley."

Daniel Oakley was fifty, and a friend of her father's. For years he had been coming to the house and for years she had ridiculed him. She and Eugene had called him Sturdy Oak because he was always talking about his strength and endurance; his walks, his golf, his rugged health; pounding his chest meanwhile and planting his feet far apart. He and Baldwin had had business relations as well as friendly ones.

At this announcement Flora screamed and sat up in bed. H. Charnsworth stopped short in his pacing and regarded his daughter with a queer look; a concentrated look, as though what she had said had set in motion a whole maze of mental machinery, within his brain.

"When did he ask you?"

"He's asked me a dozen times. But it's different now. All the men will be going to war. There won't be any left. Look at England and France. I'm not going to be left." She turned squarely toward her father, her young face set and hard. "You know what I mean. You know what I mean."

Flora, sitting up in bed, was sobbing. "I think you might have told your mother, Adele. What are children coming to! You stand there and say, 'I'm going to marry Daniel Oakley.' Oh, I *am* so faint . . . all of a sudden . . . get the spirits of ammonia . . ."

Adele turned and walked out of the room. She was married six weeks later. They had a regular pre-war wedding — veil, flowers, dinner and all. Aunt Sophy arranged the folds of her gown, and draped her veil. The girl stood looking at herself in the mirror, a curious half-smile twisting her lips. She seemed slighter and darker than ever.

"In all this white, and my veil, I look just like a fly in a quart of milk," she said, with a laugh. Then, suddenly, she turned to her aunt who stood behind her and clung to her, holding her tight, tight. "I can't!" she gasped. "I can't! I can't!"

Aunt Sophy held her off and looked at her, her eyes searching the girl.

"What do you mean, Della? Are you just nervous or do you mean you don't want to marry him? Do you mean that? Then what are you marrying for? Tell me! Tell your Aunt Sophy."

But Adele was straightening herself and pulling out the crushed folds of her veil. "To pay the mortgage on the old homestead, of course. Just like the girl in the play." She laughed a little. But Aunt Sophy did not laugh.

"Now look here, Della. If you're —"

But there was a knock at the door. Adele caught up her flowers. "It's all right," she said.

Aunt Sophy stood with her back against the door. "If it's money," she said. "It is! It is, isn't it? Listen. I've got money saved. It was for you children. I've always been afraid. I knew he was sailing pretty close, with his speculations and all, since the War. He can have it all. It isn't too late yet, Adele! Della, my baby."

"Don't, Aunt Sophy. It wouldn't be enough, anyway. Daniel has been wonderful, really. Don't look like that. I'd have hated being poor, anyway. Never could have got used to it. It is ridiculous though, isn't it? Like one of those melodramas, or a cheap movie. I don't mind. I'm lucky, really, when you come to think of it. A plain little black thing like me."

"But your mother —"

"Mother doesn't know a thing."

Flora wept mistily all through the ceremony, but Adele was composed enough for two.

When, scarcely a month later, Baldwin came to Sophy Decker, his face drawn and queer, Sophy knew.

"How much?" she said.

"Thirty thousand will cover it. If you've got more than that —"

"I thought Oakley — Adele said —"

"He did, but he won't any more, and this thing's got to be met. It's this damned war that's done it. I'd have been all right. People got scared. They wanted their money. They wanted it in cash."

"Speculating with it, were you?"

"Oh, well, a woman doesn't understand these business deals."

"No, naturally," said Aunt Sophy, "a butterfly like me."

"Sophy, for God's sake don't joke now. I tell you this will cover it, and everything will be all right. If I had anybody else to come to for the money I wouldn't ask you. But you'll get it back. You know that."

Aunt Sophy got up, heavily, and went over to her desk. "It was for the children, anyway. They won't need it now."

He looked up at last. Something in her voice. "Who won't? Why won't they?"

"I don't know what made me say that. I had a dream."

"Eugene?"

"Yes."

"Oh, well, we're all nervous. Flora has dreams every night and presentiments every fifteen minutes. Now look here, Sophy. About this money. You'll never know how grateful I am. Flora doesn't understand these things but I can talk to you. It's like this —"

"I might as well be honest about it," Sophy interrupted. "I'm doing it, not for you, but for Flora, and Della — and Eugene. Flora has lived such a sheltered life, I sometimes wonder if she ever really knew any of you — her husband or her children. I sometimes have the feeling that Della and Eugene are my children — were my children."

When he came home that night Baldwin told his wife that old Soph was getting queer. "She talks about the children being hers," he said.

"Oh, well, she's awfully fond of them," Flora explained. "And she's lived her little narrow life, with nothing to bother her but her hats and her house. She doesn't know what it means to suffer as a mother suffers — poor Sophy."

"Um," Baldwin grunted.

When the official notification of Eugene's death came from the War Department Aunt Sophy was so calm that it might have appeared that Flora had been right. She took to her bed now in earnest, did Flora, and they thought that her grief would end in madness. Sophy neglected everything to give comfort to the stricken two.

"How can you sit there like that!" Flora would rail. "How can you sit there like that! Even if you weren't his mother surely you must feel something."

"It's the way he died that comforts me," said Aunt Sophy.

"What difference does that make! What difference does that make!"

This is the letter that made a difference to Aunt Sophy. You will have to read it to understand, though you are likely to skip letters on the printed page. You must not skip this.

AMERICAN RED CROSS
(*Croix-Rouge Americaine*)

"MY DEAR MRS. BALDWIN:

I am sure you must have been officially notified, by now, by the U. S. War Dept. of the death of your son Lieut. Eugene H. Baldwin. But I want to write you what I can of his last hours. I was with him much of that time as his nurse. I'm sure it must mean much to a mother to hear from a woman who was privileged to be with her boy at the last.

Your son was brought to our hospital one night badly gassed from the fighting in the Argonne Forest. Ordinarily we do not receive gassed patients, as they are sent to a special hospital near here. But two nights ago the Germans wrecked this hospital, so many gassed patients have come to us.

Your son was put in the officers' ward where the doctors who examined him told me there was absolutely no hope for him, as he had inhaled the gas so much that it was only a matter of a few hours. I could scarcely believe that a man so big and strong as he was could not pull through.

The first bad attack he had, losing his breath and nearly choking, rather frightened him, although the doctor and I were both with him. He held my hand tightly in his, begging me not to leave him, and repeating, over and over, that it was good to have a woman near. He was propped high in bed and put his head on my shoulder while I fanned him until he breathed more easily. I stayed with him all that night, though I was not on duty. You see, his eyes also were badly burned. But before he died he was able to see very well. I stayed with him every minute of that night and have never seen a finer character than he showed during all that dreadful fight for life. He had several bad sinking attacks that night and came through each one simply because of his great will power and fighting spirit. After each attack he would grip my hand and say, "Well, we made it that time, didn't we, nurse? And if you'll only stay with me we'll win this fight." At intervals during the night I gave him sips of black coffee which was all he could swallow. Each time I gave it to him he would ask me if I had had some. That was only one instance of his thoughtfulness even in his suffering. Toward morning he asked me if he was going to die. I could not tell him the truth. He needed all his strength. I told him he had one chance in a thousand. He seemed to become very strong then, and sitting bolt upright in bed and shaking his fist he said, "Then by the Lord I'll fight for it!" We kept him alive for three days, and actually thought we had won when on the third day . . . .

But even in your sorrow you must be very proud to have been the mother of such a son. . . .

I am a Wisconsin girl — Madison. When this is over and I come home, will you let me see you so that I may tell you more than I can possibly write?

MARIAN KING."

It was in March, six months later, that Marian King came. They had hoped for it, but never expected it. And she came. Four people were waiting in the living-room of the big Baldwin house overlooking the river. Flora and her husband, Adele and Aunt Sophy. They sat, waiting. Now and then Adele would rise, nervously, and go to the window that faced the street. Flora was weeping with audible sniffs. Baldwin sat in his chair frowning a little, a dead cigar in one corner of his mouth. Only Aunt Sophy sat quietly, waiting.

There was little conversation. None in the last five minutes. Flora broke the silence, dabbing at her face with her handkerchief as she spoke.

"SOPHY, how can you sit there like that? Not that I don't envy you. I do. I remember I used to feel sorry for you. I used to say, 'Poor Sophy.' But you unmarried ones are the happiest, after all. It's the married woman who drinks the cup to the last bitter drop. There you sit, Sophy, fifty years old, and life hasn't even touched you. You don't know how cruel life is."

Suddenly, "There!" said Adele. The other three in the room stood up and faced the door. The sound of a motor stopping outside. Daniel Oakley's hearty voice. "Well, it only took us five minutes from the station. Pretty good!"

Footsteps down the hall. Marian King stood in the doorway. They faced her, the four — Baldwin and Adele and Flora and Sophy. Marian King stood a moment, uncertainly, her eyes upon them. She looked at the two older women with swift, appraising glance. Then she came into the room quickly and put her two hands on Aunt Sophy's shoulders and looked into her eyes straight and sure.

"You must be a very proud woman," she said. "You ought to be a very proud woman!"

More Epic Talks with T. R.

[*Continued from page 30*]

them as brainless butterfly creatures with never a thought of anything but cocktails, cabarets and dress, who are 'dooming the race' — that's one of their favorite declarations — I'm tempted to take him by the scruff of the neck and drop him in some first-class hospital. He'll leave with his soul cleaner and in better working order than when he entered, that is if he has a soul bigger than a mustard seed, and the girls won't be damaged any by his cluttering up the place for a few days.

"You did not go to church to-day? I thought not. Well, there's your sermon — I'm in a sermonizing mood to-day, so you see I am getting better. Seriously, though, it does one good to get down to brass tacks once in a while, and if any one ever asks you what I think of the nursing profession, you just tell them I said — no, they're not angels, they are too practical for that, but — trumps every one of them."

The respect the Colonel had for the nurses in Roosevelt Hospital was reciprocated. In his stays there on more than one occasion something as close to a row as one would expect in such a place developed over the question as to who should serve him. All agreed he was a model patient and good in obeying orders, except that he had all of a strong man's opposition to being "waited on." In his sickest hours he always insisted on trying to help himself.

One member of the hospital staff had rather an original way of explaining the Colonel's agility in obeying "orders."

"The folks here do not give him orders," said this surgeon. "They think they do. He's just come in, captivated everybody in the place and comes pretty near to running things. It's what I suspect he does everywhere. Personally I'll be glad when he gets out. Why? Because the nurses and some of the fool doctors in here can then think of something beside Roosevelt."

The Vice in Advice

[*Continued from page 34*]

a certain amount of self-esteem, must be pleased with himself, must persuade himself that in him there is much wisdom and ability.

It is a sort of soothing syrup to remorse, an anesthetic for the agony of mind that comes from the realization of stark worthlessness. If you admitted to yourself that you were actually good for nothing at home, at the club or in your office, you would find the first convenient bridge over the first deep water and take the farewell leap. Human nature is made of exactly that sort of stuff.

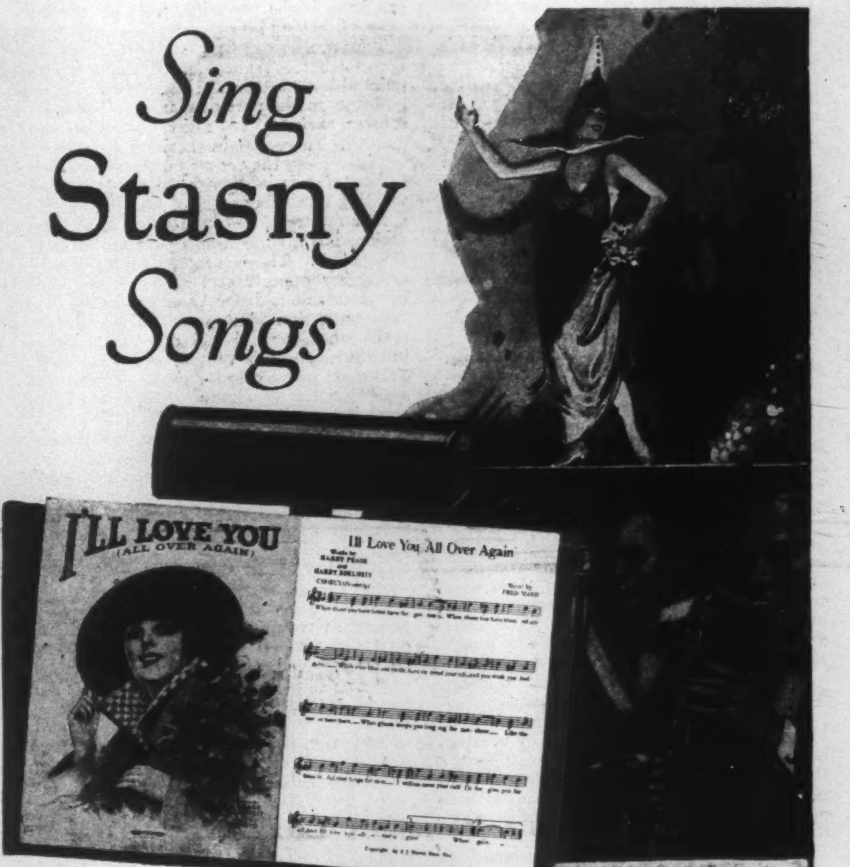
And what is the magic anodyne? What enables the failure, or the mediocre, or the disappointed, to ignore his shortcomings? The thing that turns the trick is the thought: "Well, I may not amount to anything as a clerk, but I can tell Kid Gleason he will have to cover this season if he wants to cop the American League pennant again!" — or, "I never had a chance to make good as a salesman, but I can drop Mayor Jones a note this evening explaining how he can give this town the best street-cleaning system in the world!"

All this is a variant of failure's constant cry, "If I had only had a chance —" or "Anybody could do what Smith has done — with Smith's advantages!"

Good advice! — another name for self-deception. Good advice! — not a million miles removed from the paranoiac's delusions of grandeur.

If the mediocrity would devote to his own job the energy he uses up telling successful men how to improve on their successes, the almshouse populations would take a tremendous drop. Incidentally, a lot of those who are headed straight for bankruptcy would transform themselves into useful citizens. Self-advice is a bigger money-maker than "good advice."

So much for the givers of advice: they camouflage their own mistakes by assuming a profound knowledge of another fellow's job — or they are the "Me, too" men who hunt for popularity by agreeing that everybody else is always doing the most effective thing. In either case, the motive back of their speech is selfishness; and selfishness is not exactly notorious for serving others!



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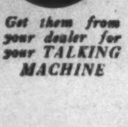

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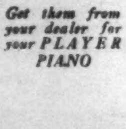

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Sweetheart Land
Words by CHAS TOBIAS HARRY TOBIAS
Music by PERCY MOORE
CHORUS

Some people like the West and others the East—EVERYBODY likes "Sweetheart Land." It's the universal country that we *all* hope to visit—the new Stasny Song Hit that everyone wants to sing.

Only You
ONLY YOU
A. H. EASTMAN
FRED HELTMAN
REFRAIN
Now dry those tear-drops from your dear eyes of blue,

Nothing will ever please HER better than this song—"Only You." Of course she'll believe the words, and keep humming the melody over and over—it's that kind of a song.

You realize now why advice is *always* injurious!

For the seeker of "good advice" there is hope. Almost anybody will pause when he realizes that he is in danger of handing over his own soul to the custody of another. It was a brilliant Irishman who said he knew of no influence quite so bad as a good influence.

Let the weakling — weak in personal conduct or in business matters — rely on the example or the words of another as his guide; and let the stronger man get out of the business, or go to another city, or die; and the collapse of the weakling is complete; often it is irredeemable.

No man may permit another to determine his course without encountering tragedy in the end.

And every man who goes to another with the query, "What shall I do?" makes a tremendous assault upon his own self-reliance. It is the success who often asks, "What are the facts bearing on this situation?" But the one who demands, "Tell me what to do about this," is afraid of the tacts, afraid of himself. He confesses his inadequacy. He advertises his lack of resourcefulness.

Do this ten times, twenty times for a year or two, and you establish the habit of absolute reliance on somebody else. You play the game with counterfeit coin. You win, temporarily, on somebody else's merit. You are a sort of business werewolf. You steal your sustenance from the red veins of a real man.

You fear action. You dislike progress. You become a hanger-on. You stagnate.

What the chronic seeker of advice does to his will power is terrific. Month by month, his resolution dries up, withers away — for the power of will is exactly like the muscles of the arm or leg, in this: if you do not utilize it, if you do not keep it in working order it weakens; it becomes ineffective.

Right there frequently is the explanation of why the boy who has had a hard childhood, a poverty-stricken youth, outdistances the son of wealthy parents in the fight for supremacy. He who was born with a gold spoon in his mouth has not had the training which toughens the resolution and develops self-reliance, while the lad who had to sell newspapers and make every penny count for something knows that his future lies within himself; he has mastered the great lesson — if you refuse to make yourself an importance, nobody else will do it for you.

It was Judge Daly, brother of Augustin Daly, who said: "The best education a boy can have is the necessity, from his twelfth year, of making his own way."

The professional psychologists — Freud, Brill, Jelliffe, White, all of them — have pointed out that often there is nothing but pretense on the part of many men who are forever saying, "Let's get advice on this point." Those fellows hesitate to exercise initiative; and they cover up their fear, their feeling of inferiority, with a great show of wanting to be thorough, of wanting advice.

As a matter of fact, what they want is inaction, not a suggestion that they do anything at all. They are merely killing time — crucifying opportunity. They have made up their minds beforehand that they will take no action whatever. They know exactly what they should do — they know, but they also know that they will not do it.

Instead of looking for guidance, they are searching for somebody who will tell them what they want to be told.

When they say, "Advise me," they mean "Tell me I'm right!"

There are men — not many, but there are some — who can reach decisions best by "hearing themselves talk." The mere fact that they pronounce facts and figures "out loud" enables them to think more clearly than if they sat at their desks poring over written estimates and arguments.

Such men are the only ones who derive any benefit from asking others, "What would you do if things were thus and so?" But, it should be remembered, these men surrender none of their will power. They never say, "Tell me what to do." With the query, "What would you do?" they review old facts and, occasionally, bring to the surface new facts.

That was Roosevelt's habit. Indeed, there are many people who believe that Roosevelt was a great man to take advice. He never did. What he did take were facts, and, because he was a quick thinker with many things to think about, he was avid of facts.

But, when it came to reaching a decision, no man might tell him what to do. And in that lay the explanation of his marvelous initiative. By absolute self-reliance, by never surrendering the least atom of his power of decision, he could handle big affairs with greater rapidity than any man who ever occupied the White House.

Of course, this differentiation should be borne in mind always: to seek advice, to ask another to map out your course, is to cripple your individuality; but to seek information, to ask for facts, is to enrich your mind and to increase your power of initiative.

Not only does the advice-seeker weaken his initiative and outrage his ability to make decisions; but he also develops a liability to be swayed by little things and little men. That is, he throws himself open to every veering wind of opinion. He increases enormously his suggestibility.

By suggestibility I mean the habit of doing a thing or thinking a thing simply because you are told to do it or think it. I was once a passenger in an automobile with four other men. One of them was a practical joker. Also, he had a strong will and a resonant bass voice. The man at the wheel was a negative personality, pallescent, without force.

At the strong man's suggestion, the driver was going along at about thirty miles an hour. Under protest, he raised the pace to forty miles an hour. Suddenly and in a thundering voice the strong man shouted: "Hit that pole!"

As if he had been hypnotized, the man at the wheel swerved the machine head-on against one of the telephone poles on the roadside.

That is an extreme example of suggestibility; but it serves to drive home the fact that the man of little will power is at the mercy of the stronger personalities about him. After looking up to somebody else as a model to shape his conduct, he reaches the point where he entirely distrusts his own opinions and decisions.

From there it is a short jump to being always on the lookout for changes in the one above him. He wants to be "in the swim," to "get on the band-wagon," to "be in with the bunch." He robs himself of all sparkle, dash and social charm.

He no longer looks for the best or most profitable thing to do. He is taken up with his efforts to imitate others. Obviously, he has not the faintest chance in the world to excel his surroundings. He has deliberately gone captive to his neighbors. He has confessed to himself that he can improve only if his model improves!

Men like him spend their lives as clerks — or are forever "just missing" the promotion that goes to another — or send somebody else to Congress instead of going themselves — or are invariably following the changes made in business methods by the man on the next block — or sign all the petitions presented to them by the "leading citizen" — or join mobs.

There is a class upon whom advice is forced — and from it come innumerable tragedies. I refer to the children who, without any say of their own, embark on life-work selected for them by their parents.

"Charles," says the fond father, "is going into my business. You know, I've always wanted him to do this; I've educated him with this in mind. In fact, he's hardly fitted for anything else."

And Charles, who wanted to be an electrical engineer, suppresses all his highest aspirations, forsakes his most beautiful ideals, and takes up the life of a salesman — because, forsooth! "Father wanted me to."

Then, when he is thirty, or forty years of age, he realizes that the commercial life bores him to extinction and that he will never amount to anything in it because he does not like it enough to give it enthusiastic energy. He realizes also that it is too late for him to equip himself for the profession of engineering. And he rounds out his life in the gray discontent that comes from lack of interest, lack of incessant application, lack of ardent love of his work.

Another victim of good advice!

So it goes — advice, forced upon you or deliberately sought and followed, wrecks individuality, weakens will power and in the end destroys the chances of success. Nobody can use it as a substitute for initiative. It corrodes. It disrupts. It ruins.

But you can escape this vice of advice. If it is already a habit with you, fight it. If to-morrow, for the first time, you feel the impulse to have another tell you how to deal with facts, refuse to gratify it.

Make the decision yourself. If you distrust that decision, analyze all the facts again and alter the decision. Do that two or three times, and the result will be satisfaction in what you finally make up your mind to do. Get facts from everybody — let nobody decide for you. Stick to that program! You will be astonished by the rate at which your initiative will grow, your power of decision increase, your resourcefulness magnify itself.

In a short time the trampling down of obstacles, the conquest of difficulties, the subjugation of adverse conditions, will be for you a glorious sport. You will be playing the biggest game of all, the struggle for success, with your own brains, your own courage, your own spirit.

You will lean on no man; ask no odds; steal nobody's nerve and strength. You will be yourself, bulking larger and larger, meeting gloriously every situation, beating down every danger, scorning every menace.

The Waffle-Iron

— *Continued from page 16*

a time when Little Teddie Number Two will feel exactly the same about you, and——"

"You'll never see me idiotic enough to get married," interrupted Teddie.

"Well, there's lots of time to think about that. But, in the meantime, my dear, don't break the Fifth Commandment, even though you have to bend it a little. And on the way out I'm going to remind Lydia about that roadster I've been telling her you ought to have. It's wonderful what a lot of steam you can let off in a roadster of your own!"

Teddie, in time, came into possession of her roadster, a small wine-colored racer upholstered in dove-grey and neatly disguised as a Shopping-Car. And it seemed, during the first few weeks of its ownership, that the wings of personal freedom had finally been bestowed upon the recalcitrant Teddie, who went hillward in her roadster with claret and caviar-sandwiches packed under its seat and went cityward with fat and disorderly little rolls of bank-notes tucked under its cushion ends.

But Time proved that her *Château en Espagne* was not to be reached on rubber tires. For a car, after all, is only a merry-go-round with an elastic orbit, a humdrum old merry-go-round that isn't as merry as it seems, since it must always cover the same old roads and the same old rounds and remain hampered and held in by the same old urban and suburban regulations. Teddie, it is true, soon found herself on nodding terms with the Park "canaries" and the traffic-cops, and was able to weed out the ones who'd give her the wink when she forgot about the one-way streets and the parking signs and the speed-laws in general. Yet three times in one season she shocked Tuxedo Park by appearing in court and being twice fined for road violations and once publicly lectured for imperilling the peace and safety of the Commonwealth. So even with the machinery which she loved she began to see that she was still restricted and hampered and circumscribed and imprisoned. And the poor little rich girl who should have been quite happy, remained quite normally and satisfactorily and luxuriously miserable.

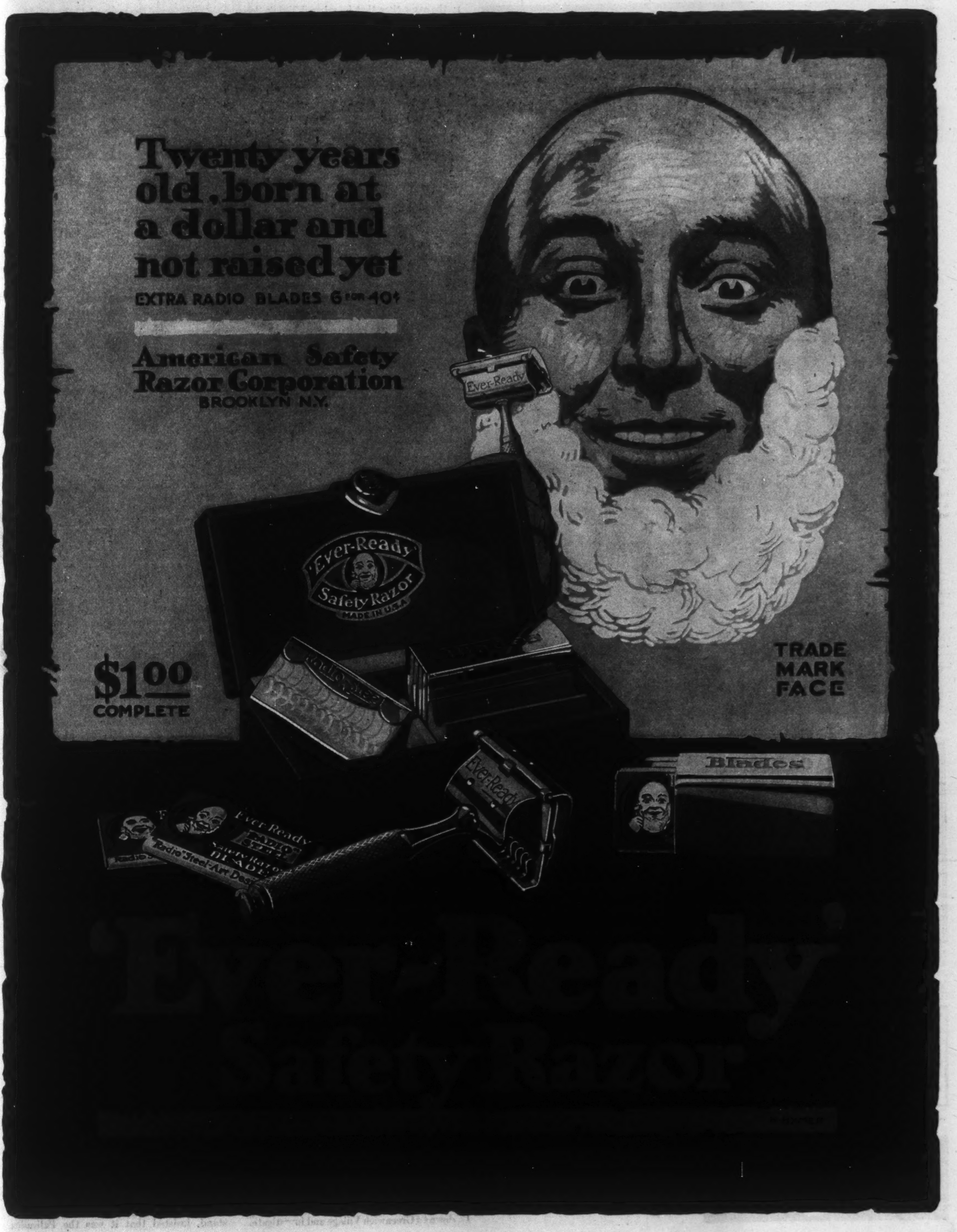
THE Friday Junior Cotillions for the "Not-Outs," in those older days when the Banquet-Room at Sherry's was still a bee-hive of youth and beauty, had no particular appeal to a girl who preferred spanners and monkey-wrenches to dance-favors. And even the charity-façaded carnivals of the Junior League, which couldn't be open to her before she "had gone down the skids" (as Teddie flippantly phrased her long-discussed début), stood without that glamor which consecrated them to the humbler-born social climber. For the Tuxedo and Meadow Brook colonies, Teddie had always mistily understood, were the salt of the earth and the elect of the Social Register. But Teddie nursed a secret disdain for the hereditary millionaire, since it was the dulness of the brood, she maintained, which was embittering her young life. She still chafed against the bars of her gilded cage and nursed the pardonably human illusion that the thing you can't quite get is the thing you must have.

Now, most girls of Teddie's set and inclination escape from their adolescent boredom by excursion into amorous adventure. But Teddie felt that she had exhausted love very early in life. For at the tender age of nine she had fallen in love with the Park policeman who'd so easily gathered her up in his arms after a fall on the bridle-path just under the Seventy-Second Street bridge, where the deep shadow of the arch gave too abrupt a change from sunlight to gloom and caused her horse to swerve back, and then bolt riderless as far as the sheepfold. But it was Officer McGlinchy who picked up Teddie, little dreaming that through his purely official and impersonal ministrations he was bruising Teddie's heart almost as badly as the bridle-path had bruised her head. Teddie's passion remained a secret one, it is true, but the promised vision of the statuesque Patrick McGlinchy gave a new interest to her morning canter along the bridle-path and a richer coloring to the sward and rocks of Central Park. It was not until she was on the eve of forlornly engineering still another fall in the neighborhood of that over-taciturn officer that Teddie learned McGlinchy was sedately married and the father of four little McGlinchys down in the Ninth Ward.

Then she fell in love with Biquet, the second chauffeur, who had been a flying-man and had a slashing wound of honor across his well-tanned young cheekbone. But her feeling for Biquet proved an odd confusion of issues, for she found that she liked him only when he permitted her to assist in eviscerating one of the car-engines or to help overhaul and assemble the landaulet's differential, with her ready little paws covered with oil and axle-grease and her white corduroy frock as black as a sweep's. But she realized, on witnessing Biquet kissing the pantry-maid, one night when blockade-running for certain residuary oyster *pâtés*, that it was not really Biquet she loved, but the machinery over which he presided.

There was a time, too, during this period of potential romantic alliances, when she might possibly have entertained some tenderer feeling for Gerry Rhindelander West, her next-door neighbor. But Gerry disappointed her. He primarily disappointed her by meanly resorting to the habit of addressing her as "Nero" (the sobriquet of a Great Dane of uncertain temper owned by her mother), after Teddie had bitten him on the wrist when forcibly held down in a bitter struggle to recover from her possession a domesticated and one-eyed Russian rat which had been indiscreet enough to invade the Hayden estate. And he finally disappointed her by abandoning his fixed intention of becoming an engine-driver and deciding to waste a once promising young life on due preparation for the study of law. Gerry, it is true, later on attempted to revive this blighted romance by bombarding her with purple-tinted boxes of English violets done up in glazed paper and surmounted by small and neatly addressed white envelopes, and sometimes with striped boxes so big they looked like baby-coffins, except for the thorny stalks which protruded from one cut-away end, until the matter-of-fact Teddie reminded him that he was wasting a tremendous amount of money, as her mother's head-gardener grew these things in abundance. So, before retiring into his professional shell, Gerry was at pains to point out, in a somewhat stilted little note, that he had quite overlooked the etymology of "Tuxedo," which he found to be an Algonquin word derived from "Tuxcito," which in the original language meant "the meeting place of bears" — with the "bears" heavily underlined.

But the fact that Gerry did nothing more than bow stiffly as he passed by did not greatly trouble Teddie, for about this time she fell secretly in love with an Episcopalian curate of delicate health and indescribably melancholy eyes — a young man with a face like a Shelley and an audible and asthmatic manner of breathing. And at



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the same time that he sobered Teddie down a great deal his health improved perceptibly under Teddie's arduous campaign of forced feeding. She even extended those ventral activities to the dispatching of *marrons* and *Bar le Duc* to hospital wards, and spoke of giving up her life to prison reform, and argued on the beauties of the monastic life, and for a time considered taking the veil. But the Shelley with the melancholy eyes unfortunately developed a cough and for the sake of his health was transferred to a curacy in southern California. This deportation gave every promise of fanning the flame which it should have tempered, translating the exile into a figure ideally romantic — until Teddie learned that on his western migration he had inconsiderately married the ex-contralto of the First Presbyterian Church who had graduated into the Chautauqua Circuit.

Teddie thereupon threw herself into golf and spent whole days on the Tuxedo links, and the gardenia-white once more darkened down to a beech-nut brown. She became as hard as nails, both in body and spirit, and did her best to forget to remember her asthmatic young curate's pet story of the Bishop who said "Assouan" every time he fuzzled the turf, because Assouan was acknowledged to be the biggest dam in the world.

But the time came when Teddie was tired of golf, just as tired of making the rounds of her eighteen holes as she was of making the rounds of the circular ballroom of the Tuxedo Club with fox-trotting youngsters and sedately waltzing oldsters. She was tired of dinners at Table Rock, and tired of seeing the "No-One-Admitted-Without-Permit" signs, and tired of the Meadow Brook steeplechase, and tired of the stately and stupid dinners in town. She was tired of life and tired of even herself. But most of all she was tired of that complicated machinery of existence in which she found herself so inextricably enmeshed. She still dreamed of liberating herself from that ponderously engineered intricacy of protectional pulleys and powers. But even while she felt that she was encaged, encaged as a pulsing hairspring is encaged in a watch-case of smothering gold, she scarcely knew which way to look for escape. She caught a momentary breath or two of freedom, it is true, by boldly introducing motor-polo within the "No-Admittance-Without-Permit" precincts, a brand of sublimated polo played with a football from a runabout with a stripped chassis. But the gardeners and the board of governors united in objecting to the havoc wrought to the Club turf, so a ban was put on what might have proved a belated safety-valve for Teddie's spiritual steam-chest.

STILL later, however, when her mother was undergoing hydropathic revision in Virginia, she made one last and listless effort at escape by taking up flying. This she did *sub rosa* and under an assumed name, and might have medicined her mysterious ailment with tail-spins and altitude-tests, but she suffered inordinately from nose-bleed and was unfortunately snapshotted for one of the Sunday papers.

And it was then that Teddie tipped over the apple-cart. It was then that she bolted, and took her life in her own hands.

She took her life in her own hands, as even humbler prisoners of circumstance had done before her, by allying herself with Art. She abjured the parental roof, leased a studio in the well-policed wilderness of Greenwich Village, and announced that she intended to express herself through the pure and impersonal medium of dry-point or modeling-clay. She wasn't quite sure which it was to be, but that was a matter of secondary importance. She panted for freedom and she didn't stop to worry over what particular hand was to bring about her liberation. She installed the wine-colored roadster in a downtown garage, and bought a Latin-Quarter paint-smock and bobbed her hair and learned how to make her own coffee.

And her old Uncle Chandler, on becoming duly acquainted with this state of affairs, assented to everything but the bobbing of the hair, which he regarded as much too lovely hair to be snipped off anybody's head. He even put the seal of his approval on her insurrection by sending down to her a hamper of potted truffles and brandied peaches.

Yet he stood aghast when these were duly returned to him. That reversal of form, in fact, so disturbed him that he couldn't get Teddie out of his mind, for a Teddie without an appetite was a Teddie who was no longer her old self. And the more he thought about it the more he realized that it was his plain and bounden duty to go down to Greenwich Village and investigate.

"The fact of the matter is," he confidentially acknowledged to old Commodore Stillman before the hickory-logs of the Nasturtium Club, "that girl's a demmed sight too good-looking to be left lying around loose!"

"Oh, the kid'll take care of herself all right," ventured the Commodore, with rather vivid memories of a freckled young Artemis making a polo-pony jump the tennis nets out at the Park. "And the learning how will help her considerable!"

THE old Major, a little out of breath from the stairs, was glad of the chance to sit down and recover himself. He was also glad that he had found the roughly scrawled "Back at Four" sign on the door and the studio still empty, for when Teddie was about there was always small chance of studying anything beyond Teddie herself.

So, having returned to a normal manner of respiration, he proceeded to a quiet but none the less critical examination of the premises. He was disturbed, on the whole, by the baldness of the dingy-walled old studio with its broken and paint-spattered floor and its big north window entirely out of alignment. There was a long cherrywood table pretty well littered with brushes and paint-tubes and boxes of pastels and a wooden mannikin and various disjointed portions of the human figure reproduced in plaster of Paris. And there was an easel and an arm-chair draped in faded brown velvet and a number of hammered brass things, and a castered model-platform and a bedraggled blue canvas blouse over a chair back, and many drawings of very lean ladies and very muscular young gentlemen thumb-tacked to the walls. And behind the studio, to the right, was a much more orderly kitchenette, and, to the left, a rather nun-like little sleeping-alcove with a couch-bed about as wide as a tombstone.

Uncle Chandler sighed with relief, for he had resolutely keyed himself up to expect what he'd called "a goulash of the Oriental stuff," with ruby lanterns and draped divans and punk-sticks in jade bowls. But Uncle Chandler found himself in what looked more like a workshop than a palm-reader's parlor, and the frown of trouble lightened a little on his wrinkled old forehead. He even took up an oblong of draughting-board and was studying a pea-green omnibus going under a *café-au-lait* Washington Arch which veered a trifle to the right, when the door opened and Teddie herself came in with a big pigskin portfolio under her arm.

"Hello there, Teddie," he said guardedly, as he watched her unspear a turban-thing of twisted velvet from her bobbed hair.

"Hello, Uncle Chandler," she rather indifferently responded as she put the pigskin portfolio on the cherrywood table. "How's the *haute monde* and your sciatica?"

"How's *l'art pour l'art?*" almost tartly responded her uncle, noting, however, with undivulged satisfaction, the clear crispness of her movements and that she was thinner than usual, with an adorable little Lina-Cavaliera hollow in the center of the cheek where the butternut-brown had once more blanched into a magnolia-white.

Teddie laughed, without deigning an answer.

"How about some tea?" she said instead. And without waiting for his reply she lifted out a battered old samovar and pushed the cigarettes toward him as she proceeded, somewhat more deftly than her visitor had anticipated, with the business in hand.

"About those peaches and truffles, Uncle Chandler," she said as she stooped to adjust the flickering blue flame. "I sent them back because I'm out of the flapper class now. It was kind of you, but I'm no longer a schoolgirl. I've cut out that boarding-school-Jane stuff. I intend to be something more than a Strasbourg goose, and if I'm suffering from any sort of hunger, it's more a hunger of the soul than of the body."

This was a new note from Teddie, and not unlike most newnesses, it came with a slight sense of shock.

"My dear girl, I was only trying to get even with you for that — that delightful little water-color of the Palisades above Fort Lee. It was clever, my dear, and I always *did* like our Hudson River scenery."

Teddie stood up straight. She stood inspecting him with a cold and slightly combative eye.

"That was the Flatiron Building in a snowstorm," she somewhat frigidly explained.

"Ah," said the astute old Major, settling into the brown-velvet armchair. "That's what I said, all along. That's precisely what I told Higginson. And Higginson, who is always a bit bullheaded, y' understand, insisted that it was the Palisades,

CHARLES M. SCHWAB AND YOU - By George Creel

WHEN Edward N. Hurley, head of the Shipping Board, looked around for a man to put driving power behind America's gigantic shipbuilding program, Charles M. Schwab—"Charley" Schwab of the Bethlehem Steel Company—was the man chosen. He "delivered the goods."

As head of the Emergency Fleet Corporation his influence was electric. Almost his first act was an overnight revolution for the somnolent Corporation—it suddenly found itself removed from its cramped quarters in Washington to a great building in Philadelphia—and hustling as though it were on the last lap. Things moved swiftly under Schwab that had exasperatingly crawled.

Charles M. Schwab began his great career as a stake driver for the Carnegie Steel Company at Pittsburgh. His weekly wage then would buy you today a fair-sized breakfast, a moderate dinner, and send you to bed hungry at night in a cheap hotel. Yet, at thirty-nine, he was selected by J. P. Morgan to be the first president of the newly formed United States Steel Corporation—and *given* $28,000,000 of the capital stock!

Schwab is not a genius. Just a normal man with a normal brain who has thought beyond his job. He started from scratch—without "pull" or favor. And the fifteen men who now run the Bethlehem Steel plant for him today are just normal men with normal brains *thinking* and *acting* beyond *their* jobs. They, too, started from scratch. The present president of the Bethlehem Steel Company—whose income last year aggregated $1,000,000—was a $75.00 a month crane man only a few years ago. The first vice-president began as a stenographer.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB

Schwab and J. P. Morgan

CHARLES M. SCHWAB'S striking success is due to *originality*, plus *initiative*, plus *personality*, plus *driving power*. To sum up, *doing things differently!*

For example: When the United States Steel Corporation took over the Carnegie Company, it acquired as one of its obligations—it really was an asset—a contract to pay Schwab a yearly minimum salary of $1,000,000. J. P. Morgan didn't know what to do about it. He hesitatingly broached the subject to Schwab.

Schwab took the contract and *tore it up*.

"I didn't care what salary they paid me. I was not animated by money motives. I believed in what I was trying to do and I wanted to see it brought about."

Schwab was *looking beyond*. He had conceived the idea of the United States Steel Corporation. He had "sold" that idea to the great capitalists of the nation. He wanted to work it out—to make the United States the greatest steel producing nation in the world. *And he did!*

Schwab Qualities Widely Sought

THE demand for men with Schwab's qualities—initiative, driving power, original thinking, and ready, forceful expression—was never greater than now. Nothing is so plentiful as opportunity. There are more jobs for forceful men than there are forceful men for jobs. As Mr. Schwab aptly remarks: "In the modern business world 'pull' is losing its power. Achievement is the only power. Captains of industry are not hunting money. America is heavy with it. They are seeking brains—specialized, active brains. Brains are needed to carry out the plans of those who furnish the capital."

America's cry is not for super-men. Listen again to Mr. Schwab: "I have found that when 'stars' drop out, their departments seldom suffer. And their successors are merely men who have learned by self-discipline and application to get full production from an average, normal brain. The man who attracts attention is not the dazzler—but the man who is thinking all the time, and expressing himself in little unusual ways."

Your Brain—How to Use It?

EVERY man and woman is endowed with mind. Your success is governed by your *use of mind*. The fellow who sits still and simply does what he is told will never be asked to do the big thing.

Men *make* opportunity. Just remember that every *external achievement* is first an *internal idea*. Each successful act is primarily an invisible thought. Right thinking, then, in the broad sense, means right action—thus *all success is founded on right mental activity!*

Schwab wasn't born successful. He had to learn to think through the hard knocks of experience. It took him years to develop the driving, eager mind that won for him his first lowly step in success. But just as everything moves faster nowadays, so does the development of brain power—for those who make the effort. It is quite possible today for any man in a few months to develop those mental qualities that early marked Schwab for success.

That possibility is in Pelmanism—the modern short-cut to the training of the mind—the bringing to consciousness of all those mental forces now lying at the bottom of a dream sea of inaction—the development of that mental muscle that makes you glory in the battle of life—that makes you want and willing to win.

Pelmanism and Your Future

IT trains your mind to quick, constructive thinking—*right* thinking. You can straighten and strengthen it just as easily as the body can be strengthened—and do it just as scientifically.

Take the bank clerk for example: When he first starts he can add a column of figures with only average speed and accuracy. In time he can add four columns where previously he added one.

Increased mental efficiency—mental training!

And this is the duty of Pelmanism! Its sole function is to develop the mind to right thinking—to bring out and strengthen such immeasurable qualities as will-power, concentration, ambition, self-reliance, judgment and memory. Pelmanism *can*, and *does*, substitute "I will" for "I wish."

Pelmanism is the science of "get there"—getting there quickly, surely, finely. It teaches how to develop *personality*, how to build *character*, how to strengthen *individuality*.

It is not a mere "memory system." It develops *all* the mental powers. There is no "magic" or "mystery" about it—just the common sense application of *practical psychology*.

Increases Incomes

PELMANISM makes no promise to turn you into a "Charley" Schwab, but it does guarantee a quick and continuous development of the "Charley" Schwab success qualities.

Pelmanism is able to promise advancement and increased incomes for the very simple reason that it gives workers the qualities that employers are hoping for and searching for. Salary is no longer the determining consideration: the main thing is *intelligent service*.

There are 400,000 Pelman students in the world today. It is a positive and irrefutable fact that the vast majority of them have, through developed mental powers, increased their earning capacities from 20 to 200 per cent. And why not?

Increased efficiency is *worth* more money. Aroused ambition and heightened energies refuse to let a man rest content with "well enough." Business demands ever-increasing efficiency and employers are quick to recognize it and reward it.

Pelmanism points the way to cultural values as well as to material success. It opens the windows of the mind to the voices of the world; it puts the stored wealth of memory at the service of the tongue; it burns away stupid timidity by developing self-realization and self-expression.

The People's University

PELMANISM takes no account of class, creed, or circumstances. It has values for *all*.

The beginner will find the secret of promotion in it. The veteran "job holder" will get from it new courage, self-confidence and a resourcefulness that will lift him above his fears and out of his ruts. Executive heads will discover that PELMANISM takes up "mental slack," tones up the mind processes, and acts as a tonic to vision, decision and imagination.

Professional men—lawyers, doctors, clergymen, teachers, artists, authors—have come to the knowledge that Pelmanism will help them to surmount difficulties and achieve a greater degree of success in their vocations.

Women in commercial pursuits have the same problems to overcome as men. Women in the home are operating a business, a highly specialized, complex business, requiring every ounce of judgment, energy, self-reliance and quick decision that it is possible to develop. Pelmanism meets these needs.

PELMANISM has its benefits for the youth, with mind to be trained, but it has even larger benefits for men and women past forty, whose minds have a tendency to "slow up." No one is too old for PELMANISM who has the will to be alive, virile and vital.

(Signed) GEORGE CREEL.

It Fits Your Time

PELMANISM does not ask you for fixed hours of attendance and set times for study. It fits into *your* time instead of demanding that your time fit into *it*.

The Pelman course comes in twelve lessons—twelve "Little Grey Books." They are sent one at a time, and the student fills out work sheets that are gone over with pen and ink by a staff of trained instructors—all men and women of the highest experience and qualifications.

A special system keeps the examiners in close personal touch with the students right through the course, and insures that *individual* attention which is so essential to the success of a study of this character.

All postal and other expenses on the outgoing lessons, etc., are prepaid by the Pelman Institute, and the student is at no further expense beyond that of postage on communications to the Institute.

There is no question of business, educational, literary, social, or psychological interest upon which the Pelman Institute is not competent to give advice. No matter what your calling may be, you can depend upon expert counsel.

This consultation privilege does not terminate with the instruction. You are as free to make use of the services of the Instruction Staff in a year or five years as while you are actually studying the course.

How to Become a Pelmanist

YOU will find the answer in a booklet issued by the Pelman Institute of America and sent free on request. It is called "Mind and Memory," and it describes Pelmanism to the last detail.

It might truly be described as your first lesson in Pelmanism; for a thorough reading of it will start your mind Pelmanizing, just as it has the minds of many others. It balances big benefits against a low cost.

It would be impossible to give this course in Pelmanism at so small a price if it were not for the great number of Pelman students. One or a few students would make the tuition cost each subscriber hundreds of dollars, but because Pelman students are reckoned by the tens of thousands, the cost is kept down to a very few dollars.

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McC.Feb.

All correspondence strictly confidential saying he's lived on 'em all his life and ought to know. But I didn't come here to talk about Higginson. I came here to find out how you're getting along?"

This was a question which Teddie found it necessary to consider.

"You see, Uncle Chandler, I've so much to unlearn! You can't keep a girl under glass most of her life and then expect her to horn in where the dairy-lunchers learned the game in their infancy."

The Major winced a little. Here was still another newness to disturb him, a newness not so much of phraseology as of outlook.

"This is a new life," Teddie gravely continued, "and I've got to get in step with it or get walked over. Why there are people down here who have the gift of making poverty romantic, people who can turn an empty pocketbook into a sort of adventure. They can eat onion soup and spaghetti *au gratin* and wash cold-storage capon down with that eau-de-quinine stuff they drink and be happy on it because they know they are free. And that's wonderful, Uncle Chandler, when you come to think of it."

UNCLE Chandler sat thinking this over, with no ponderable amount of enthusiasm on his face.

"And just how do you intend expressing yourself?" he asked as the samovar began to bubble.

"I think it will be in color," said Teddie with the utmost solemnity. "I began with modeling, but it was rather messy, and I didn't make much headway. I'm beginning to feel that pastel or dry-point is more my *penchant*. Raoul Uhlan is giving me three lessons a week."

"That big stiff!" ejaculated the Philistine old Major.

"He's one of the cleverest painters in New York," Teddie calmly explained.

"And a professional tame-robin who gets portrait commissions, I understand, because he dances so well!"

"I know nothing about his dancing," remarked Teddie, with her eyebrows up. "But I *do* know it's sinful the way the children of our idle rich are kept cooped up and shut away from real life. They're not allowed to decide things for themselves. They're hemmed in with a lot of silly old taboos. They're laced up in a straight-jacket of social laws until they're too flabby to face a personal dilemma that an East-Side shopgirl could decide before she's finished powdering her nose."

Uncle Chandler took up his tea-cup and then put it down again.

"I rather fail to see what the personal predicaments of shopgirls have got to do with the matter," he said with some acerbity. "You're a Hayden, the third wealthiest woman in Orange County, and a girl who's had every comfort that money and machinery can give her. Yet you leave a home that cost about two-thirds of a million — without counting those cross-eyed marble lions your mother brought over from Florence for the sunken gardens! — and come down here into this moth-eaten backyard of the Eighth Ward and live on macaroni and red ink and dream that raw life is being dished up to you on the half-shell. You talk about liberty and expressing yourself, and all you're doing is slumming, just slumming!"

Teddie smiled.

"Uncle Chandler," she remarked, "you really don't know what you're talking about. In the first place, I've decided that in one day you can see more life, real life, out of that crooked old window there than you could discern in Tuxedo Park in a century." She ushered him toward the casement in question. "Look at that Italian woman with the bundle of clothes on her head. And those kids crowding about the hokey-pokey man. And that gray-headed old candy-seller with the feather-duster in his hand. And that white hearse with the white angel kneeling on the top. And look at that wagon-load of crated geese that have just come from the Gansevoort Market, with their necks craned out between the slats. Why, those poor things are fighting for liberty just about the same as I've been fighting for it!"

"And about as effectively," remarked Uncle Chandler.

"Well, whose funeral is it, anyway?" demanded Teddie, with her first touch of impatience. "This happens to be my show, and I happen to be running it in my own way. I know what's ahead of me, and I'm going straight for it."

Teddie's uncle was able to smile at the uncompromising ardor of youth. But there was a touch of impatience in his movements as he crossed over to what he hoped might prove a more comfortable chair. He had no intention of letting a snip of a girl Cook's-guide him about his own city, the city he'd lived in for some sixty-odd years. And he wasn't such a stranger to Greenwich Village as she imagined, for through the mists of time he could still remember Ned Harrigan and Perry Street, certain Tough Club chowders of the olden and golden days.

"So you're going straight, are you?" he snapped out, with only the light in his kindly old eyes to contradict the brusqueness of his speech. "Well, all I have to say is that you're a wonder if you can go straight in a district like this. Good gad, ma'am, even the streets don't go straight, down here. And it may be none of my business, but I've an itch to know what's going to happen to a high-spirited girl who's veering dead south when she dreams she's heading due west."

"And that means," suggested Teddie, "that you propose to hang around to see what's going to happen?"

"On the contrary, young lady, I'm going down to Hot Springs to-morrow morning to get some of the acid steamed out of my knee-joints. You're old enough to do as you like. I've always admitted that. But I repeat that you've come into a crooked part of this old Island for any straight cuts to freedom. You'll do just what the streets do down here: you'll get all twisted up. Just look at 'em! Look at 'em, I say! You've got Tenth Street doubling round and running into Fourth Street, and Waverly Place going in four directions at once — like the folks who live in it. And even the upper side of your Square here is not only Washington Square North, but also Sixth Street, and at the same time also Waverly Place again. And the east side of your same old Square is University Place down as far as Fourth Street, and then without rhyme or reason it calls itself Wooster Street. And your south side is really Fourth Street, but on Fourth Street proper the numbers increase from east to west, but on what is really the same street called Washington Square South your numbers increase from west to east. And your Square isn't even a Square, but a rectangle!"

"But I'm not interested in the streets and the mail-directory numbers," Teddie patiently explained. "What I've been talking about is the spirit of the place — its aura."

"Yes, I got a sniff of it as I came through that Italian settlement," acknowledged Uncle Chandler. "And it was quite a penetrating aura."

"But you're only croaking out of a swamp of prejudices," contended Teddie. "You don't understand our ways of living or looking at life. If you want to see us as we are, why not take chow with me at the Blue Pigeon to-night?"

"Not muchee!" averred Uncle Chandler, with great alacrity. "I've altogether too much respect for my Fifth-Avenuey Little Mary. So, much as I love you, Teddie, I'll toddle along to my benighted old Nasturtium Club and deaden my soul on green turtle clear, and terrapin, Philadelphia style."

Teddie tried to look indifferent. But it took a struggle. For Uncle Chandler had rather disdainfully picked up an oblong of cardboard and sat inspecting it with a none too approving eye.

What he inspected was a crayon sketch of an extremely muscular right arm and shoulder, a right arm and shoulder which at least demanded some qualified respect. But his grizzled old eyebrows were closer together as he looked up at Teddie again.

"Did you say you drew from models?" he casually inquired.

"Of course," acknowledged Teddie, pausing long enough to answer her telephone and explain that she and not the landlord had ordered the new glass for the skylight.

"You don't mean to say you have men come up here and — and expose their muscles for this sort of thing?" demanded Uncle Chandler, with a gesture toward the ample biceps in crayon.

Teddie laughed.

"Oh, no, that wasn't a professional model. That's the arm of Gunboat Dorgan, the prize-fighter. I sketched that the other afternoon when he was up here with Ruby Joyce, one of my regular models. He's Ruby's steady, as she calls it. She's very proud of him, and had him show me some of his stunts. So I thought it would be a good chance to get a study of an arm like that. And Gunnie — that's what Ruby calls him — isn't a bit like what I thought a prize-fighter would be. He's rather a bright-minded boy, and a little shy, and if he wins the lightweight bout from Slim Britton, the English boxer, he's going to marry Ruby and take a flat down on Second Avenue."

"But you say he's a fighter — a ring-fighter?"

"Yes, that's how he makes his living. He's quite serious about it all, and trains hard, and plans about working his way up, just as a man in any other profession would."

Uncle Chandler sat thinking this over. He would have done considerably more thinking if he'd been in possession of the information that his niece had already allowed this same prize-fighter to pilot her and Ruby and the wine-colored roadster out to a dinner at a Sound road-house. But even as it was, Uncle Chandler seemed sufficiently upset.

"Say, Teddikins," he somewhat grimly remarked out of the silence that had fallen over the darkening studio, "what d'you suppose your mother would think about all this?"

"I'm not in the least interested in what mother thinks about it," was Teddie's altogether irresponsible and wilful rejoinder.

The old Major, who had already risen to go, turned this speech over with great deliberation. Then he sat down again.

"It's not so much Lydia, my dear," he said. "It's what poor old Lydia embodies, the organized entrenchments that surround young girls, the machinery of service that may shut you in but at the same time does things for you and gives you something to fall back on when the pinch comes!"

"But I don't understand what you mean by the pinch," Teddie told him, straightening the gardenia that stood so stiff and straight in his coat-lapel. For she liked her Uncle Chandler, and she liked him a lot. And she was a little disturbed by the look of anxiety that had come into his worldly-wise old face.

He stared at her for a moment, shrugged his shoulders, and took up his hat and stick.

"You're all right, Teddie," he announced with decision as he solemnly kissed her on the cheek-bone. "But — but I wish somebody was looking after you when I'm down there being boiled out."

This made Teddie laugh.

"But I don't need any one to look after me, thank heaven! *I'm free!*"

The old Major stopped at the door.

"And you feel that you can manage it all right? That you can ——"

For reasons entirely his own he did not finish the sentence.

"I *am* managing it," the girl quietly asserted.

And Uncle Chandler, in finally taking his departure, experienced at least a qualified relief. The girl was wrong. And what was worse, she was much too lovely to the eye to remain unmolested by predacious man. But she had a will of her own, had Teddie.

TEDDIE, as a matter-of-fact girl, had scant patience with the undue attribution of the romantic to the commonplace. Yet the manner in which she had first met Raoul Uhlan, it must be admitted, was not without its touch of the picturesque.

Teddie, still a little intoxicated with her new-found liberty, and further elated by the sparkling morning sunshine of Fifth Avenue, was swinging smartly up that slope which an over-busy world no longer remembers as Murray Hill. She was in a slightly shortened blue serge skirt that whipped against the slim young knees suggestively akin to the drapery of the *Nike* of Samothrace, and was just approaching the uplands of the Public Library when she caught sight of a violet-peddler.

A glimpse of the seven earthy-smelling clumps of bloom promptly intrigued the girl into stopping, fumbling in her none too orderly handbag, and passing over to the sloe-eyed Greek a bank-note with double-X's imprinted on its silk-threaded surface. And having adjusted the sword-knotted clump to her belt, by means of one of the peddler's glass-headed pins, she looked up to see this same peddler contemplating the bank-note with a frown of perplexity. He was explaining, in broken English, that his exchequer stood much too limited to make change for a bill so big. Then, with a smile of inspiration, he placed the tray of violets in the girl's hands, pointed toward a near-by shop on the side-street, and plainly implied that he would break the twenty and return with more negotiable currency.

So Teddie stood patiently holding the tray of violets, in the clear white light of the sunny Avenue, happy in the flowery perfumes which were being wafted up to her delicately distended nostrils. But something else was at the same time being wafted in Teddie's direction. It was a tall and handsome stranger in tight-fitting tweeds, carrying a cane and an air of preoccupation. There was lightness in his step, notwithstanding his size, and any unseemly amplitude of ventral contour was fittingly corrected by a tightly laced obesity-belt. For the stranger was Raoul Uhlan, and Roaul Uhlan was an artist, though any thoughtless motion-picture director who had dared to flash him on the screen as a type of his profession would have been held up to ridicule and reproof. But this particular artist, who was neither dreamy-eyed nor addicted to velveteen jackets, found the quest of beauty both a professional and a personal necessity. So when he beheld a young lady of most unmistakable charm standing beside a gray-stone retaining wall with a street-peddler's violet-tray in her hands, he momentarily forgot about the prospective sitter from Pittsburgh with whom he was to lunch. He hove-to in the offing, in fact, for the seemingly innocent purpose of buying a boutonnière. It would be gracious, he also decided as he soberly inquired the price of violets that morning, to give the little thing a thrill. For Raoul often wondered what it was about him that made him so attractive to women.

"One dollar a bunch," soberly responded the little thing, in answer to his question, giving scant evidence of being thrilled. She was uncertain about prices; her thoughts, in fact, were fixed on the matter of not cheating the humble and honest tradesman whose wares had been delegated to her hands. She noticed the strange man's momentary wince, but never dreamed it arose from a confrontation with profiteering. She nonchalantly took his dollar, however, tucked it into one corner of the tray, and handed him the violets and the essential pin.

She was quite prepared to repeat the operation with a dandified old gentleman in pearl spats, who was hovering near, when an officer in uniform sauntered up and, being out of sorts with the world that morning, confronted her with a lowering and saturnine brow.

"Yuh gotta license t' peddle them flowers?" he demanded.

Teddie, in no wise disturbed, explained the situation and further announced that the gentleman who owned the tray would return immediately.

Her urbanity, however, was wasted on the Avenue air.

"Yuh just made a sale to this guy here, didn't yuh?" persisted the officer of the law, with a none too respectful thumb-jerk toward the immaculately tweeded figure with the over-sized bouquet in his buttonhole.

"Yes, this is the dollar he paid me," Teddie sweetly acknowledged.

"That's enough," averred her persecutor. "Yuh're street peddlin' without a license. So yuh'll have to come along wit' me."

"But, odd as it may seem, I rather want my nineteen dollars," maintained Teddie, with an intent gaze down the side-street.

"Your nineteen dollars and seventy-five cents," corrected the man in tweeds, not forgetful of a recent extortion.

"Yuh're likely t' clap eyes on that Dago again, ain't yuh!" The open scorn of the officer was monumental. "He'll be spendin' what's left of his days tryin' to ferret yuh out, I s'pose, wastin' his young life away battlin' to get that easy coin back to yuh! What he's breakin' now aint a twenty-dollar bill, my gerrl, but a travelin' record down to the Third Ward. And I guess the sooner yuh come along wit' me, and the quieter yuh come, the better."

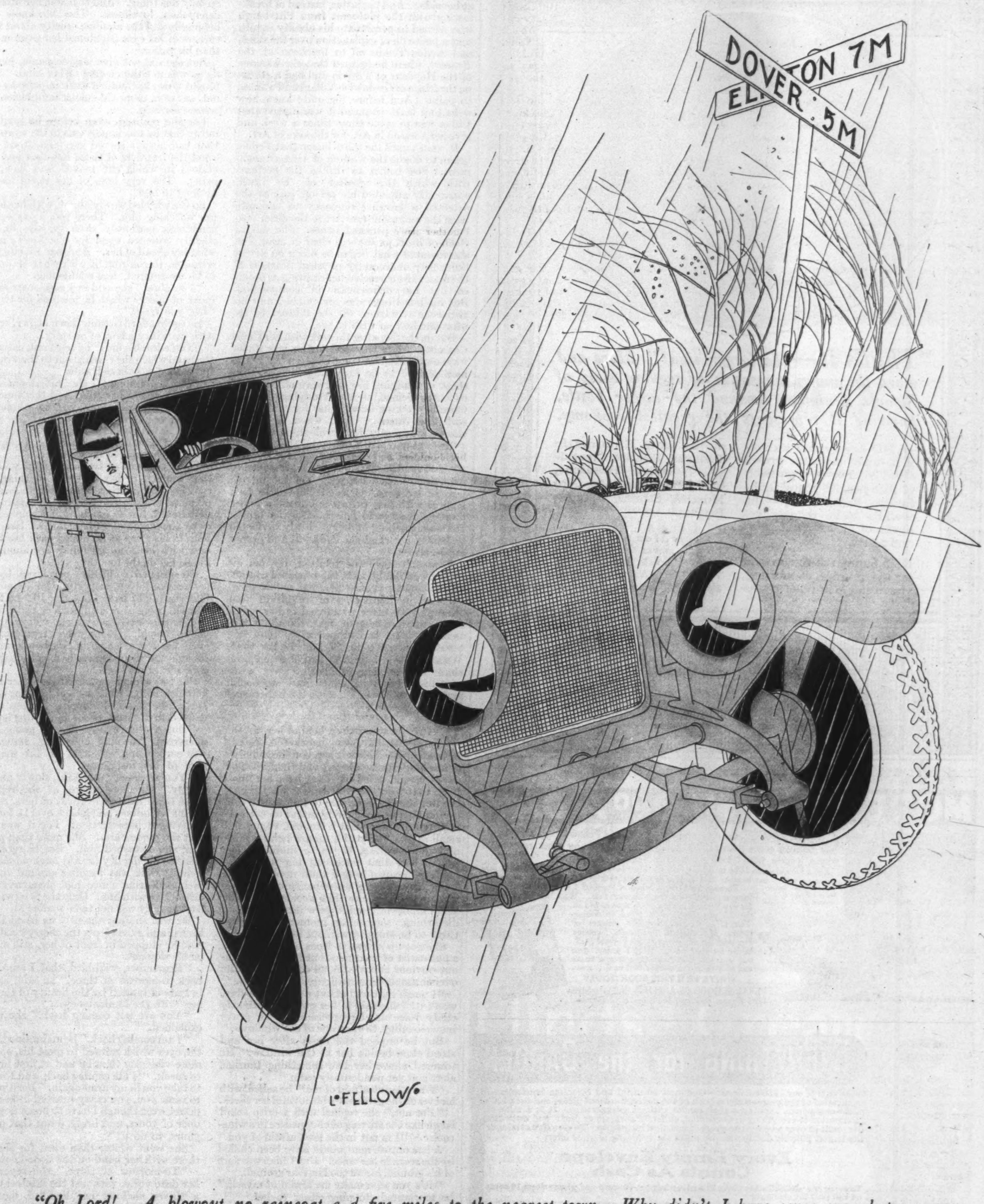
"But you really can't do this sort of thing, you know, officer," the man in tweeds interposed. "This girl ——"

"Yuh shut your trap," announced the upholder of law and order, with an indifferent side-glance at the interloper, "or I'll gather yuh in wit' the dame here."

"That's an eventuality which I'd rather welcome," averred the other, his blood up.

"All right then, come along, the both o' yuh," was the prompt and easy response. "And come quick or I'll make it a double pinch for blockin' traffic."

But Raoul Uhlan, clinging to what was left of his dignity, insisted on calling a taxi-cab (which Teddie paid for when they arrived at the Forty-Seventh Street station-house) and in transit managed to say many soothing and valorous things, so that by the time Teddie stood before a somewhat grim-looking desk in the neighboring receiving-depot for miscreants, her courage had come back to her and she didn't even resort to home addresses and influences for a short-cut out of her difficulty. She soon had the satisfaction, indeed, of seeing her moody patrolman picturesquely berated by his higher official behind the desk, who apologized for retaining the dollar-bill and the tray of violets and announced that as there was no case and no charge against her, she was quite free to enjoy the morning air once more. So she sallied forth with a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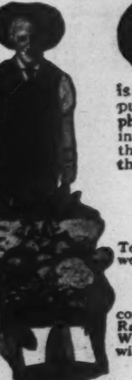

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great load off her mind and with Raoul Uhlan at her side. And the latter, instead of breakfasting with the plutocrat from Pittsburgh who wished to perpetuate his obesity in oils, sent a polite fib of explanation over the wires, and carried Teddie off to luncheon at the *Brevoort,* where he learned that she was one of the Haydens of Tuxedo and had a studio on the fringe of Greenwich Village and wanted to paint. And before she quite knew how it had all been arranged it was agreed that Uhlan was to come three times a week and give her a lesson in Art, for the sake of Art.

It wasn't until the third lesson that Teddie began to doubt the wisdom of that arrangement. She began to dislike the perfume with which this master of the brush apparently anointed his person, just as she detected a growing tendency to emigrate from the realms of pure Art to the airier outlands of more personal issues. She was as clean of heart as she was clear of head, and she resented what began to dawn on her as the rather unnecessary physical nearness of the man as he corrected her drawing or pointed out her deficiencies in composition. But his knowledge was undeniable, and his criticisms were true. So she refused to see what she had no wish to see.

But on the day after the talk with her Uncle Chandler, when the next lesson was under way, a new disquiet crept through her. The man seemed to be forgetting himself. Instead of studying her over-scrumbled color-effects he seemed intent on studying the much more bewitching lines of her forward-thrust chin and throat. Once, when he leaned closer, apparently by accident, she moved away, apparently without thought. It both puzzled and disturbed her, for she had not remained as oblivious as she pretended to his stare of open hunger. Yet the intentness of his gaze, as he attempted to lock glances with her, turned out to be a bullet destined forever to fall short of its target. He was lavishing on her a slowly perfected technique for which she had no fit and proper appreciation.

It wasn't until she realized, beyond all measure of doubt, that the repeated contact of his shoulder against hers was not accidental that a faint glow of revulsion shot through with anger, awakened in her. But her inner citadels of fear remained uninvaded. She had nipped more than one amatory advance in the bud, in her time. With one brief look, she had blighted more than one incipient romance. Her scorn was like a sabre, slender and steel-cold, and she could wield it with the impersonal brutality of youth

WHEN he stood close behind her, as she still sat confronting her sketch, and, as he talked, placed his left hand on the shoulder of her blue canvas blouse, and then, leaning closer, caught in his big bony hand her small hand that held the pencil, to guide it along the line it seemed unable to follow, she told herself that he was merely intent on correcting her drawing. But a trouble, vague and small as the worry of a mouse behind midnight wainscoting, began to nibble at her heart. For that enclosing big hand was holding her own longer than need be, that small horripilating disturbance of her hair was something more than accidental. The small nibble of trouble grew into something disturbing, something momentous, something to be stopped without loss of time.

She got up sideways from her chair, with a half-twist of the torso that freed her without obvious effort from all contact with the over-intimate leaning figure.

"I guess that will about do us for to-day, won't it?" she said in her quiet and slightly reedy voice as she proceeded, with grave impersonality, to open one of the windows.

But he crossed the room after her and stood close beside her at the window. He towered above her like something taurine, alert and yet ponderously calm

"Why are you afraid of me?" he asked, with his eyes on the gardenia-white oval of her cheek.

"I'm not," she replied with a crisp small laugh like the stirring of chopped ice in a wine-cooler. "I'm not in the least afraid of you."

A less obtuse man would have been chilled by the scorn in her voice. But Uhlan was sure of his ground, his all too familiar ground.

"It's you who make me afraid of myself," he murmured, stooping closer to her.

"You said to-morrow at three, I believe," she observed in an icily abstracted voice. That tone, she remembered, had always served its purpose. It was conclusive, coolly dismissive. For she still refused to dignify that approach with opposition.

"Did I?" he said in a genuinely abstracted whisper, for his mind was not on what he said or heard. His mind, indeed, was fixed on only one thing. And that was her utterly defenseless loveliness. The blackness of his pupils and the aquiline cruelty about the corners of his eyes frightened her even more than his pallor.

But she did not give way to panic, for to do so was not the custom of her kind. She fought down her sudden weak impulse to cry out, her even more ridiculous temptation to scream for help.

For she realized, even before he made a move, that he was impervious to the weapons that had always served her. He stood beyond the frontiers of those impulses and reactions in which she moved and had her being. The very laws of her world meant nothing to him.

So she wheeled slowly about, with her head up, watching him. There was a blaze like something perilously close to hate in her slightly widened eyes, for she knew, now, what lay ahead of her. And her inability to escape it, to confront it with what it ought to be confronted, was maddening.

"*You Hun!*" she said in a passionate small moan of misery which he mistook for terror. "Oh, you *Hun!*"

He could afford to smile down at her, warm with his winey ichors of mastery.

"You adorable kid!" he cried out, catching the hand which she reached out to the window frame to steady herself with.

"Don't *touch* me!" she called out in a choking squeak of anger. And this time, as he swung her easily about, he laughed openly.

"You wonderful little wild-cat!" he murmured, as he pinned her elbows close to her sides and drew her, smothered and helpless, in under the wing of his shoulder.

For a moment or two she fought with all that was left of her strength, writhing and twisting and panting, struggling to free her pinioned arms. Then she ceased, abruptly, devastated, not so much by her helplessness as by the ignominy of her efforts. She went limp in his arms as he forced back her head, and with his arm encircling her shoulders, kissed her on the mouth.

He stopped suddenly, perplexed by her passiveness, even suspecting for a moment that she might have fainted. But he found himself being surveyed with a tight-lipped and narrow-eyed intentness which shot a vague trouble through his triumph. He even let his arms drop, in bewilderment, though the drunkenness had not altogether gone out of his eyes.

She was wiping her mouth with her handkerchief, with a white look of loathing on her face. She was still mopping her lips as she crossed to the studio door and swung it open.

"But I didn't say I was going," he demurred, frowning above his smile. He was sure of himself, sure of his mastery, sure of his technique.

"You are going," she said, slowly and distinctly. He stood there, as she repeated those three flat-toned words of hers, reviewing his technique, going back over it, for some undivulged imperfection. For it was plain that she piqued him. She more than piqued him, she disturbed him. But he refused to sacrifice his dignity for any such momentary timidity. It was familiar ground to him; each endearing move and manœuvre was instinctive with him. Only the type was new. And novelty was not to be scoffed at.

He was smiling absently as he picked up his hat and gloves from the cherrywood table. And he stopped in front of her, still smiling, on his way out.

"Remember, wild-bird, that I am coming back to-morrow at three," he said, arrested in spite of himself by the beauty of the white face with the luminous eyes.

"You are not coming back," she quietly explained.

"I am coming back," he maintained, facing the eyes which refused to meet his, speaking more violently than he had at first intended to speak. "I am coming back, and I'm going to take you in my arms again. For I'm going to tame you, you crazy-hearted little stormy petrel, even though I have to break down that door of yours, and break down that pride of yours, to do it!"

She went whiter than ever, for she stood there with her hand on the door-knob.

"To-morrow at three," she repeated in her dead voice, with just the faintest trace of a shiver shaking her huddled figure. It was not altogether a question; it was not altogether an answer.

But it was enough for Uhlan, who passed with a dignity not untouched with triumph out through the open door. But Teddie's shiver, as she stood staring after him, was the thoracic râle of her youth.

(*To be continued.*)

My Country 'Tis of Everybody Else

[*Continued from page 24*]

rid of the caterpillar in our own eye before we start to pick the boll-weevil out of our brother's.

It's all as simple as cleaning the pests off a farm, if we will only see it that way. It can be done in two motions: 1. Make up your mind to do it. 2. Do it. The first is by far the harder.

And there are two kinds of pests. The first is the peripatetic pest, like crows. The second is the colonizing pest, like tent caterpillars.

For the first you need a gun and a scarecrow. Shoot a couple of crows, and put up your scarecrow, and you couldn't get a crow to come within three miles of your field if you offered him a million rubles, which is eighty cents in regular money.

As for the second, you must destroy their breeding places. If the nation can spend forty billion dollars to make the world a decent place to live in, it can certainly spend a few billion more to make America a decent place to live in. The slums of all our large cities should be torn down. Model tenements should be erected. Human lice hate model tenements just as much as cockroaches hate tiled bathrooms. And, in both instances, they depart. Where they go, nobody knows. But they go. That, after all, is the point.

Whereby, leaving our analogy, as it were, flat, we come down to cases.

The first step toward delousing America is to get rid of all the undesirables we have, regardless of race, color, creed, money, position and whether citizens or aliens.

Freedom of speech never has and never will mean license of speech. Freedom of speech that means constructive criticism is one thing. License of speech that means treason is something entirely different. Also there are times when differences of opinion mean, and can only mean, a fight, as in the Civil War. But the Civil War was an honorable difference of opinion. The conflict with the Central Powers was another matter. It was a conflict between the righteous forces of order and the unrighteous forces of disorder.

Having gotten rid of all undesirables, the next step is to see that no more get in. And this is equally simple. Drastic immigration laws should be passed, and enforced. If such laws cut down the supply of labor, let's have less labor and do more work ourselves. As it is we've far too many people working at essential occupations like diamond tiaras and nut sundaes and cabaret shows and hats for women to wear once and fancy ices for lawn parties and comic operas and hand-embroidered lingerie and ladies' maids and hat-check boys and the other man on the box and sport shirts and oilless oil wells and stock broking and recipes for dainty lunches and taming wild flowers. One of the worst troubles with America is that its economic life is about one-tenth beer and the rest froth, or, if the prohibitionists object, one-tenth sundae and the rest nut.

And another of the main troubles has always seemed to me to be Washington, D. C. Washington is a copious city, inland, isolated, peaceful. It is a beautiful city of magnificent distances. Nobody ever seems to hurry. Nothing ever seems to happen. In order to realize that there may be anything going on in the world, one has to lie down on one's back, and shut one's eyes, and count Bolsheviki jumping over a gate. By this, and by reading the editorials in the Republican papers only, can one realize that one is still residing in the middle of the Pandora's box that we call the world. Also the climate is enervating and so full of *laissez-faire* and *dolce far niente* and *mañana* that one can't do a thing with it. Were our Congress convened in Chicago, or New York, or San Francisco, I am convinced that the Bolsheviki would long ago have been leaping from crag to crag before serried ranks of huntsmen clad in alpaca coats and mohair pants.

But this can't be helped. It's too late to move the Capitol. Our only hope lies in moving the Congressmen.

And it would be water on the wheel of said Congressmen to sit up and listen a whole lot. Nobody knew there was going to be a revolution in Russia until after it happened, least of all the revolutionists themselves. While as for the Duma — well, it took at least six months to hunt around in the whiskers and find the members and inform them of the painful fact that they had lost their jobs.

Revolutions are not made nowadays by a horde of ravening peasantry, carrying pikes tastefully decorated with erstwhile noble heads, and seeking what they may devour. Revolutions in this changed old world of ours are just as liable to start because Europe puts up a tariff against corned beef, which affects the saltpeter mines, which throws the steamships into confusion, which affects the coal industry, which in turn reacts on the phonograph manufacturers, which unsettles the silk shirt trade, which spreads to the automobile tire makers, thereby throwing the automobile business itself on its beam ends, causing widespread unrest and disquiet which result in people having nowhere to go but out, which they do, and the police in turn are ordered to disperse them, and they refuse, and the troops are sent to disperse the police, and they refuse, and the first thing a Congressman knows there has been a revolution, and a Soviet has set up business in his district and he's out on a limb with no more constituency than a rabbit.

Of course, were he a Bolshevik, it wouldn't make any difference. He could keep right on talking to himself. But being a Congressman makes it another matter. A Congressman has to have his ear to the ground. And any Congressman that puts his ear to the ground within a thousand miles of a Soviet, would have both ear-drums broken.

Simmered down to its essence, the fact of the matter is this: united in war, the decent peoples of earth were sound and solid. But since the War ended, said decent peoples have permitted themselves to be jazzed and hokummed until they don't know whether they are afoot or horseback. The Armistice was probably the most colossal blunder that history has ever seen. Trying to interweave the painfully complex terms of peace with a fantastic and visionary League of Nations was a grandiose error that could easily have been avoided by giving Germany the simplest of terms to sign quickly, and then organizing an effective league to enforce peace.

The entire absence of any policy at all toward Bolshevism in Russia was a crime for which we are paying and will pay, dearly. And the effect of the whole unnecessary delay was to destroy morale, inculcate serious differences among those who should be friends, and, instead of administering restoratives to a convalescent world, to keep it suffering at death's door for seven tragic months. During all these vital, fatal days, we have not only had the cart before the horse, but the whole outfit upside down and driving backward!

And the most pitiful part of it all is that while the forces of order have been staggering around helplessly, the forces of disorder have had their feet on the ground or on somebody's else stomach at every minute of the night and day. They're out for the power and the mazuma. While we talk about the evolution of humanity into millennial happiness, their motto is "Do it now!"

And so far, these forces of disorder are having all the best of it. We have had toward them an entire and fatal lack of policy.

What is the matter with us! It can't be cowardice. Our dead in France show that; and the history of our fathers. It must be merely pitiful indecision born of a lack of understanding and appreciation of the facts.

This thing must end. This great and wonderful country that our fathers left unto us from the sweat of their bodies and the blood of their hearts; that their sons fought for and died for, leaving their whitening bones upon a thousand fields from Maine to California, and from the Mississippi to the Marne, must not now be betrayed to vermin and to worms.

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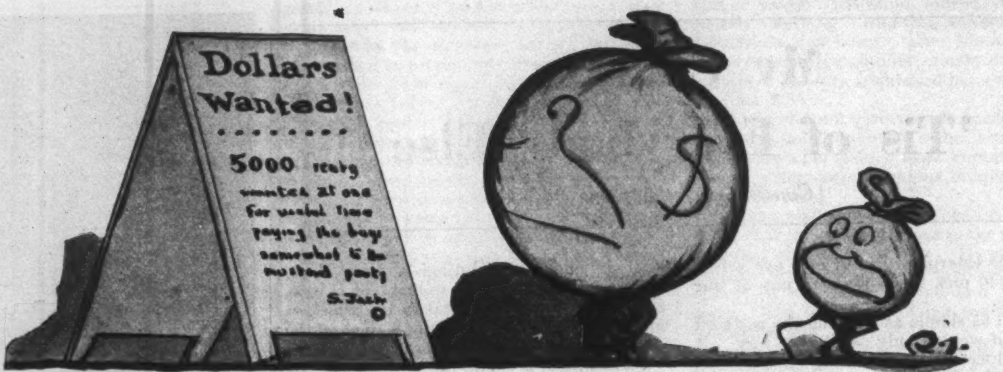

A Twenty-Four-Hour Working Day

Invested Money Belongs to No Unions and It Never Shirks Work

by Paul Tomlinson

WHAT would Labor think about a working week of one hundred and sixty-eight hours? What would an employer think of it? Suppose some one should come to you as an employer and say he would guarantee to have some of your force work this long? Perhaps you would think him crazy, but if he were not, and could convince you of it, wouldn't you jump at his offer? Well, it is not only possible but is being done all the time, and that portion of your force which will work so hard for you is, of course, your money.

Money works twenty-four hours every day. It belongs to no union, and makes no unreasonable demands upon its employer. The more work it is given to do the better it is satisfied. It never shirks, asks no favors, and granted that its working conditions are good, is always busy in the interests of its owner.

Compare this working day with the ones you have been reading about in the newspapers. An eight-hour day, a forty-four-hour week, a six-hour day, a thirty-hour week — they hardly compare favorably with the hours money works. Perhaps it is not fair to compare them, and yet they have many characteristics in common. For instance, a dangerous occupation commands more wages than a safe one, because the chance of injury and loss of earning power are ever present and must be taken into consideration. Similarly money put into a speculative security must earn more than when invested in something known to be safe; to compensate for the chance of loss the return must be made correspondingly attractive. Intelligence and industry mean greater earning power for a worker; intelligent investing of money and seeing to it that it is always employed mean more money and larger returns. An idle worker earns nothing. Neither does idle money. A worker can waste his time, and it is still easier to waste money. Thrift and saving increase the power of a worker and the influence of money.

Mining securities are attractive to most people. One reason is the possibility of an increase in the value of their investment and another the high rate of return. There is usually the chance of opening up new supplies of ore, which means increased value, but on the other hand every bit of ore taken out of a mine means that there is just that much less left, and the more a mine is worked the sooner it will be exhausted. This is why the best of mining stocks yield as much as they do; it is recognized that yield must be high enough to compensate for the gradual depletion of the mine. So, money invested in mines may be classed as in a dangerous occupation, just like the man who works in them. Both receive high wages—if we can call it that—but both run risks. Some may think it worth while, and some not. There is one advantage, however, that money has over the worker; the money may be invested in a company which owns a number of mines, so that the risk is diversified and not all of the eggs are in one basket.

Investments in producing oil wells are somewhat similar to those in mines. The risks in this case, however, would seem to be rather greater in the case of the investor than in that of the worker. Employment at an oil well is not rated as a particularly dangerous occupation. On the other hand, the well may stop flowing, or the oil follow the example of Lot's wife. Here again, however, a number of properties in different localities will protect an investment, as in the case of mining companies. Geologists are remarkably accurate these days in forecasting supplies of metal or oil, but the factor of safety certainly seems on the side of the concern whose properties are not all in one place.

LIBERTY Bonds are the safest investment we know. For that very reason their yield is low. Money invested in these bonds is working for the Government, work not generally considered dangerous to life and limb. However, the man or woman who makes a success of a Government job does not get as much money as the individual who makes a success of his own business, but he runs smaller risks. There are compensations for everything, and different people have different tastes.

Many a man who speculates falls back on the familiar saying, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained." By its use he tries to justify his losses. As far as investments are concerned, however, this motto is preferable, "Cut down your losses and the profits will take care of themselves." Of course all general rules are subject to exceptions, but it does seem that when most people have to work so hard for the money they get, it is almost their duty to spend and invest it judiciously. How much risk you can afford to take with it is a matter you should have intelligence enough to decide for yourself.

It takes hard work and nerve and sacrifice to get on in business. The same qualities are necessary in saving money. It is one of the most difficult things in the world to do, but it is also the test of your ability to succeed. And remember this. It is far more agreeable to have money working for you than it is to have to work for money. When it is in your employ it turns over to you the wages it receives for its twenty-four-hour working day. When you work for it you pay the wages. This is the difference between loaning and borrowing.

Where to find work for your money is the question. At any rate there need be no problem of unemployment, but just as certain work suits certain kinds of people, so work which money should do varies according to the circumstances of its owner. Patently, a young man with no dependents could afford to take risks that would be entirely without justification for a woman. But is it worth while to take risks? In November of last year you will remember there was a sudden break in the market, and prices went pretty well to smash. In two weeks the common stocks of five representative "speculative issues" declined an average of seventy-two points. The preferred stocks of these companies in the same period went down an average of slightly over one point. If a man gets to working too hard and keeps it up too long he is apt to have a collapse which may bring disastrous results. So with money. The prices of the stocks just mentioned had been going up, up, up, for a long time. Bankers realized that their condition was precarious, and the bankers, as physicians of the market, gave warning. They predicted a break and it came. Which is another example of the similarity between money and human workers. The money did not object to the twenty-four-hour working day, but to the kind of employment.

It might help, too, if people would think of their investments in a more personal way. Compare them to money loaned to individuals. An investment is nothing more than a loan; if you buy the bonds or stocks of a company you are merely loaning the company money for use in its business. In return for the loan you are paid interest, or, in the case of stock, taken into partnership and given a share in the profits—or losses. Would you loan money to an individual whom you know to be improvident, unbusinesslike, and who has never made a success of anything he has attempted? Would you loan money—five dollars even—to a perfect stranger about whom you know nothing? The chances are you would not even consider it. No sensible person would, and yet plenty of people who apparently are sensible will invest in the securities of companies they know nothing

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about; sometimes they scarcely know the nature of the business, and are even unfamiliar with its location; a market for its securities is something to which they have never given a thought. It is a problem for the psychologists.

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6.— In "Junior Underwritings," a copyrighted leaflet issued by I. D. Noll & Company, the financing of small industrial corporations is described.

7.— S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, and Straus Building, Chicago, have published a new booklet, "Safety and 6%," explaining the reasons why no investor has ever lost a dollar of principal or interest in thirty-eight years on any investment purchased of S. W. Straus & Co., and describing sound, first mortgage serial real estate bonds. In writing, specify circular X.

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9.—The "Doherty News," published by Henry L. Doherty & Company, operators and fiscal agents of Cities Service Company, is published monthly and gives the latest information regarding oil statistics and production figures in the United States. It also contains valuable information regarding public utilities and a general review of the investment situation.

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11.—"What You Do Not See in a Bond Circular," is often an important factor in the selection of bonds by the investment banker for his clients. This pamphlet with "Bond Topics," will be sent on request directed to A. H. Bickmore & Company, 111 Broadway, New York.

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14.—John Muir & Co., odd lot and Liberty Bond specialists, 61 Broadway, New York, have recently made several changes in their partial-payment plan terms which are explained in the new edition of their booklet "The Partial Payment Plan," which is free on request.

15.—Francis & Company, 1 Wall Street, New York City, will be pleased to send upon request some interesting circulars describing a variety of new investments.

16.—Upon request Gerard & Co., 35 Wall St., New York, will mail their interesting booklet publication "Investment Suggestions" issued opportunely, which discusses active securities and current market topics; also their Investment Plan Booklet.

17.—"We're Right on the Ground," by E. J. Landers & Co., of Grand Forks, N. D., covers Farm Mortgages from the Northwest. Free.

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21.—Perkins & Co., Lawrence, Kan., will send free a list of farm mortgages. Send for list 718.

Upon request from readers, McClure's Financial Department will arrange with any of the above named firms to furnish promptly the booklets mentioned in this column. In sending request to McClure's for booklets, please order them by number.

The Thrill of Getting Through

[*Continued from page 28*]

knew French but I could see that he understood something of what I said, so I just fired away at him with a complete history of us.

I won him over at last, and the change in his manner was miraculous. From a hostile, menacing attitude, he changed to one of most cordial friendship. He explained that they had taken us for Hun deserters. However, he believed my story, so now our safety, so far as they were concerned, was assured. Calling up all his followers, he told them that we were harmless, escaped prisoners, whereupon they dispersed, promising nót to molest us further. But twice during the day, the old man came with bread and potatoes.

About five that afternoon, it started to rain. We had taken post in the lee of three large trees, leaning against the trunks to escape some of the driving storm. The shower had nearly passed when we caught sight of a Hun on a bicycle, some two hundred yards away on the road. He looked our way and I believe he saw us, for he dismounted and stood there several minutes, staring in our direction, while we hid behind the trees, now and again risking an eye to watch him. Presently he remounted his wheel and started back the way he had come.

"What do you make of it?" asked Tilly, much excited, when he had gone.

"Let's look for a place to lay up over night," I suggested, and the other two immediately agreed.

So we approached the first house of the group to ask the owner to put us up. But here for the second time we found only Flemish-speaking people. They would have no dealings with us. Discouraged, we moved on but decided to make one more try. We chose the last house of the group. This time a young man came to the door.

"*Parlez-vous francaise, monsieur?*" was the first thing I asked. He made no answer but just then a very bright and attractive looking girl appeared beside him with a pleasant, "*Oui, monsieur.*"

To her I appealed, but she shook her head when I asked permission to spend the night. Disappointed, but still hopeful, I asked her

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if we might rest a while and have something to drink. At that she cordially asked us into the living-room, where the whole family were gathered about the stove.

I soon succeeded in arousing the girl's interest in us by telling her our story. Everything I said she repeated to the family, so before long all our buttons, flying insignia, helmets and goggles were being passed about among them and exclaimed over with quite a show of interest.

With a happy smile the girl turned to me. "*Monsieur,*" she said, "*voulez-vous rester chez nous, ce soir?*"

Eagerly, I accepted the invitation, whereupon she told us to come with her. I fully expected to be shown to some shed or barn, where perhaps there would be some hay to sleep on. But far from it, she led us into a room with a bed in the far corner. This would be our room, she explained.

We never knew where they all slept that night. We three had decidedly guilty consciences as we crept into that big, wonderfully soft bed. But they did not trouble us long, for in no time at all we were fast asleep.

It was four o'clock next day when we left, with a note in Flemish which we might present when in need of help, explaining who we were. The mother was to lead us into the village of Steenockerzeel, where she had a friend whose husband spoke English.

Steenockerzeel was a mile away. The old lady conducted us to a house in the heart of the village, where she left us in the care of her friend. The latter explained that her husband was out just now but would be back presently. She could speak French, so we were able to talk to her.

After half an hour's waiting, she informed us that hubby might not be back till late. We had better follow her son to another house where they also spoke English. Although we did not know quite what to make of this turn of events, we followed the boy at her suggestion to a second house. The woman there who came to the door in turn directed us to still a third place where English was spoken.

Much puzzled, but determined to see the thing through, we went with our young guide to be introduced by him to the third woman whose husband spoke English. This time we were admitted to await the husband's return. The woman could speak our language, herself, so while we waited we chatted with her and sipped the coffee which she provided.

HER husband, we learned, was an English jockey. He had been in the racing game here before the War. Since the conflict had overtaken him he had been unable to get away. He had evaded the Germans by passing as a Belgian, although he had no real passport.

Every Belgian civilian was obliged to carry on his person at all times, a passport bearing his name, age, photograph and other data. He was obliged to submit this once a month to the German authorities for *visé*.

This man had no such document, at least no authentic one. He simply carried a forged one to show when accosted by the gendarmes in the street. Naturally he refrained from paying the monthly visits to the Hun lords of the district. He and a fellow jockey had thus dodged the boche since the very beginning of German oppression in Belgium.

After dinner the second Englishman came to see us. We had a pleasant chat with the two horsemen, during which they volunteered to conduct us to an *estaminet* about a mile away, owned by a Belgian woman whose husband was likewise English and had also followed the turf.

They led us north from Steenockerzeel along the main highway that runs on to Malines and Anvers (Mechlin and Antwerp). Just where this road crosses the light railway from Brussels, on the southwest corner, is the Café Anglaise. There, after waiting outside until our friends had made certain no Huns were within, we met the young and attractive Belgian woman. At the same time we were introduced to M. François Timmerman, chairman of the *Comité Nationale* for the distribution of food received from America, at the moment very much engaged in a game of billiards.

Of course he was our lifelong friend from the moment he learned we were Americans. Nothing would do but that we accept the hospitality of his house across the street, where he assured us we should have beds and food aplenty. After drinking beer with madame, the jockey's wife, we were permitted to accompany François.

Next day was Sunday. Through the sitting-room windows we watched the trainloads of Hun soldiers roll by on their way to Brussels. Late in the afternoon we saw them again, returning from town. We were royally entertained by the family. The younger sister, who had been studying in Brussels to develop a very promising voice, kindly sang for us. Nothing was lacking of food or entertainment. For the second time during the escape we had meat and butter.

These good people, like others we had met, advised us to travel northeast. That evening, accompanied by a young Belgian, who had attached himself to us and would have come all the way to Holland with us but for parental objections, we set out.

That night, in spite of frequent rests, we covered a good fifteen kilometers. The greater part of this distance, as far as Betecom, we boldly followed the tramline, crossing with it the River Deme and several tributaries, without encountering opposition. At four o'clock we entered the village of Ramsel.

It was here that the notes which the girls had written for us in Steenockerzeel justified their existence. Not, however, before we had been twice turned away. The first man directed us to the home of the mayor of the town, where the mayor's wife fed us but refused to take us in. The third house we tried was occupied by a father, his grown-up son and daughter. Here they were good to us and showed us up a ladder to a deep pile of sweet-smelling, newly-cut hay, that induced slumbers wonderfully peaceful and refreshing.

In the middle of the afternoon the boy woke us up, telling us to come down immediately. Wondering what it was all about, we followed him into the living-room to find awaiting us, in long, sombre, black robes, a priest. He had evidently been called in by the farmer to question us. I had a long talk with him in French. Upon finding that he was disposed to be kindly, I told him all about us and asked his advice about the best point at which to attempt a crossing into Holland.

He told us then how very dangerous it was, how well guarded the border was by an electric fence and how watchful the line of sentries who patrolled it. Then he studied our maps with us. Finally, after careful consideration, he pointed out Tongerloo, a town some twelve kilometers to the northeast of us. Just west of the town he indicated the site of an abbey—Abbayé Tongerloo, he called it. He advised that we proceed there this very afternoon. Upon our arrival we should tell the good fathers that he, the father at Ramsel, had sent us. He was sure they could give us good advice.

There were in certain villages along the border, Belgians who made a business of breaking through the frontier defenses for the purposes of conducting parties across and of smuggling goods. We had heard mention of such persons before. Now he advised that we bend all our efforts toward finding one of these guides.

Hopes running high, we set out, following the route the good man had indicated.

The road signs directed us most of the way, but by the time Westerloo was reached, it had grown dark, so, thereafter, we stopped frequently to inquire the way.

About nine o'clock that evening we came into Tongerloo. We found the abbey presently and walked through the gates and under the entrance arch into the inner courtyard, without discovering a soul about the place. A single lighted window on the ground floor attracted our attention. At the door beside it, a Frenchwoman came to answer our summons. We were admitted to a little room, to find assembled about a table in the center, two Frenchmen and their wives. They were most cordial toward us when they learned who we were. They were refugees from the towns now under shell fire. Seventy or eighty such exiles were living here under the protection of the church.

One of the men went immediately to summon the Father Superior — to ask permission for us to spend the night. Presently, while we were drinking coffee that our hosts had hurriedly prepared, the holy man came accompanied by Father Dockx, who spoke English. We had a wonderful meal, after which they showed us up-stairs to where, in two rooms just above the French people, there were three vacant beds.

We were very glad of the comfortable beds, for we were badly in need of sleep.

Immediately after the midday meal, Father Dockx came next day to see us, bringing with him a very large-scale, minutely detailed map of the country between here and the frontier.

That evening in the dusk we started for Sluis, in the company of a Belgian from the

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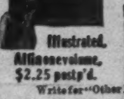

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abbey, who led us across the fields to Zammel. There he wished us good luck, then left us to take up the journey along the rails.

It was just after noon the next day when we came into the village of Rauw and proceeded at once toward the church spire. We found the father here very timid about helping us. Although he fed us bread and coffee he was afraid to trust us fully. He advised that we go to the château just east of the village where the owner spoke English.

On the way we were attracted by a white brick house, on one side of which was a hardware store and bicycle repair shop. It suddenly occurred to us that perhaps here we might obtain some of the implements which would help us deal with the charged wire.

A middle-aged man of kindly appearance admitted us. Immediately I began my French story of what we were, for I knew he must be in sympathy with our project if he was to sell us anything to further it.

"Do you speak English?" was the quiet answer from this calm individual who had patiently listened to my struggle in French.

A thunder clap could hardly have taken us more by surprise. Did we speak English!

Poor Gus — Gustaaf Hus was his name — did not know quite what to make of the torrent of sound at first, but finally he said:

"Yes, I am believing you are American. I have been spending many years in America and Canada as bricklayer, and I am thinking you boys are speaking truth."

In our exuberance we slapped him on the back and wrung his hand until it must have ached. We told him we had learned of certain men called guides who might advise us where to cross the border.

GUS listened to it all thoughtfully.

"Boys," he said finally, "I am going to be helping you how I can. There are going every week in Holland these guides, two, three of them every week. One of them I know since he was young boys. Now, I don't know where he is going; maybe in Holland. But sure I am finding him for you boys."

Suddenly in the midst of it all Gus glanced out into the street, and made one dash for the door, to hail a man driving by. He brought the individual back with him, a man of about his own height, thicker set and with a slightly more ferocious-looking mustache.

"Boys, this is my brother, Jan Hus," he proudly introduced the new arrival. There ensued a long discussion between the two.

Finally, Jan shook hands very cordially with us upon taking his leave and Gus told us that his brother was going to help us. He was going to Moll that very afternoon, where perhaps he might obtain trace of the guide.

He regretted that we could not remain in his house but on account of his very nervous wife, he must send us into the woods just a few hundred yards back of the house. He would come to us there after dark with food. To-morrow he hoped to have good news for us from his brother.

It was arranged that we look for a certain roadside shrine, and hide in the woods near-by.

We thanked him a thousand times. With spirits soaring to their very zenith we left the house in search of the place of worship. But search as we might, we could not find it. Not daring to return to the house, we entered the bushes at the nearest point. We decided to wait here until dark, then to go out and watch the house for his leaving it.

But as it happened, when next we met Gus, it was in quite a different manner from that which we had planned. The afternoon had sped quickly by as we had sat there in the bushes, chatting merrily over the prospect of a speedy arrival in Holland. All at once I caught the sounds of whistling. Some one was passing by along the edge of the wood. We all sat quietly listening. What was the tune? — it certainly sounded familiar. Then I recognized it — an old, old song that I remembered hearing years ago. "Farewell, my Bluebell," runs the first line.

"Say, fellows, I'll bet that's Gus! He's whistling 'Bluebell.'"

It was Gus right enough. When I brought him to our clearing, he was fairly beaming.

"Boys," he began as he usually did, "now I am sure in my heart you are Americans. I am singing that old song when I have live in Canada, ten, twelve years ago."

He brought us food and stayed with us as long as he dared remain away from his wife. Once more he told us how sorry he was that we were obliged to remain out-of-doors.

Such a night as it was! Cold! Brr-r-r! How we shivered! We would sleep for an hour, then get up and walk for half an hour to restore the circulation.

At last day came, then presently Gus, with some hot coffee, a bottle of milk and a loaf of bread.

Jan Hus returned that day at noon from his visit to Moll. He had so far been unsuccessful in finding the guide, but he urged us not to lose hope as he had left word with a friend there to notify him should the man return. Meanwhile, he would carry the search to other near-by villages.

At noon, he had gone home and Gus was visiting us for a moment while his wife was out, when again the sound of whistling outside caused us all to sit still and listen. This time the lively strains of "The Stars and Stripes Forever" came floating through the trees to us. We looked at Gus.

"Monsieur Emsems," Gus explained. Then he told us how the wealthy owner of the château, the one to whom the priest had directed us, had heard of our presence here. Gus had told him where to look for us, so now he was coming to visit.

A dapper little man was M. Emsems, the picture of good health and spirits with his vividly rosy cheeks. And with it all he could speak English.

We had a delightful chat with him, during which we learned the startling information that he was the rightful owner of the electric plant — now commandeered by the Huns — which charged the electric fence along the frontier.

Before he left, M. Emsems drew from his pocket a thermos bottle filled with the most delicious hot cocoa I have ever tasted. He also gave us each a handful of domino sugar and two bars of milk chocolate.

In the evening, about eight o'clock, we had the surprise and the treat of our lives. It was heralded by the same whistle we had heard at noon, Sousa's "Stars and Stripes." A few moments later a tearing of branches, a splash and a muffled oath told us that Emsems had fallen into the ditch some four feet deep, that, moat-like, guarded the approach to our encampment. We hastened to the rescue to find not only Emsems but his wife and (I believe it was her brother), a second man. Fortunately, the lady had not shared her husband's plight.

They were all very excited, the woman especially begging us not to speak so loudly. We became aware of many mysterious bundles, immediately we met the party. One of these proved to be a milk pail full of hot soup. The second dish was a huge, crockery affair, about the size and shape of half an ordinary stone filter. Full of chicken! Chicken and potatoes. Then, finally, there was some fruit, and with it all a bottle of milk to drink. It was all too wonderful!

It was the following day, Sunday, at noon, that Jan came to us. He told us that Gus had gone on a visit to Moll to see friends who he thought probably were in touch with the guide.

Meanwhile, Jan invited us to accompany him to his home, where we might live more comfortably until the time came to start for Holland.

We lost no time breaking camp. Jan instructed us to follow him at a distance of a hundred yards. Then we set out along the most unfrequented paths Jan could find. So we came to the Baelen-Postel Road, just south of its intersection with the main Moll-Lommel route. There awaiting us was a young boy, a relative of Jan's, who was holding the pony and cart in readiness for us. The four of us were quickly seated in the cozy little vehicle and were off at a trot.

At several points along the four or five miles to Baelen Jan had posted pickets who waved that all was clear as we passed. Indeed, it seemed to me as if the whole countryside had been informed of our coming.

Where we crossed the Moll-Overpelt railway there were several Huns waiting on the station platform, but they paid no attention to us. We passed one boche on a bicycle along the road. He was just as stupid as his fellows, so nothing hindered our progress all the way into the village. There, Jan proudly pointed out his dwelling.

His wife opened the gates to the stable at the other end. Such a dinner as she had prepared!

Of course, we soon had visitors. All of Jan's relatives and closest friends came in to pay their respects. His wife's cousin, a photographer by trade, brought his paraphernalia with him to take our picture.

Monsieur Emsems and his charming wife drove into the village to call. They brought us a supply of milk chocolate and several jars of delicious preserves. Having first looked for us in the woods, they had been startled to find us gone. Then they had learned our whereabouts from Gus, who had returned from Moll. I was anxious to hear what he had accomplished there but the Emsems were unable to tell us.

Late next morning Gus arrived, having walked all the way from Rauw. I knew before he spoke that he had bad news for us. He had been unable to find the guide, for the latter was in Holland. This was Monday. He thought that at least by Thursday, the guide would have returned from Holland.

Imagine our dismay when the following day, Tuesday, the fifteenth, two Huns came to the door demanding to see Jan. We were quickly hustled out through the back door and down through a cellar window into a dark, musty, dungeon-like place to wait while Jan received his callers. At the end of fifteen minutes he came down to get us, the Germans having departed. They would be back presently, however. These two had been making arrangements to billet twenty or more of them with Jan for the night. It seemed that some two hundred would be entering the town at nightfall. After much discussion between Jan and his friends, he told us he would be willing to take a chance if we would. We could stay in this room with the doors and windows locked.

Most of the Huns would be quartered in the stable. Three of the officers would, however, occupy a room on the second floor.

It was ten o'clock when Jan came to report that all his Huns were safely tucked away. Taking our shoes off, we tiptoed up the creaking stairs. Jan had already removed the outside knobs from our doors so that once inside with the doors closed, they could not easily be opened from without.

But they did not leave town that day, so that night we had to follow the same procedure. All day the village streets were full of the devils.

Georges Soete came to us to-day, a bright little Belgian, a trifle overbearing, but he spoke fairly good English. Like ourselves, he was anxious to reach Holland, to get from there by way of England, back to his home near Bruges, which the Allies had recently taken. He, too, was waiting with friends in Baelen for the appearance of a guide.

Wednesday most of the Huns left town and we went about breathing more naturally.

A funny little Belgian arrived next day, in the person of Monsieur Sew. He had sharp, well-formed features, surmounted by a full supply of jet black hair, of which a thick, flowing beard was the counterpart. On top of it all he thought he spoke English. We were not at all favorably impressed when Jan informed us that he, too, was joining the escape party and would remain as his guest until the coming of the guide.

But that was not the only score on which we took aversion to him. He had a villainous habit of sucking his teeth after meals and picking them while still at the table with a special gold pick that he carried in his waistcoat pocket. He did this in spite of the fact that he should have known better.

GEORGES, who was living in another house, came to see us very often. He usually greeted us with: "It will be a good job when we are to come in Holland." With which sentiment we never failed heartily to agree.

To-day, Thursday, we looked for an answer to our message, but no word came. All the Belgians, including the guide's closest friends, were much worried. They feared something must have happened to him. We wrote a second message to be dispatched by pigeon that evening.

Friday morning Jan came to us looking very troubled. Word was going through the village that to-day the German authorities were to institute one of their periodic searches for copper, which would mean a house-to-house search of the village.

It was Saturday morning that Jan came into my room while I was still in bed and with a beaming smile on his face, announced: "*La guerre est finis!*" Then he admitted that it really was not quite all over yet, but it seemed that the doctor fellow had come back from Brussels where he reported the Germans in full retreat.

"*Le guide,*" at last, "*le guide!*" Word came to us that afternoon that he had last night come across from Holland. He would come to see us this very afternoon. By Monday we should all be in Holland. The guide did come in for a minute that afternoon on his way to Brussels where he had business to attend to. He would return to-morrow, he promised, and perhaps to-morrow night we would make the expedition to the fence.

He was a tall, slim, fair-haired man, perhaps thirty years of age.

Sunday noon we celebrated our approaching departure with an especially wonderful dinner. We started with soup. Then there came all the meat and potatoes we could put down, followed by pancakes and sausage, with cinnamon sugar for the cakes. Now here is where they were heartlessly cruel to us. We naturally thought that we were on the last course, but what should arrive after we had filled up to the neck with pancakes, but a huge, round layer-cake, with a creamy icing half an inch thick on top. Oh, it was wicked! But we got away with most of it, at that!

By four o'clock, Jan's friends began to come in to say good-bye to us.

Word came while we were gathered there that the guide had returned from Brussels but was too tired to start for Holland to-night. We should hold ourselves in readiness to leave to-morrow evening.

Monday morning came, and with it presents from Jan of shirts, collars and ties, a weird assortment, surely; but we each picked out what suited him best and appreciated the good fellow's generosity.

The two assistants of the guide came for us as soon as it was dark. That was the signal for good-bye. Georges was there and M. Sew, both very excited, to go with us.

It was a wonderful night, clear and crisp, as we set out across country toward the northeast. An hour's walking brought us to the west bank of a small canal that runs south from the main Canal de l'Escaut.

Jan was waiting with Sew and the bags. There was a short argument between Sew and one of our guides, in which the former seemed to be trying to dictate to the latter. The guide would not stand for it. He started off immediately, leaving Sew to shift for himself. From the guide's attitude I judged there was no time for argument. The crossing of the canal was a ticklish piece of work. It was really more serious than I had thought, for we must cross by the factory bridge.

When we came near enough to it, the guides made us wait while they went alone to investigate. From the bridge we could see them waving for us to come. In a few seconds we were across and following them away from the factory in the direction in which we had come. Soon we were back opposite where we had left Sew. Jan's wagon was still there. The guides paid no attention but turned away from the canal by a road to the east. Apparently they had done with him.

Not until we were some half a mile farther on among bushes in the middle of a field, did the guide call a halt. Then one of them started back to look for Sew. Some fifteen minutes later he returned, and both Sew and Jan were with him.

IT was ten o'clock when we were admitted to the house where the guide lived with his mother, younger brother and sister, and a baby in the cradle. They were very cautious about admitting us. Inside, the family was assembled in a living-room about the stove, where the mother was preparing coffee. The one window in the room was heavily screened by a blanket tacked over it..

Jan soon took his leave, for he had a long way to go. Before he left, he told us what he had learned of the guide's plans. It seemed that the arrival was expected at any moment of three Frenchmen, escaped prisoners like ourselves, who would make the trip with us. We would leave here at three in the morning and be in Holland for breakfast.

The Frenchmen did arrive soon, very much worn out from long, hard marching. The five hours from ten to three were among the longest I have ever put in. I slept a little in the corner.

I watched the guide going about his preparations for the trip. One after the other, he made us stand up while he went over us from head to toe, looking for concealed weapons. He was not going to be shot through the back by any Hun spy who might be in the party by mistake. He also warned us that we were here to go through with it. He would not hesitate to shoot any one who attempted to turn back, once we were on the march.

Now, too, the guide attended to the financial arrangements. Both Sew and Georges, civilians, were obliged to pay him five hundred francs apiece. The three Frenchmen and ourselves, soldiers and escaped prisoners, he exempted from this charge.

At last three o'clock came. We were off promptly on the hour. I consulted my compass frequently, to find that we were traveling almost due east. I had fully expected to go straight to the north,

Recent rains accounted for the bogs we were in. With many a curse, the guide made a detour to the north, then came around to the trail again in the midst of the sand dunes.

At eight o'clock we made our first stop for breakfast and a rest of half an hour on a thick mattress of pine needles among the trees.

At eight-thirty we were off again. We veered toward the southeast, until I learned that we were making for Bocholt, near which village we were to cross the Meuse Canal that paralleled the border.

Twice we crossed main roads, first the Lille St. Hubert — Petit Brogel Road, then the Petit Brogel — Weert Highway, the latter town being in Holland.

After passing the second highway the guide called another rest. Here in a clearing we built a fire, for it was quite a cool, overcast day. Curled up close to the blaze I slept for an hour.

I awoke in time to hear the guide rehearsing the part of the trip ahead of us. He unfolded his plans as follows: We were now about an hour from Bocholt. Leaving an hour before sundown, we would reach the village at dusk, crossing the canal by the bridge just after dark, when there was no sentry on guard. Once across the canal we would make directly for the fence, only two or three kilometers away.

At this point the guide described the ground over which we must approach the last hundred yards or so to the wires. There would be a series of parallel fences, some two feet wide and four feet deep, filled with water. These were spaced regularly, about five yards apart. A misstep into one of them by any one of us would mean our capture, for the splash would surely betray us.

There were three fences: first a low, plain wire one, uncharged; six feet beyond, the death-trap, the highly charged fence some ten feet high, whose wires a foot apart were supported by poles at five-yard intervals. Close to one of these poles the guide would clip the four lower strands of the electric wire. The tension would draw them away from the pole as they fell to the ground. We should immediately dash through, taking care to duck well under the lowest of the uncut wires. There would be a second plain wire guard fence six feet beyond, then another cleared space, across which we must run as we never had before, into the protection of the woods beyond.

Then he warned us about star shells. As soon as the break in the wire was discovered — there were reported to be signal devices to indicate a break immediately — the guards would send up fireworks. Should a rocket go up while we were still out in the open, we must hold our positions, immovable as statues, until the light had died away.

All this was most minutely rehearsed. Soon, tingling with excitement, we set out for Bocholt. As we started, the guide handed one of his automatics to Tilly, with instructions not to hesitate to use it, should it be necessary to put a sentry out of business. The other gun, he kept for his own use.

At about nine we passed through the village of Bocholt.

For a long way we followed the canal to the north toward the village of Loozen. I was just about ready to drop. Having eaten only three sandwiches in the last twenty-four hours, slept not more than four of that number and walked the rest of the time, I was nearly exhausted.

Presently we turned from the main road to a narrow one leading off to the northeast. Now the guide cautioned silence. Presently we stopped. While we stood at the edge of the trees, he entered a few yards. I saw him stoop down to dig with his hands in the ground. A few moments later he came forth and sitting down, drew on a pair of rubber hip-boots. Then he showed me a pair of heavy rubber gauntlets and lastly a pair of businesslike wire clippers. With this equipment he was prepared to withstand the electric current. Almost caressingly he fondled the rubber handles, carefully wiping from them all traces of moisture.

Forward! was the order. No talking from now on. Carefully we must follow every move of the guide. We came now into a light fog, for which we were grateful, for the moon was mercilessly bright. We should probably be obliged to wait most of the night for it to go down. Several hundred yards farther on, we entered the trees to the left.

A few yards into the trees brought us to the first water ditch. Then the tall trees stopped abruptly. There was a sharp line where newly planted ones began. They were no more than three or four feet tall. Down! was the signal. On hands and knees we wriggled along in a snakelike procession after the guide. Every five yards there was a ditch to cross. Once some one's foot splashed into the water as he drew himself across.

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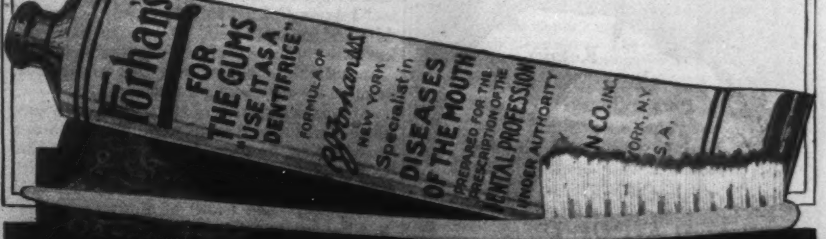

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What was that? A shout! My blood ran cold! There was an answering shout some hundred yards away. The sentries were only greeting each other.

As we crept up closer, we could hear them coughing. We could follow their movements by the almost incessant, hacking coughs and the occasional shouts to one another. It was doubtless lonely work for them. Here in the midst of a wilderness of trees and swamps, in the cold and the fog, the surroundings no doubt played upon their nerves — if they had any. Many of them were being shot right along by parties such as ours. We had the advantage of creeping upon them in ambush.

Yet it was scary work. The last fifty yards to the edge of the clearing was through little more than long grass, where we wormed our way, flat on our stomachs. For ten or fifteen minutes at a time we would be obliged to hold a strained position, until the man ahead moved forward a few feet and the others, one by one, wriggled along after him.

During the long waits, the hard day on no food or sleep would show its effect. In spite of the ever-present danger, we caught each other nodding with drowsiness. Lower and lower my head would sink, and deeper I would breathe, until all at once a kick from Don ahead of me would restore me to my senses. Then a long wait and Don would give way for an instant. At the first suspicion of a snore I would grab his foot.

We were within five yards of the clearing. I glanced at my watch. Two o'clock! Four hours to cover that last hundred yards. We did not dare look over the grass but we could hear the sentry go stomping by, as if trying to restore the circulation to benumbed feet. He was passing now from our right to our left. He disappeared. Suddenly, several hundred yards to the left, a shot rang out! Then there was a shout, then silence!

Five minutes passed. Thump, thump, thump, thump! Footsteps approaching on the run! I risked a peep. A Hun stumbled by, breathing hard, almost exhausted, running with short, labored stride. He disappeared around the bend to the right.

Ten minutes longer we waited, during which there was no sound, no return of our sentry. Satisfied, the guide suddenly rose to a crouching position, waved for us to follow, dashed across the clearing to the fence.

Up we were with a jump! All weariness forgotten, spurred on by the excitement of the moment, we sped after him. In a group we huddled outside the first fence, where the guide stood ready with his clippers. An instant he paused, to see that we were all ready. Then — Snip! Snip! Snip! Snip! Four blue flashes! The guide was through! He was frantically beckoning us to come. In less time than it takes to tell we had scrambled between the first wires, ducked under the lowest charged stand, squeezed desperately through the farthest barrier, were dashing for the trees!

"YES, we sure did run, Colonel Listoe," laughed Tilly. "I was the last one through the fence and the first one to the Dutch border."

"You see, Colonel," I explained, "we had a mile to go after cutting the wire, before actually reaching Holland. It was some going, too. We floundered along through mud up to our knees. Soon we came to a small stream with a plank across it. Old Sew, in his excitement, tried to push the man ahead of him and fell in himself."

"Gosh!" put in Don at this point, "how that little fool missed electrocuting himself is more than I can see."

"I know," I added, "I was just behind him and his head came so close to that lowest wire that there wasn't any fun in it. He lost his hat in the shuffle, too, and almost tripped me up making a dive for it."

At this description of the unfortunate Sew, the Colonel roared with laughter. So amused was he that he drew considerable attention to our table, where we sat at luncheon with him, in the grill of the Suidhollande Hotel in Rotterdam. An excellent luncheon it was turning out to be, too. And our host, Colonel Listoe, American Consul at Rotterdam, was a most royal entertainer, attending to our slightest wish.

"But tell me, boys," the Colonel encouraged, "you say that no one chased you after you got through the wire?"

"Not a soul, Colonel. At least, there was no shooting after that one shot we heard while we were still waiting at the edge of the grass to make our dash. There were no fireworks, either. We can't quite make it out. It looks as if that shot was fired by some one else who was trying to get through."

"You don't suppose it could have been a put up job, do you?" asked the Colonel. "Some sort of understanding between your guide and the sentries?"

"We don't see how that could be," I replied. "The guide was too serious about his preparations for that, too careful in his approach. I am sure we crept up to the edge of the clearing without being discovered. We never exposed ourselves to view for a second and we made so little noise that I doubt if any one could have heard us twenty feet away. Besides, we arrived several hours later than we had intended, on account of having gone miles out of our way. Our approach could not possibly have been timed."

"That's so," the Colonel admitted. "Now tell me what happened after you reached the Holland border."

"We had to wait all morning for a train at Weert. We wandered around the town and blew in all the money we had left on milk chocolate at five dollars a slab.

"The guide, who was still traveling with us, bought the train tickets to Rotterdam. We pulled in here about seven o'clock last evening."

"THAT'S when we had the scare of our lives," Tilly broke in. "We had just left the train and were making our way with the crowd to one of the gateways that lead downstairs. The guide was in front and the rest of us were strung out like sheep behind him. There was a man in a black hat and a long, gray overcoat leaning against the gate, watching people pass. He grabbed the guide and drew him aside, asking if we were all Belgians. Herding us all into one little group, he showed a police badge and told us we must come with him to headquarters.

"We three tried to argue with him. We told him that we were Americans but it did no good. So we followed him — very uneasy we were, too — to the police station and there they had the nerve to tell us they would detain us for the night. That made us ready to fight. We found an official who spoke English and we told him we were going to see the American Consul at once.

"He was fairly decent then and telephoned one of your assistants, Colonel Listoe. After we had each been issued a passport, he sent a plain-clothes man with us to your assistant's house. As soon as he had heard our story, he telephoned the hotel here and ordered them to give us the run of the house."

"Well, boys, that was some experience; but how do you feel now after a good sleep?"

"Wonderful, Colonel," was the chorus of answers. "That was the most marvelous dinner we had last night. And the beds, Colonel — the softest things I have ever seen. The poor guide and the rest of the party, we don't know where they slept. The last we saw of them they were still explaining to the police their right to be alive."

"Oh, they'll be all right," the Colonel reassured us, "but they may have a bad time getting passage to England. You boys will be taken care of at once. This afternoon you will go with Mr. Krow to the Hague, reporting there to Colonel Davis, who is our Military Attaché. He will give you orders to report to the Military Attaché in London. Arrangements will be made with the British authorities for you to leave by the first convoy for England."

"That's splendid of you, Colonel Listoe. We certainly appreciate all your kindness."

"Boys," said the Colonel, "I'm mighty glad to be able to do what little I can for you. You certainly deserve it. We've just been waiting here for you to come along. There have been two other Americans to see us before you, one in the French army and one in the Canadian, but you are the first Americans in the American uniform to get through. I congratulate you. And now how do you feel? Have you had enough to eat?"

Tilly and I started politely to assure the Colonel that we had never before eaten so much in our lives, but Don's "I'm so full I could bust!" was far more expressive.

"Well, boys, I want you to come back with me now to have your picture taken before you go."

We accompanied the Colonel to the Consulate, where we stood with him on the entrance steps under the Stars and Stripes, while they snapped a picture.

The Dutch people passing by stopped in the street to watch the strange performance. But what did it matter that we were still thousands of miles from home? For the moment we forgot that it was a strange country, we forgot the strange faces looking on, this was just a little bit of home transplanted — we had come once more under the protecting folds of Old Glory.

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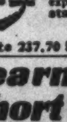

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The Trap — *Continued from page 33*

they sought. They did not see the mere sham and glitter behind all his pretences!"

"No," assented Lester grimly, "they didn't guess I could buy and sell him a half dozen times over!"

"If only they had!" Mrs. Dewitt exclaimed. She made a little gesture of appeal, taking a step toward him timidly. "I loved you, Harry; you know that I did! I've felt, besides, all that bitterness you have felt, — the rancor, the resentment, that changed you from a gay, lovable boy to what you've become. I've suffered with you, Harry; suffered as much, as keenly as you. I'm not heartless. I was not all shallow, vicious. You can see it, can't you?"

"See it?" asked Lester. His lips set themselves a little tighter. "Rather late, isn't it, to ask me that?"

Her mouth quivered. "Is it too late, Harry?"

He did not reply, but apparently she did not expect one. "That other night, Harry, — the night I dined at your house in town, — it all came back to me. You gave that girl the song, and she played it for you. Why did you do that? I remembered that it had been written for me. Every note of it was like a hammerstroke on my heart. All the old days came back, — the sweetness of them, and your boyishness and simplicity. . . . You were never cruel, — not then, Harry. The other night, though, you were cruel, — you meant to be, besides. Why?"

"Cruel?" echoed Lester. His tone had not altered from its former evenness. For an instant, however, his eyes glinted.

"Did you mean to wound me?" she asked. "Is that why you had me there to dinner?" She paused, wetting her lips. "Harry, is that why you've let me come here? Did you want me here so that you could wound, could affront me before that girl?"

Lester did not reply. His step heavy, he had sauntered across the room toward a tall bay-window at the side.

"Well, Harry?" inquired Mrs. Dewitt.

He turned and came slowly back. "I've been thinking, Fanny. Perhaps after all you'd better go. I can manage without you. And, if you like, I'll have a motor take you back to town. If you prefer, though, there's a train at 11:15."

"You don't wish me to stay, then?" She was still gazing at him, intent. Now, however, her air had changed. It was no longer appealing, pleading. "If you wish me to go, why did you let me come here?" Mrs. Dewitt inquired slowly.

Lester did not reply. Outside at the door a motor had just drawn up. Evidently Mr. Hastings had returned: and as he heard the stir in the hall, Lester moved restlessly.

"Are you going to town?" asked Mrs. Dewitt.

He nodded.

"You'll be there all afternoon?"

"Yes," answered Lester. "I may not be back till dark."

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Dewitt, her tone final, — "I'll change my mind. I'm going to stay, Harry. I mean to see this business to an end. "Don't think I'm afraid, either.

Lester did not offer to reply. Crossing to the door, he opened it. Mawsby was waiting in the hall; and as he saw his master, he glided silently toward him.

"Take Mrs. Dewitt's luggage to her room," directed Lester; then he asked: "Where is Mr. Hastings?"

The gentleman answered in person. He had just entered. Hurrying toward his host, he stretched out a cordial hand.

"My dear fellow!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, hello," Lester answered aimlessly.

CHAPTER X

THE meeting, so hearty and cordial on one side; so brief, not to say abrupt, on the other, was evidently not just what the guest had anticipated. In spite, however, of his host's offhand manner, Mr. Hastings was either too well-bred to show astonishment or too self-possessed to feel himself ruffled.

"Finished your business in town?" he inquired.

"No," said Lester.

The "no" was as blunt and abrupt as his manner, yet Mr. Hastings maintained his bright, easy demeanor. "Not finished, eh? You don't mean you have to return?"

"Yes."

Again blunt. Again crisp, abrupt.

"So? . . That's beastly luck! I hoped we'd see a little of each other to-day."

Lester was looking at him from under his formidable brows. It was as if he studied his guest. The guest, however, seemed as oblivious of this as he was of his host's crustiness. "Ripping place you have here, Lester," he observed; "wonder you don't use it more." Lounging across the room as he spoke, he helped himself to a cigarette from the silver box on the table; and striking a match, he held it to the cigarette. "Treat to be here, I assure you. Can't tell you when I've enjoyed a visit more."

Lester responded with a mumble, a grunt.

Mr. Hastings blew forth a cloud of smoke. All at once then he gave a little laugh; and, his chin over his shoulder, he glanced at his host. "Twigged something about you, old man. You didn't tell me you were musical!"

Musical? Lester's stare was inquiring. It was penetrating, too; but Mr. Hastings, as he knocked the ash from his cigarette, again twinkled pleasantly. "Those books of yours — the ones in the library you'd scribbled in, you know. Hope you don't mind my peeping, though," added Mr. Hastings; "I used to dabble, too."

If Lester minded he did not say so. A lurking grin gathered in his eyes; and there was a suggestion for an instant that his lip curled. Music? A stone-mason asked about his embroidery might have had that momentary expression. At any rate, his opinion about that boyhood extravagance of his seemed derisive.

"Turn around, Hastings," Lester said abruptly.

The guest started. For an instant, his air of well-bred aplomb seemed less certain. "What?" he asked.

"Turn around," repeated Lester. "I want to look at your clothes!"

The pale delicacy of the other's features underwent a gradual change. Lester's curt command he seemed to grasp, and into his face the color crept slowly, its hue faintly pink. "What's wrong with my clothes?" he inquired; and the grin in Lester's eyes grew. "I want to make sure nothing is," he replied; "now turn, will you?"

The other turned slowly. For a moment it had looked as if he meant to refuse; but turn he did, giving to Lester a view of a trim, shapely back, garbed in expensive tweeds. Coat and trousers were all that the perfection of sartorial art could supply.

"All your other clothes like these?" asked Lester.

The color in Mr. Hastings's face had crept away again. It was now as pallid as before — more so, perhaps.

"Yes," was his muffled reply.

Lester stepped abruptly toward him. "Now listen," he directed.

Out under the *porte-cochère* again a motor had driven up. Again at the door was the sound of voices — Butes's low and deferential; another, a woman's voice, higher, more animated — and his air hurried, Lester bent toward his guest. "There's a Mrs. Dewitt up-stairs — a guest. If she tries to worm anything out of you, head her off. The people outside, those just arriving, are the ones you're to entertain. I'm going to the city — I can't wait to see them. Don't let on I've just left. Say I had an urgent message just before they came. Is that all clear now?"

It was all clear but one detail. "How about the servants?" inquired Mr. Hastings.

The servants had their instructions, it appeared.

"Very well," said Mr. Hastings quietly; "I'll do as you say."

"You keep your head about you!" warned Lester.

Already he had turned away, making for the library at the back; and as the living-room door opened and a lady entered, the door to the library closed swiftly.

Mr. Hastings hurried forward.

In the brief instant that had intervened between the host's exit and the appearance of the lady just arrived, he had somehow recovered his usual aplomb; and cordially, he made haste to greet the newcomer.

"Mrs. Steese, isn't it?" he exclaimed.

Mrs. Steese it was; and the pleasantness of Mr. Hastings's welcome seemed to spring the floodgates of that lady's eager volubility.

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yes, I did! — and I can't tell you how good it was of you to send us your lovely yacht! It was just perfectly grand of you to think of doing it; and I never in my life had such a nice ride on the water. It was just swell, I should say so! Swell! . . . Meet my niece, Miss Raeburn, Mr. Hastings."

He saw her then.

As she came forward from the door never had she looked more radiant, more attractive in the fragrance of her fresh, vigorous youth, its bloom and beauty. A smart street dress with a wisp of fur about the throat, attired her, — that and a toque cocked jauntily on her jaunty little head. "Delighted, Mr. Hastings!" As she offered him her hand, she laughed brightly. "I'd begun to think that auntie with her chatter would never give me a chance to meet you! Run along now, auntie," she directed; "Mawsby's waiting to show you your room; and I wish to thank Mr. Hastings for sending his yacht, — for sending me, too, those wonderful violets!"

Her hand still lingered in that of Mr. Hastings. Auntie, as directed, ran along.

Out by the back way hurried Lester. He stamped along, his heavy tread thudding on the flagged walk, his eyes murky with the fire in their depths.

"Music, eh? Dabbled in it, too, did he?" Mumbling under his breath he reached his waiting car. "The damned waster!" Lester growled to himself.

The chauffeur opened the door of the car for him; and as Lester clambered into the tonneau, he gave the man a direction.

The direction was not to the city.

"Take the river road to the station," ordered Lester; "I've got to meet the 11:16 from New York."

CHAPTER XI

THE motive for Lester's departure, his hurried exit from Ferncliff just as the ladies, his guests, arrived, was not made clear to any of these persons, not even to Mrs. Dewitt. Nor had Lester vouchsafed, either, to explain himself to Mr. Hastings, the guest he had directed to play host during the host's own absence. The meeting of the 11:16 from the city, however, seemed a matter of no little importance to Lester. A stretch of road six miles in length intervened between Ferncliff and the station; and the chauffeur, under his master's urging, took the distance at a pace that would have taxed a less skilful or less hardened driver. But that was Lester's way: he was one of the sort whom peril seems to exhilarate.

Eleven minutes were left to catch the train, but the car made it in eight.

The three minutes to spare Lester spent in trudging up and down the platform. The station was thronged with the usual crowd, mostly the village folk, waiting for the train; and many of these, knowing who Lester was, eyed him with passing interest. His face still dark, he stalked along looking neither to the right nor left, plunged in deep reflection. But this departed as the train came into view. The instant it whistled for the yard he awoke briskly from his reveries.

The passengers alighting were many; and as they hurried out of the cars Lester took his stand where a glance gave him a view of the lot. His eye lighted all at once. Among them was one manifestly a stranger; and as Lester's glance, raking the lot, singled out this passenger, he strode rapidly after him.

The man was tall, and ungainly; his attire, into the bargain, was neither too new nor was it any too tidy. A frock-coat of dingy texture, its seams and elbows shining from use, flapped about his knees; his trousers were bagged and threadbare; and on the man's head was perched a weatherworn dented derby that, in addition to its look of vicissitude, was grotesquely a size or so too small for its wearer. A scraggy, unkempt beard parted in the middle completed his appearance; and as he walked along, he combed this with his fingers in uncertainty.

"I beg pardon," Lester said abruptly; "your name is Rankin, isn't it?"

The man stopped, startled.

"Rankin, yes, — that's it. Who are you?" he asked.

Lester did not inform him.

"You're bound for Ferncliff, aren't you?" he inquired.

The man was about to reply, when he checked himself.

"What's it to you?" he retorted.

"It's this, Mr. Rankin," Lester returned quietly. "You're not going to Ferncliff, because you're not wanted there. I happen to know all about you, Mr. Rankin. I knew you left Los Angeles,

[*Continued on page 76*]

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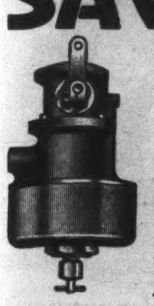

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Just think! Having gone through such a terrible accident, and still this little "Glad Girl" who will never walk on her own feet again, had so much to make her happy!

Friends, strangers, and everybody were kind to Bee, and helped her a great deal. But one of the members of our Girls' Federation, Ruth W., of that city, whose picture appears above, can tell you best in her own letters how she helped Bee with dollars she earned in our Girls' Federation.

"I feel that the Girls' Federation is a very fine thing and that every girl should know about it," she wrote, not long after becoming a member; "I am glad to let the rest of the world in on the big secret, and show them that through it a great many things may be accomplished, that may seem utterly impossible."

When she first wrote, Miss W. wanted to earn money enough to pay one of her own bills. Being unemployed, she knew our plan would help her. We knew it would too, and did it? Yes, indeed, it did!

TAKE a further peep into my correspondence with Miss W.

"How time changes one's ideas! Several weeks ago, a little girl was run over by a train and seriously injured. Then I didn't know Bee, but I became so interested in her through articles in the paper, that one day I took a trip to our City Hospital to get acquainted with this little 'Glad Girl' as the papers called her. She lived up to the name and I was so delighted with her that I made up my mind that my little 'Pollyanna' would have a real Christmas. I called on Bee a great many times, and she and I planned to play Santa.

"I must tell you a little about Bee, so that you will feel acquainted, too. She is a well-built girl for fourteen, very good-looking, has brown hair and laughing brown eyes. Her injuries gave her a lot of pain, but she simply scolded playfully and laughed. When the pain was greatest, she sang the loudest, and when the days were the dreariest, she made it sunny inside. Her mother died several years ago and there are three children younger than she.

"I suggested that she make out her list and I would do her Christmas shopping for her and see to it that the bills were paid. It was a very simple list, which I revised a little, but lived up to as much as possible. Bee wants a wrist watch, and she shall have it. Think of all the good she can get out of that little watch. *So that is where my money is going.*"

Then later—

"It seemed out of the question to take much money out of my own pocket just then, so after a little thought The Girls' Federation came to my mind as the solution of the problem, and with it and the help of my fine loyal friends, it has been possible to give Bee a real Christmas. Through the kindness of an Akron jeweler, I was able to get a lovely wrist watch, Swiss movement, and beautifully engraved, at a very reasonable price, which is our gift to Bee."

I SENT Ruth her check to reach her before Christmas. *She earned twenty-five dollars and forty-five cents* in that short time, all of which helped to make Christmas merry for that little "Glad Girl" and her family, and made us all happy to know that we had had a part. What a comfort it is to have such wonderful letters from interested members of our Girls' Federation.

Now I have told you the story of how only one of our many active members is making good in The Girls' Federation. We have on our lists ambitious girls and women, married and single, from all parts of the United States, Canada, and foreign countries. Only a few days ago an application came in from Rome, Italy.

Do *you* want more money? This is our invitation to you to come and join us.

You can do just as well, or maybe better, than Ruth W. or some of the other members have done. And, membership in this big, chummy Girls' Federation doesn't cost you a cent.

The time you spend in the pleasant work of our money-earning club determines your earnings. An hour a day or a week is all some busy housewives can spare, and again, some of the business girls, students and teachers spend only their evenings and Saturdays in the club; but, of course, some members give whole time.

Spring is almost here, thoughts of spring clothes and hats—new furniture, and what not—fill our minds. Vacation isn't so very far off, either, and who couldn't use just a little more money then? Do you remember the side-trips you didn't get to take last summer?

Can I help you? If you want *money*, I know I can. Even though you should not need it for yourself, you may want to make a donation to your church or favorite charity. It doesn't matter what it's for, I will gladly tell you how to get it.

Tell me all about it—or just write, "Miss Blake, please send details of The Girls' Federation," and plan in full will be mailed at once, without cost or obligation to you. Address me

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The Trap

—*Continued from page 74*

and when you arrived in New York. I also knew what time you meant to take this train, this morning. And I know several persons in Los Angeles as well as in San Francisco who would be glad to learn your whereabouts. One of them is a Mrs. Mangin who maintains a lodging-house in Devisadero Street. The lady would like to get trace of you as well as of the thirty-five hundred dollars she gave you to invest in stocks. Finally, Mr. Rankin," said Lester, still as quietly as before, "your name isn't Rankin at all. Your name happens to be Steese — Roscoe Steese."

The man was staring at him agape.

"Say, who *are* you?" he demanded huskily.

"I am Henry Lester," the other smiled; and the man gasped.

"You're Henry Lester?" Then he laughed, the laugh harsh, scornful. "Don't you fool yourself, you can't trim me like that, sayin' you're him. You've been sent by her just to stall me off! . . . You, Henry Lester? My eye you are!"

A station employee was standing near, and Lester beckoned to him.

"Do something for me, won't you?" begged Lester. "Tell this man who I am."

"Certainly, Mr. Lester."

Steese gasped again.

"Say!" he exploded, "you don't mean you're standin' for it knowin' all you do! What's the game, anyway?"

"Never mind what it is," replied Lester. "All that's required of you is to keep off my premises and not annoy your wife. If you so much as write to her, if you telephone or approach her in any way, I'll hand you over to the police and Mrs. Mangin."

"I don't savvy you," he said, his speech difficult. "You're a driver — a regular man-driver, I c'n see that; but y'r game I don't see at all!"

"You're not required to see it," Lester responded evenly; "all that's required of you, Mr. Steese — or Mr. Rankin, if you prefer — is to go back quietly to New York. In two minutes, there will be a train here; and I intend you shall take it. My advice to you is to return to Los Angeles."

"Los Angeles!" Steese exclaimed. His tone was bitter, derisive. "I haven't the price to New York! I'm flat, stony!" he snarled; and Lester smiled anew.

"I knew you'd be, Steese, so I came prepared." He drew out a roll of banknotes. Steese's eyes gleamed hungrily as he saw it. "There's two hundred for you, my man. That will pay your fare to Los Angeles, and buy a berth and meals on the way besides."

Steese virtually leaped at the money. Once he had it in his grasp, though, he looked up at Lester, his beady eyes bright with greed and cunning.

"You couldn't make it a hundred more, could you?" he asked eagerly. "I spent a heap getting here, you know. You couldn't make it an extra fifty, could you?"

"I could not," replied Lester firmly; and, the eagerness dying out of his sly, mean features, the man shuffled across the platform toward the coming train. As he clambered on to a car platform, and the train slid away from the Fishkill Station, Steese jammed the hat forward on his head, his jaw at the same time thrust out at Lester.

"Say, you! I don't savvy your game," he shouted, "but you'll hear from me again!"

Lester did not attempt to reply.

He walked slowly and thoughtfully from the station platform, his eyes shadowy, their fire gone. Listlessly he stepped into his waiting motor; and turning up the collar of his greatcoat, sank back into a corner of the seat. All the quiet force and vigor he had shown to the man he'd come to meet had left the master of Ferncliff now; and in his subdued, drawn features a look of trouble had gathered.

"Where to, sir?" asked the chauffeur.

"Oh, drive anywhere — take some road back into the country," ordered Lester.

It was not till late — hours afterward, in fact — that the motor hove over the hill at the back of Ferncliff. However, though the host had been so long absent from his home and his guests waiting, there were at least two among his household who seemed not to have rated the length of time he had been away.

With these two the time had not hung tardily.

"Sugar?" asked Sally Raeburn.

She picked a loaf from the silver bowl, the tongs suspended as she glanced across the tea-table. Half-past five had struck, and she had just come in from outdoors, her face radiant from the walk she'd had.

An hour before, Mrs. Steese had retired to her room. Having done the rounds of the gardens, greenhouse, and even the stables, each extracting from her a volley of exclamations, the lady had proclaimed she must restore herself with a nap. Mrs. Dewitt also was invisible. Her luncheon she had ordered served up-stairs; and all the afternoon she had remained in her sitting-room.

Safe to say, she, too, had not been missed.

"Two lumps, please," said Hastings.

Sally Raeburn dropped in two. "Cream?" she inquired.

"Please," he smiled.

She added the cream; and handed the cup to him.

Absorbed, she poured a cup for herself. "You said something about having been in the Orient, Mr. Hastings . . . Japan, I wonder?"

"Japan, — China, — the South Seas," he answered idly.

She sipped her tea reflectively. "It must be wonderful to have seen all that. I've never even been abroad. My father was an invalid, you see — too ill to travel. Then two years ago, poor daddy died."

He did not speak. Apparently, however, she did not expect it. One test of companionship, in fact, is the ability to communicate even by silence, by even the mere sense of presence, sympathy and understanding. And Hastings had that faculty. So soon had he made himself companionable to her.

It had not been all easy sailing for him. The girl had not responded readily to his attentions. Lester's absence, unexplained even by the statement that he'd been called suddenly to the city, somehow had troubled her. Neither Mrs. Steese's assurances nor the graceful apology Hastings had made had served to allay her uneasiness.

She idly met his efforts to entertain her. Having thanked him briefly, if brightly, for his flowers, the use of the yacht as well, she had left him to fix herself for luncheon. The meal was uneventful. Mrs. Steese's garrulous obligato may have astonished him — jarred him, too; but if so, he was too well-bred to show it. However, his quiet attentions to the girl seemed to make little headway. She was yet preoccupied. Not till the afternoon was well gone had she awakened.

Hastings was a new type to Sally Raeburn. Men she had known, men of all sorts, all dispositions, but never one like this. The gracefulness and delicacy of his air were unusual. His quiet attentiveness was exceptional. Contrasted with Lester, with Lester's blunt, almost brusk directness, the pleasant suavity of Hastings was like a note of music. However, this had not altogether charmed her. Herself frank, unaffected, she preferred men of a more robust, less delicate quality.

Her aloofness seemed to nettle Hastings. He redoubled his efforts to catch and hold her attention. Evidently he had succeeded. Determined to observe every convention at Ferncliff, she had consented, though grudgingly, to take tea with him down-stairs.

She looked up a moment over her cup.

"I'd give a great deal to see the South Seas; they must be wonderful!"

Again the lingering softness in Hastings's voice caressed her.

"Perhaps some day you shall, Miss Raeburn."

She smiled vaguely. The "shall" used rather than "will" had in it the nature of a veiled promise. "No such luck, I imagine," she returned.

"But perhaps when you — marry?" he suggested.

"Marry?" She looked at him frankly. "Do you happen to know the famous recipe for hare soup?" she inquired.

"First catch your hare?" asked Hastings.

"Precisely," she replied.

Hastings laughed as he helped himself to the toast.

Her air was still inconsequential. "Isn't it about time Mr. Lester was back?" she remarked.

Hastings had just nibbled at his toast. He was about to reply, but instead he uttered an exclamation. "Oh, I say; this will never do!" He rose and touched a bell-button near-by. The second-man had served the tea, but now it was Butes who answered.

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"Take out that toast, Butes," directed Hastings; "it's cold. We can't eat that!" Butes whisked the offending toast from the table, withdrawing apologetically; and Hastings resumed his place. "Sorry to make such a fuss," he murmured; "the second-man's new and, I'm afraid, not very capable."

She did not repeat her remark about Lester. The little byplay she had watched with an interest rather close for so slight an occurrence. The fact is, Hastings's aplomb as well as the deference the servants paid him already had struck her attention. She had never before met a man so thoroughly at ease, so evidently accustomed to luxury.

He leaned back, his cup poised in a slender hand.

"When you travel," said Hastings, picking up their broken talk, "you must see all the Mediterranean, too. I wish you could see it as I did three years ago."

"Really?" she murmured.

It was perhaps not just the reply he had anticipated, for he paused briefly. "I was yachting there," he announced.

"Not in the yacht we had to-day?" she asked quickly. Splendid as it was, the *Cyrene* seemed small to tour the Mediterranean.

Hastings smiled as if at her *naïveté*.

"A steam yacht — one twice the size."

"Oh!"

She glanced at him covertly. She wondered if he meant to impress her with his wealth.

"You should see Capri, Mentone, Algeria, too, Miss Raeburn. Wonderful!"

It must have been. It must be equally wonderful to have the privilege to see them as he did. A steam yacht . . . money . . . wealth that was to its possessor as a Magic Carpet! Wonderful, yes! Though she did not utter this, she regarded him with quickened interest.

He seemed to divine this. "Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone — you'd adore all that!"

In train with this he described two or three of the famous beauties he'd encountered there, picturing in detail their charms, their gowns especially. His familiarity with the niceties of women's dress was, in fact, as particular as his knowledge of other refinements.

"For exquisite toilettes, though," added Hastings, "give me Budapest."

"You've been there, too?" she remarked.

Hastings nodded. There seemed few of the Continental capitals he had not seen.

"Tell me about Budapest," she asked. When he inquired "About the women? their exquisiteness?" she shook her head. "Tell me what the place is like."

Hastings told her. She listened raptly,— lips parted, eyes bright, the color heightened in her cheek. "Perfect!" she murmured.

"Oh, I dare say," smiled Hastings, the gesture that went with it inconsequent.

The light in the room was waning. The second-man slipped in silently, and with a muffled "Beg pardon, sir," was slipping out again when Hastings halted him. "Lights, Judson."

Judson lit a lamp on the table, then another on a stand in the corner. He withdrew then; and the girl seemed unconscious either of his entrance or exit. Absorbed, she heard only the even tones of Hastings's voice as he talked, like a Ulysses relating the tale of his travels. And had she been Penelope, his hearer could not have been more intent.

She did not hear the motor that came up the drive. She did not hear it, either, when it stopped under the *porte-cochère*. Nor did she hear the slow, deliberate footfall that tracked along the hall. The door at the back then opened quietly.

Lester must have seen at a glance the bright, pretty picture at the tea-table. The girl was sitting forward, her chin in her hand and her eyes filled with the interest she frankly was displaying now. Hastings had risen; and, his pose lightly graceful, he stood planted on the rug before the fireplace. He, too, did not see Lester.

The host's deep sombre eyes gleamed for an instant. "Well, had a pleasant day, Miss Raeburn?" asked Lester.

She sat back abruptly, thoroughly startled. "Oh!" she ejaculated.

The tea-table escaped perilously from overturning as she struggled to her feet. She held out a hand to him.

"I'm so glad you're back," she said.

"You've enjoyed yourself?" he asked.

"I've had a wonderful afternoon," was her reply.

Lester smiled. He had not so much as glanced at Hastings. At the host's entrance Hastings had sung out, "Hello, old man; home again?" But not even by a nod or a gleam of the eye had Lester acknowledged his presence. To Sally Raeburn Lester could not have been more cordial. Had she been shown the greenhouse, the gardens, the grounds? Had the gardener cut for her all the flowers she wished?

Everything, yes. All had been done for her. His anxiety in her behalf was charming; and rapidly she felt her uneasiness depart. Lester seemed again the same frank, almost boyish man she'd known when first they had met. She rose regretfully as the dressing-bell rang.

"I've had some fresh flowers sent up," he called to her from the door. "Wear them at dinner, won't you?"

Then he turned back to the sitting-room. He closed the door behind him. Hastings had resumed his place on the hearthrug. "Well," inquired Lester, "what happened?"

It was the first time he had looked at him.

A chuckle escaped Hastings. The chuckle was unaffectedly light.

"Ripping, isn't she! I'd guessed she was good-looking, but such a topper I didn't dream!" Again he chuckled. "Don't worry about me, old man — I'm in this to stay now!"

Lester made no response. Perhaps none was required. Turning silently, he went out by the doorway at the other end. He was smiling as he closed the door behind him.

But though he smiled, though the smile, too, was filled with sardonic satisfaction, one could not but have felt sorry for the man. Never had he looked so regrettable — so lonely, so alone.

CHAPTER XII

Regrettable, yes. Lester had reason to look it, too.

With the facts as known, it must be evident by now what the man's doings involved. But bizarre and grotesque as this scheme may have been, Lester was grimly determined to see it through to the end. He was no daffodil. Idle he might be, without care or concern for his own future; but in spite of this, he was a determined character — a man, as Ashe had said, who, under other circumstances, undoubtedly would have carved a name for himself in the world.

Mrs. Dewitt had not been his only influence. She had done much to embitter Lester, but she had not done it all.

His meeting with Sally Raeburn, which now had brought him face to face with the wreck and ruin of his last peace of mind, had been purely by accident. The rain that night fell in torrents in Santa Barbara; and as Lester, Mawsby with him, emerged from the hotel to take a motor to the train, she and Mrs. Steese were at the door. Mrs. Steese was in a flutter. The hotel bus had gone, and nothing else was available.

"We'll be left!" Mrs. Steese was exclaiming. "We'll miss our train!"

Lester took a glance at the girl. She was trying with well-bred quiet to calm Mrs. Steese. The one glance gave him his impulse.

"Let me take you to your train," he offered.

It was thus that he had fallen in with them. By so slight a chance had the man imperilled any remnant of repose of mind he had left.

The meeting, insignificant in itself, instantly became pregnant with consequences. Sally Raeburn and Mrs. Steese were bound for Monterey; Lester, too, was bound there; and the acquaintance, so lightly begun, had from the first taken on a guise that, had he analyzed it then, might have startled him with its unforeseen intimacy and allurement.

She did not at first know who he was. Nor did Lester enlighten her. First she amused, then she attracted him. The more this became so, the less willing was he to reveal who and what he was.

Women had, in fact, so long pursued Lester for his wealth that the man had begun to believe himself lacking in personal charm. Now it seemed different, though; and his heart fired, his trust in womankind rekindled, he feared to destroy the illusion.

Feverishly he maintained that innocent fraud, his incognito. Mawsby he banished into temporary retirement. Out of his wardrobe he selected and donned only the simplest of attire. Day after day, his devotion growing, he attached himself to the girl.

The place, little used at the season, could not have suited his purpose better. The fact that he knew nothing about the girl concerned Lester little. She was well-born, well-bred — a lady — that was enough; and though his opinion of Mrs. Steese was conclusive, her relationship to the girl he dismissed carelessly: she was in all probability merely an aunt by marriage.

So, at any rate, reflected Lester. He was already in love with Sally Raeburn.

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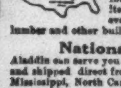

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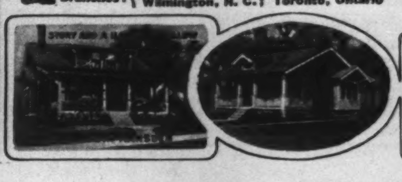

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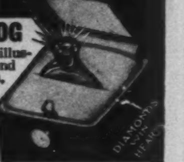

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For above a fortnight he continued to practise his innocent fraud. If they drove, motoring the round of the eighteen-mile drive at Monterey, it was not in Lester's own costly imported car they went. The car that took them on that matchless drive along the sea, was a hired car, a motor rented at the hotel garage. If they lunched, if they dined, the luncheon or dinner at the Golf Club, Pebble Beach or elsewhere, was a modest repast. It is certain that at a fortnight's end he had made progress with Sally Raeburn.

She liked Lester. She was struck with his latent quiet force. His unmeaning gruffness, to be sure, sometimes startled her; but when he liked, — and now was a time he did, — he could make himself thoroughly friendly and attractive. Apparently, all he looked for was a sign on her part to ask her to marry him. Then, in his part of Lord of Burleigh, once she took him Lester meant to disclose who he was. Before it happened, though, the bubble burst.

It was Mrs. Steese who pricked it.

One might moralize on this. The fact that the prize she sought so desperately she held in her grasp only to destroy it clumsily is another of those evidences of how Fate, sporting with chance, makes a jest of human plans. The grim humor of this, though, would have been lost on Mrs. Steese. It would have been lost, too, on Sally Raeburn.

She and Lester had been off on a walk together. All the morning they had wandered the high, hilly woods that lead to Carmel, emerging by luncheon-time at Pebble Beach. Afterward they had sought the shore, a rocky point that jutted out into the creamy wash of the breakers. On a ledge of rock she perched herself, her eyes dwelling in a reverie on the incomparable magnitude and magnificence of that bit of West Coast scenery.

Lester threw himself down beside her.

"Tell me about yourself," he begged.

She told him much. No effort was evident on her part to conceal her origin — who she was, who her parents had been, where she had been brought up. She even related the tragedy of her father's death, — how he had died penniless, leaving her to her own resources. To this she added a hint of what had followed — the changed surroundings, the struggle to exist, the sordid life in boarding-house and lodging-house. That hunger had gone with it — distress, temptation, too — she did not tell. Still, she had told enough; and quick to guess, Lester breathed deeply, his eyes softening.

It was like Manon and les Grieux. It was like Aucassin listening to Nicolette.

"You poor little girl!" he whispered.

Reaching out, he touched her softly on the hand. That time she did not recoil; his hand she suffered to touch hers. The touch comforted her.

"Then your aunt found you, did she?" he asked.

Her aunt? She stiffened abruptly. The color went from her face, then surged back into it again, a tide of crimson. She rose hurriedly.

"Don't go," begged Lester.

But the spell had been broken.

It was two days later that he first marked a change in her. She seemed all at once less frank, less direct. Not that she rebuffed him — the contrary, rather. But that something had happened he knew.

That week the bubble burst.

Again Lester and Sally Raeburn had been off on a jaunt together. As they strolled up the hotel path, Mrs. Steese came flying forth.

"My, but you're the sly one, you are! What a trick to play on an innocent party!"

She had in her hand a weekly periodical, one of those scandalmongering sheets that persist by furnishing social detritus to women of Mrs. Steese's type. This she gaily waved at him. "See what it says!" she proclaimed.

There is no doubt that vanity had the better of her discretion. It was the first time, even if indirectly, that she had figured in its columns. She was exuberant and evidently excited.

The paragraph was brief and, of its sort, nauseating;

> "The New York friends of that exclusive and much sought-after bachelor, Henry Lester, heir to the Lester millions, will be interested to hear that Mr. Lester has not departed for the Orient as was intimated he would several weeks ago; instead, he is now cloistered in the season's-end solitude of near-by Monterey. Mr. Lester's monastic habits are quite familiar to his intimates; but in this instance solitude, it seems, is not exactly what he is pursuing. Dame Gossip would not be astonished if eventful news were impending."

"You didn't fool us as much as you think, though!" Mrs. Steese cried gaily. "I knew it a week ago, but — but —"

She broke off abruptly, confused that she had given herself away.

"But what?" prompted Lester.

Lamely, Mrs. Steese replied she would not have spoken of it if it hadn't appeared in the paper.

Lester turned to Sally Raeburn. "Did you know it, too?" he asked quietly; and for a second time he saw her turn white.

Yes, she had known, too; but Lester's dream, if shattered, had not vanished utterly; its fragments still remained. Desperately he strove to piece them together. This he did by still striving to convince himself she had cared for him before she learned of his wealth.

Every speech, every look he had had from her Lester recalled, seeking to analyze the speech or look. It was his effort, in short, to prove she had cared for the Henry Lester, the man who had only himself, not his millions, to commend him. It was no use. It was less use once he had joined her again at dinner.

The change in her was pronounced now. She had become restrained, preoccupied. It was not for long, though. As if she had realized the change in him, too, the next morning she strove to restore the ground she had lost. Gay, feverishly brilliant, she sought by every art known to woman to make herself alluring.

Lester's heart sank itself in gloom.

Then rage got him. The more the girl seemed to throw herself at his head, the more his rancor rose. He would have laughed had he not loved her so. That was it! He wanted her as he had wanted no woman before; and instead of smiling as he had smiled before at the efforts of women to beguile him, he was angered now. Still, Lester lingered at Monterey. Daily he tortured himself by seeing her; daily his smoulderng rage fanned itself into flame. Then a hint, a shrewd guess, of what Mrs. Steese and her putative niece were up to burst on him; and cold with it, he set himself to learn the truth.

It was readily available. Mawsby, recalled from inactivity, was dispatched to San Francisco; there, with the facts at hand, the same facts the girl herself had furnished, the fraud of her kinship to Mrs. Steese was instantly unveiled. Mrs. Steese had found Sally Raeburn starving in a lodging-house; and struck by her beauty had suggested that she become her companion. As also she had suggested, that perhaps in their travels Sally might find a husband.

Every girl seeks a husband, — no harm in that. But that the husband, perforce, must be rich Mrs. Steese did not at first intimate. That was reserved till later; in short, when by a long, systematic and subtle campaign she had broken down her companion's scruples. Clothes, board, the expenses of traveling, too, Mrs. Steese would provide. Then, when Sally captured her millionaire, she was to give Mrs. Steese a rake-off.

And the girl, unwittingly or otherwise, had fallen for it!

It was from Steese, the husband, that this was gleaned. Steese was located in San Francisco. Happening to be tight Steese had accommodatingly divulged it all.

Even with the proof in his hands — Steese's admissions as well as a complete detail of their campaigns at Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, San Diego and Coronado — Lester could not think the woman he loved so conscienceless. He still loved her, still wanted her. If at any instant of that time she had given him one clear sign she really loved him, he still would have flung himself and his fortune at her feet. That was why he'd brought her to New York. That was why he'd been in such feverish haste to have her at dinner n Fitzhugh Square. It was to give her one last chance to prove herself.

She had done it, too. So he thought, at any rate.

Once again that night of the dinner, Sally Raeburn had seemed to show herself frankly straightforward and friendly; and he had throbbed in response. It was this that had animated him in the library. Whether she cared for him or not he did not know, but now he was determined to put it to a test.

The rest is known. When Lester, his emotion getting the better of him, had tried to take her in his arms — when, too, the girl not expecting it, had shrunk startled from him — that had settled it. She had tricked him; of that he was confident. She meant to marry him only for his money. That was why, in a torment of rage, of defeated hope, Lester had set a trap for Sally Raeburn.

He was determined to punish her. He meant to serve the girl as he would like to serve every heartless, venal woman he knew.

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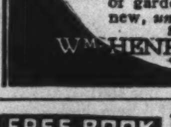

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For this reason he had been at pains to head off Steese. Mrs. Steese having given her spouse the slip in the city, Steese had pursued her by train. It was his plan, no doubt, to worm money out of his wife; but Lester took no chances. Steese, if allowed to get to Ferncliff, might frighten the bird before the trap was sprung.

Now the trap was set and baited. The bird, too, was approaching the snare.

CHAPTER XIII

HALF-past seven was the dinner hour at Ferncliff; and a few minutes before the second-man came up-stairs to announce it, the door of Sally Raeburn's room opened, and she appeared at the head of the stairs. Mrs. Steese was with her. Sally had been ready ten minutes or so before this, but she had seemed in no hurry to go down-stairs.

Her air was composed. All the way from the city she had been filled with an uneasiness that made her dread her arrival at Ferncliff. Nor had the discovery that Lester was absent relieved the forebodings she felt. Now, however, all or most of it had gone. Lester's frank cordiality had been exceptional.

Sally's spirits had risen accordingly. Singing to herself, she had dressed and was about to open her door, when she heard Hastings's voice in the hall, and changing her mind, she retraced her steps to the dressing-glass. She was still regarding herself in the mirror, when Mrs. Steese appeared.

"I wish you'd remember something," said Sally, her tone casual; "we don't know any of the people you're always talking about, and Mr. Lester and the others know we don't. If I were you I'd choose some other topic."

"What's that?" demanded Mrs. Steese.

"Just what I say," was the calm response. "The more you talk of them, the more you give us both away. We haven't been invited here because of our social connections."

"You don't say!" retorted Mrs. Steese.

She was quite angry now; but Sally did not seem to heed that, either. "We mustn't make ourselves ridiculous," she added.

Ridiculous? Mrs. Steese's face flushed. "Speak for yourself!" she observed angrily.

"I *am* speaking for myself," the girl returned smilingly. "I'm here for a purpose, and I'll be frank. I don't wish anything to interfere with it. I don't suppose you do either, do you?" she asked.

Mrs. Steese, however, seemed now so irritated that she was little in the mood to discuss the situation passively.

"A purpose, eh?" she repeated. "Seems to me you've grown pretty blunt about it all at once! What's changed you so suddenly?"

"Nothing's changed me," Sally answered. "I'm just being frank."

"Are you? Well, you can save yourself the trouble." Through her glasses, she glanced at Sally suspiciously. "I don't get you, somehow. A while ago you were that prim and innocent butter wouldn't melt in your mouth. Now you talk as if we're up to some game in this house."

"Well, we are, aren't we?" rejoined the girl. "We can't deny it, can we?"

It was curious to note Mrs. Steese's anger. It was curious to hear her reply. Perhaps vanity was at the bottom of her feeling. Having found herself ensconced at Ferncliff she may have felt she was entitled to be there.

"Deny it? Yes, I deny it. I don't see any game in our being here!"

"In hunting a man for his money?"

"Who says we're hunting him? He asked us here, didn't he? If you mean you're going to marry Lester, I don't see any game in that, either. Every girl is looking for a husband."

The ancient argument! Sally quietly smiled.

"Yes, but to hunt him down for his money! To marry him only for that! . . . But what's the use of discussing it?" she remarked. "The point is, I've made up my mind now. My plans are formed and, if I can help it, I don't mean to have anything go amiss."

In spite of her vexation, the anger of offended vanity, Mrs. Steese's eyes lit.

"So you intend to get Lester!" she exclaimed.

Sally's answer was ambiguous.

"What I said was, I'd made my plans," was her reply.

Mrs. Steese tried again. "Yes, but if you don't get him," she persisted, "what are you going to do then?"

Sally looked at her quietly.

"If I don't get him, I mean to get some one else," she answered.

She opened the door then, and made her way toward the stairs. Mrs. Steese followed.

She was not only baffled, she was startled now. The sudden change, Sally's blunt admission of purpose, filled Mrs. Steese with wonder. It was like Sally to be frank; it was not like her, however, to be so brutally blunt. But that Sally was confident she could capture Lester was evident. Her air was sure as she sauntered down the stairs to the living-room.

The room was already occupied. Mr. Hastings stood on the hearthrug; and near at hand, the firelight playing on her handsome features, Mrs. Dewitt was seated, smiling up at him as he talked.

(*To be continued*)

What Has Gone Before

HENRY LESTER, a young millionaire of thirty-five, a bachelor, a traveler, and a man totally absorbed in himself, returns to his old family residence in New York, months before he is expected from one of his prolonged ramblings. Great mystery surrounds his arrival. The very night he reaches home he gives a dinner party at which his guests are Horace Ashe, an old friend who has been one of the executors of the Lester estate; Fanny Dewitt, a divorcee, whom people have expected Lester to marry; Mrs. Steese, a strange rather ill-bred woman of exuberant temperament who comes from California, and her "niece," Sally Raeburn, a slender, beautiful, clever girl.

At propitious moments throughout the evening, Mrs. Steese keeps prodding the girl, Sally, into some mysterious course of action by repeated remarks of "Mind! This is your chance. Now remember!" and, "I've kept my part of the bargain — now see that you keep yours!" When Mrs. Dewitt leaves to go home, Mr. Ashe and Lester withdraw with her for a few moments in which intermission Mrs. Steese says: "I haven't forgotten Fawcett; I haven't forgotten, either, the fellow at Santa Barbara — that Congressman, Barr. Remember, this time no excuses!" As Lester returns to the room, the niece warns her to be quiet.

That night Lester comes to the conclusion that though he loves the girl madly she cares only for his money, and he intends to trap her and prove her false. To this end he immediately begins arrangements to remove to Ferncliff, his country residence on the Hudson. He has invited Mrs. Steese and Miss Raeburn to visit him there. Before going, however, he sends Mawsby, his valet, out into Fitzhugh Square and Mawsby returns with a young tramp who he is sure once was a gentleman. With this man Lester makes a bargain: so much money for acting a part that Lester will assign him. The man agrees. They go to Ferncliff.

A few days later Mrs. Steese and the niece receive the promised invitation from Lester, who incidentally tells them that a friend, Mr. Hastings, who has a beautiful yacht will bring them to Ferncliff in it the next day.

WHY WE SHOULD BATHE INTERNALLY

ADDS MANY YEARS TO AVERAGE LIFE

By R. W. Beal

MUCH has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but, strange as it may seem, the most important as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot-water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit, and impress them so profoundly, that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and this is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for, health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also they have almost no conception of how a little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only 50 per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English, this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a 100 per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly can not do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five or ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your head keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practice internal bathing, and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves in your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and the WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line made him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only did internal bathing save and prolong Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute at 134 West Sixty-fifth Street, New York, and mention having read this in Mc CLURE'S, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and, if the reading of this will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about this subject, and your writing for this book will give you this information. Do not put off doing this, but **send for the book now,** while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural, when it is such a simple thing to be well?—Advertisement.